

# THE INDEPENDENT

Nº 3389

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WEATHER: Warm and sunny

(R65p) 60p

**Michael Palin:  
Mr Nice Guy  
goes  
full circle  
the eye**



**Prizes, prizes:  
Two weeks'  
holiday  
in Mexico  
the eye**



**Michael  
Atherton  
decides to  
stay on  
Sport p28**



## An open door. Who dares enter?

Scope of talks depends on attitude of Ulster Unionists, writes **David McKittrick**

The most important round of Anglo-Irish discussions since the 1920s treaty negotiations could follow yesterday's invitation to talks from the Government to Sinn Féin, the IRA's political representatives.

The talks, due to open formally on 9 September and to begin in earnest on 15 September, could conceivably lead to the emergence of a whole new political disposition on the island of Ireland.

But their scope and potential now depends crucially on the attitude of David Trimble's Ulster Unionist party, which is presently reflecting on whether to boycott the talks, to go in and tackle Sinn Féin head-on for the first time, or to take part at one remove.

The party does not share the Government's belief that Sinn Féin could commit itself to wholly political means. But it is also acutely aware that a vital negotiation is on the cards and fearful that its voice might not be properly heard in them.

The formal invitation to Sinn Féin was extended by Mo Mowlam, the Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, in accordance with stipulations publicly laid down last spring by Tony Blair. The IRA first complied with the Government's demands for a reinstatement of its 1994 ceasefire, and has since then apparently refrained from all paramilitary activity.

Ms Mowlam declared: "I am satisfied there has been a cessation of IRA attacks. Moreover, there has been no evidence of active targeting and paramilitary assaults which can be directly attributed to the IRA."

Her invitation was instantly and warmly welcomed by the Irish government, Social and Democratic Labour Party leader John Hume and by Sinn Féin itself. Ray Burke, the Irish Foreign Minister, said: "No party should allow its case to go

by default. Let everyone hear your case and listen to your concerns so that we might collectively address them. Courage, imagination and compromise will be required on all sides."

John Hume said: "This will also require an agreement that respects the identity of both sections of our people. There should be no victories for any side."

Martin McGuinness of Sinn Féin, describing yesterday's announcement as historic, said the sensible thing was "to get into the talks, take away the reasons why people resort to armed force and hope that we can bring about a situation where all the guns, British and Irish, can be taken out of Irish politics".

Irish nationalism thus appeared united in the belief that the time is right for far-reaching negotiations with, for the first time ever, all elements represented at the table. Constitutional nationalists, who have always advocated dialogue, have in recent years been joined in this by Sinn Féin.

But the state of opinion within Unionism, on which so much will now depend, is much cloudier and confused. The Rev Ian Paisley, who as leader of Unionism's fundamentalist tendency has always said he would never sit down with Sinn Féin, accused the Government of a sell-out and denounced the IRA ceasefire as bogus.

But - to go from one Protestant extreme to another - loyalist paramilitary representatives are much in favour of talks, though some of their spokesmen are warning that Unionists have been made edgy and uneasy by the speed and direction of government policy. Most senior Protestant churchmen and businessmen favour talks.

This leaves Mr Trimble, as head of the largest Unionist party, as pivotal to the fate of the



Mo Mowlam, Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, announces Sinn Féin's admittance to the multi-party peace talks

Photograph: Crispin Rodwell

talks process. He had hard words to say yesterday about the republicans, describing the thought of meeting Sinn Féin as "repulsive". He added: "If he showed genuine repentance for the evil he has done, then maybe it would be a different matter. The people put up with Sinn Féin as negotiators all have blood on their hands."

But behind the uncompromising rhetoric, Mr Trimble has been careful to keep his options open. Next week, in an unprecedented departure for a Unionist party leader, he is to meet Catholic bishops as part of a wide-ranging "community consultation" exercise.

Many observers regard the consultations as amounting to cloud-cover for an eventual decision to go into the talks. The most recent signs are that the party may balk at face-to-face negotiations involving Sinn Féin, but may decide on proximity talks, sending observers to some sessions.

Yesterday, however, brought a sign of turbulence within the party, with one newly-elected MP pre-empting the consultation process to urge a boycott of the talks.

West Tyrone MP William Thompson said most Unionists did not want the leadership to negotiate with Sinn Féin, even via proximity talks. He said: "No Unionist can sit down with terrorists who still have guns at the table, under the table and outside the door. We should not get involved with Sinn Féin unless they are prepared to give up their guns and

become democrats, and the clear indication is that they are not prepared to do that. There should be no compromise with Sinn Féin."

There will clearly be some tough internal debate before the party's decision is finalised and before the Government knows whether it has to prepare one or more tables for the momentous talks.

**Hague  
backs  
Mowlam**

Anthony Bevins  
London  
Alan Murdoch  
Dublin

A surprisingly strong endorsement of the Government invitation for Sinn Féin to join all-party talks on Northern Ireland was delivered yesterday by the new Conservative leadership.

In spite of predictable Tory backbench sniping, William Hague said: "We welcome the news that, in the judgement of the Government, the behaviour of the IRA over the last six weeks enables Sinn Féin to participate in all-party talks."

Although the Conservative leader was cautious about making too much of such a short ceasefire, he said: "The people of Northern Ireland desperately want peace. Let us hope that, after all the bloodshed and disappointments of the past, Northern Ireland can at last look to a future of peace and prosperity."

In Dublin, the Irish premier Bertie Ahern, whose party's return to power in June helped pave the way for the renewed IRA ceasefire, welcomed the decision to allow Sinn Féin into talks as "a historic development."

As Unionist participation in direct talks came under increasing attack from dissidents like West Tyrone Unionist MP William Thompson and Billy Hutchinson of the fringe Loyalist Protestant Party, Mr Burke warned: "No party should allow the interests of those it represents to go by default."

In a further attempt to reassure Unionists he said any agreement would have to be underpinned "by consent in all its aspects." He confirmed the invitation to Sinn Féin is being delivered in the form of a joint letter from London and Dublin.

## Worn in Zaire, made in Hammersmith

Louise Jury

It was one of the greatest moments in sporting history. The "Rumble in the Jungle" of Zaire, where Muhammad Ali defeated George Foreman in one of the classic boxing bouts of all time.

Ali strode into the ring, the great American black spokesman looking like a new man. Having ditched the slave's name of Cassius Clay, he acknowledged his heritage in a white and black robe decorated with African patterns and weaving.

Yet the robe, which looked African and will be forever associated with Africa was not, it emerged yesterday, African at all. It was largely woven in Hammersmith, west London.

Dr Anna Gruetznier-Robins, 47, then a young art history student, did the weaving sections for the garment, which is due to be sold at auction in America next month.

"It was pure chance," she said. A friend who knew she was a weaver recommended her to the designer Michael Fish. She worked on the project for about a month, conjuring up images of Africa and of Ali in the design.

Then, on the night of the fight in 1974, she went to watch it in a pub because she had no television. "He walked into the ring wearing it and I was amazed, I said, 'Look, I made that', and a complete drunk next to me said, 'And I made his jockstrap' and I realised people wouldn't believe me."

Only later, when she read Norman Mailer's book on the fight, did she realise that the robe had been initially left behind. Ali insisted on going back for it because he liked it so much.

Dr Gruetznier-Robins, now an art historian, plans to visit Christie's, the auctioneers, in London tomorrow on the last day the robe is displayed in Britain before it is sold in Los Angeles on 19 October. Estimates have placed bids at around £75,000.

"It's a very odd feeling. When I was making it I wanted it to be special. Even as a child, I can remember being completely fascinated by Ali," she said.

Michael Fish, who designed the robe with Christopher Lynch, visited the auction



Ali: 'Like God... like Adonis'

rooms yesterday. He, like Dr Gruetznier-Robins, has not seen the robe since the fight. "It's a bit of a treat," he said.

Mr Fish, 57, delivered the finished robe to Ali, visiting him at his training camp in Philadelphia. "He was a bit fazed by an effete youngish Englishman, but he certainly appreciated the robe. Seeing him at his camp, standing there naked, it was like God had come to earth. He was like Adonis."

## City braced for a crash

Diane Coyle  
Economics Editor

A financial crisis in South-East Asia threatened to start spreading to the United States and Europe yesterday. Falls in share prices in New York and London raised the spectre of a Wall Street crash, a fear that is increasingly coming to haunt investors.

Experts warned that plummeting shares and currencies in the countries only recently described as "tiger" economies could be the trigger for the biggest stock market fall in 10 years.

"There are many parallels between 1987 and 1997, but what has been missing so far is the catalyst for the correction. This turmoil in Asia could be it," said Gail Dudack at investment bank UBS in New York.

The FTSE100 index in London fell for the sixth day out of seven, ending 28 points lower at 4,817.5. There were steeper falls in shares in Paris and Frankfurt, while on Wall Street the Dow Jones index recovered from an initial 88-point plunge.

This bout of nerves followed what traders described as a "meltdown" in Asian stock markets, with a 5 per cent drop in Hong Kong share prices in its busiest day's trading ever, and a record one-day decline in In-

donesia, Singapore, Malaysia, the Philippines and Thailand - the country where the crisis originated - were almost as badly affected.

Hong Kong - so far little affected by the crisis - is seen as the most likely conduit for transmitting turmoil to the rest of the world. British pension funds have more money invested in Asia than in the US, and it is easiest for them to withdraw it from the former colony.

It took the reported intervention of the Sultan of Brunei to restore some calm in the Far East. Earlier in the week he promised to help the countries affected by the currency turmoil, and traders said yesterday that Brunei's investment agency had been selling dollars for the Malaysian currency, the ringgit.

Japan, which sells more than 40 per cent of its exports to other Asian countries and whose banks are heavy lenders in the region, could easily be plunged back into recession by the crisis.

The US and European economies are less directly vulnerable to a slowdown in the tigers' once-spectacular growth rates. But if Wall Street and other stock markets do crash, the impact on the economy would be severe.

Market turmoil, page 18  
Business comment, page 19

## Moggie picks cream of the shares

Mc Cicutt  
Personal Finance Editor

City fat-cats wailing over the latest reversals in stock markets were given fresh cause for grief yesterday after a genuine feline was revealed to have beaten the professionals at their own game. Schrödinger, an eight-year-old moggie, selected shares which recorded a rise of 4.35 per cent in the year to mid-August,

compared to 0.37 per cent from a benchmark index for his sector. His owner, Paul Slade, is considering hiring him to City investment houses as a consultant. "It would have to be a pretentious hefty fee, like several tons of premium cat-food, because he does have a taste for the high life. There would have to be a claws in his contract about this," Schrödinger picked his stocks

by choosing 35 pieces of dry food from a grid of 250 squares representing companies in the FTSE 250 index.

His fund, Consolidated Accumulation Trust, outperformed his benchmark index and also the average unit trust in the UK Smaller Companies sector, which only recorded a rise of 3.25 per cent.

The feline financier's skills are even more astonishing given

that many experts have long considered share selection in the smaller-companies sector to involve even more skill than with blue-chip stocks.

Mr Slade, a freelance journalist, rescued Schrödinger and his brother, Tabby, from a cat sanctuary six years ago. But it was not until last year that his cat's financial skills found their true expression.

The Long Weekend, page 26

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**Algerian bloodbath**  
The bloody war in Algeria plunged new horrors with the slaughter of over 300 people, mainly women and children, in a village only seven miles from Algiers.

**THE BROADSHEET**  
Business & City 18-19  
Comment 13-14  
Foreign news 9-12  
Gazette 14-15  
Home news 2-8  
Leading articles 12-13  
Letters 13

**Obituaries** 14-15  
**Saturday Story** 16  
**Shares** 20  
**Sport** 22-28  
**THE LONG WEEKEND**  
All consuming 17-19  
Arts, reviews 4-5

**Books** 6-8  
**Gardening** 14  
**Money** 23  
**Motoring** 20  
**Property** 21-22  
**TV & Radio** 27-28  
**Travel** 29-33  
**Weather** 27

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## news

## significant shorts

## Coastguard calls off search after dinghy found empty

An air-and-sea search off the Lincolnshire coast was abandoned last night hours after an inflatable dinghy was seen drifting out to sea from a holiday beach. A Coastguard spokesman said they were searching for a 25-year-old man reported missing off Chapel St Leonards. After six hours searchers saw the dinghy miles out to sea, and it was clearly empty. "One of the lifeboats spotted the inflatable tumbling over and over in the swell, and it obviously had no one in it or around it," he said.

Meanwhile, inquests were opened and adjourned yesterday on two holidaymakers who died in sea tragedies in the West Country earlier this week. A post-mortem examination revealed that Martin Anderson, 32, from Shrewsbury, Shropshire, drowned after being swept into the sea at Porthleven, west Cornwall. Robert Needham, of North Finchley, north London was recovered from the sea after getting into difficulties while swimming at West Bexington, Dorset, on Thursday, but was pronounced dead on arrival at hospital.

## Blair comes back campaigning

Tony Blair yesterday kicked off a weekend campaign, designed to dial the memory of Labour's "summer time blues", with a tour of his Sedgfield constituency as he prepared for a keynote speech today. The Prime Minister hopes to rise above the series of August rows which have hit his government by concentrating on delivering Labour's election pledges. Yesterday he was in Sedgfield highlighting education, jobs and new technology. Today he will hammer home the message that Labour must stay focused on the "big picture" in a speech to party activists at a rally in the North of England.

## Eviction go-ahead at Devon quarry

One of the world's biggest clay producers yesterday won the first legal step to evict 80 environmental protesters from land where it proposes to divert the Teign and Bovey rivers as part of a quarrying extension. Watts Blake Bearn was granted a possession order for the 100 acre site at Teigngrace, near Newton Abbot, south Devon, which has been occupied by around 80 eco-warriors since mid-July, by a judge at Torbay Crown Court. WBB planning and estates manager John Briggs welcomed the decision, which gives the firm the right to seek the protesters' eviction immediately.

"We hope very much the protesters will peacefully respect the court's decision when we require them to vacate the protest site," he said.

One co-defendant in the case, who calls himself Bandy, said the protesters would appeal.

## Guards scheme railway chief quits



A railway executive behind an idea of making commuters part-time guards is to leave his company, Great Eastern Trains. The company, which operates trains between Liverpool Street, London and Essex and East Anglia, said its commercial director, Mike Turner, had made up his mind to go in May - before the controversial guards plan was announced. "There is no connection between his going and the guards scheme. In fact we tried, unsuccessfully, to get Mike to stay," a Great Eastern spokesman said. Both the Government and rail unions condemned the guards plan and unions say that it has now been shelved, although Great Eastern denies this.

## Jail challenge girl goes on the run

A 16-year-old girl robber who a judge ruled was being held illegally in an adult prison was being sought by police last night after going on the run following an apparent police blunder. The girl, given an eight-month sentence for robbery, police assault, disorderly behaviour and other offences, was granted bail pending last week's High Court challenge over her detention in Risley Prison, Cheshire. She failed to answer bail conditions to report daily to a police station in Lancashire. A warrant was issued for her to be detained in Sneyd Prison's young offenders' institution. But in an apparent blunder, Thames Valley Police arrested and then released the girl for other offences, not realising she was wanted. "Thames Valley Police had no reason to think she was a wanted person because she was not on the Police National Computer," said a police source. "Somehow she managed to slip the net."

## Dobson tries to head off NHS crisis

Frank Dobson, the Secretary of State for Health, yesterday instructed health and local authorities to join forces to avert a crisis in the NHS this winter. Mr Dobson said collaboration was the key to ensure hospitals are not overwhelmed and patients are not turned away. He said a recent tour of health authorities and trusts by the NHS chief executive, Alan Langlands, and chief inspector of social services, Sir Herbert Laming, revealed the quality of planning and preparation for winter pressures was excellent in some areas but not in others. "We must learn the lessons and ensure that best practice becomes normal practice. Our aim must be for a seamless service so patients get the best possible care," Jeremy Laurance added Mr Dobson.

## Boy dies in caravan fire

An 18-month-old boy died yesterday from severe burns after a fire ripped through a caravan at a travellers' site at Whitley, Coventry. Police said they were not treating the fire as suspicious. No one else was hurt.

## Prisoners sue water chiefs

Fourteen prisoners at Dartmoor jail are claiming compensation from water chiefs after contracting a salmonella infection which may have affected up to 200 inmates. South West Water said it had received a compensation claim which had been passed to their loss adjusters, but the spokesman added: "We are denying liability."

The prisoners at the Devon jail were granted legal aid to pursue the claim, which their solicitor Derek Reed said was a "very complex issue". The outbreak in September 1995, caused sickness and diarrhoea for about two weeks.

## people



Pursuing schedule: Chart topping singing star Gina G collapsed due to "nervous exhaustion" caused by her punishing schedule. Gina, 26, was due to be discharged from the Royal Alexandra Hospital last night after being stretchered off a flight from Heathrow to Glasgow on Friday. Her record company WEA say her collapse was due to overwork. "Gina has been working virtually non-stop for the whole of '97 promoting her debut album Fresh literally around the world," a spokesman said.

## Aborigine chief's skull to be returned after legal row

A long campaign by Aboriginal activists to reclaim the head of an ancestor finally succeeded yesterday when a court cleared the last obstacle to its return to Australia.

The severed head of the chieftain Yagan, which had been smoked, pickled and exhibited in this country before being buried in a pauper's grave in Liverpool is due to return to his native land in the near future.

In Perth yesterday the Western Australian Supreme Court refused to grant an injunction to tribal elder Corrie Bodney, who claims to be Yagan's direct descendant, so preventing the handover of the head to an Aboriginal delegation waiting in Liverpool.

Ken Colbung, the leader of the delegation enscathed at Liverpool's Adelphi Hotel, declared he had been confident of success because of the weather. Apparently the storms over Merseyside were a splendid omen because they symbolised lightning flashes which adorned the body of Yagan.

But the omen was not powerful enough to enable a quick handover. Mr Colbung complained: "By

rights we should be able to receive the head at 5.30pm Saturday, but nobody from the (Australian) High Commission wants to work at the weekend. We have been told we have to wait until Monday and we are expected to just hang around until then."

Mr Colbung, 66, an elder of the Nyoongar Bibbulman tribe, also claims descent from Yagan. He said he would be celebrating the court success "with a bevvie". He added: "I will probably have a few beers with the Soouse people because of the elation I feel. The City Council people here have been very positive, they have been very beautiful."

Although Liverpool officials have been prepared to hand over the head, the Australian government had refused to be involved while the court case was still going on in Perth. Tony Brett Young, head of public affairs at the High Commission in London, said: "Although the injunction which was sought in the courts was not successful, we are still bound by an undertaking that was given not to do anything until Saturday. We can't finalise arrangements until Monday."

## Firefighter soap star in drug claim

London's Burning actor John Alford, pictured, was suspended yesterday from the popular ITV drama following allegations in a Sunday newspaper that he had been dealing drugs.

Alford, 25, who plays fireman Billy Ray, was told by London Weekend Television to stay away from today's filming - the last day scheduled for production of the programme.

LWT's statement yesterday read: "Following serious allegations in last Sunday's News of the World, LWT has taken the decision to suspend John Alford from London's Burning."

"He has already completed the majority of his filming for the current series but will not complete the single day's shooting this Saturday that was outstanding. That is all we can say at this stage."

Alford's contract expires next month and it is unlikely to be renewed.

The Glaswegian actor was exposed by the Sunday newspaper's chief investigative reporter, Mazher Mahmood, in an undercover operation.

Alford was photographed allegedly trying to sell cocaine to the reporter and bragging about how pure his supplies were. It was reported that he sold three wraps of cocaine and cannabis resin for £300 to the journalist.

Alford reportedly said "he could get away with it" because he was a celebrity.

In a taped conversation, the paper also claims Alford said he could not live without



cannabis. During the last three years, the popular actor has seen his salary jump from £7,000 to £50,000. But the drug link allegations could spell the end of his acting career.

He began acting at the age of nine and he played a leading role in the school drama, Grange Hill.

The day after publication of the story, it was reported that the actor from Hadley Wood, north London, had been told that despite the allegations his job on the popular soap was safe.

However following a further grilling by London Weekend Television executives, the decision was made to suspend him.

The News of the World has handed its material to the police, it said yesterday.

Stuart Kuttner, the newspaper's managing editor, said: "The police have asked us for all our evidence and we are co-operating fully. Alford's agency declined to comment on the allegations of drug taking and the actor's suspension from the programme."

Alexandra Williams

## Lottery winners down tools

Thirteen council workers who carried on working after their syndicate won a £10m lottery jackpot are planning to strike next week - in a row with the council they did not want to leave.

The women, who were among 33 members of a council homeless persons unit who collected £304,724 each in January last year, said at the time that it was "not the sort of job where you can just get up and walk out".

But on Monday, the 13 will start a five-day walk-out in protest at council's treatment of one of them, who took time off work to be with her dying father and then her bereaved mother.

Yesterday, a spokesman for Camden Council in north London defended the way the council had handled the situation of the woman, Philomena Kelly, a 40-year-old assessment officer.

Mrs Kelly had taken a total of 48.5 days of leave - 45 of them paid - and the council had asked her to treat nine of them as part of her annual holiday entitlement, he said. She had protested that this would stop her taking another holiday in October, he said.

"We are aware that she feels her treatment is unfair, but we have to balance her needs with our duty to provide service to homeless people. We saluted the Lottery winners' commitment to the work which made them decide to stay."

After the Lottery win, all 27 women and six men turned up for work on the Monday morning, after most of them had met for a Sunday champagne celebration.

One assessment officer said at the time: "We are all very committed to our jobs. It's very stressful, but our clients need us, and it can be very rewarding."

## briefing

## GENETICS

## Yeast DNA may hold the key to human ageing

A gene that yeast and humans have in common may hold the secret to aging, scientists have discovered. They said their "pleasantly shocking" finding could show that getting old starts in some of the most basic processes of cells.

Leonard Guarente, David Sinclair and colleagues at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in the United States, studied a gene in yeast, which corresponds exactly to a gene in people. Mutations in the human gene cause Werner's syndrome, a disease whose symptoms mimic those of premature aging, including development of cataracts, osteoporosis and wrinkling. Mr Guarente said his team set out to find whether the same gene caused yeast to age.

"The reason we did the experiment was to see if by chance we would get a similar effect, which we did," he said. "It raises the possibility that there is a common mechanism underlying aging," he added. "Aging might lie at the cellular level."

In aging, damage accumulates as cells divide over and over again, making occasional mistakes. The gene for this protein could be a key one damaged, causing the aging effect.

"I think the big thing is a that there is a possible universal mechanism," Guarente said. "We were really pleasantly shocked," adding that Yeast is surprisingly similar to humans genetically.

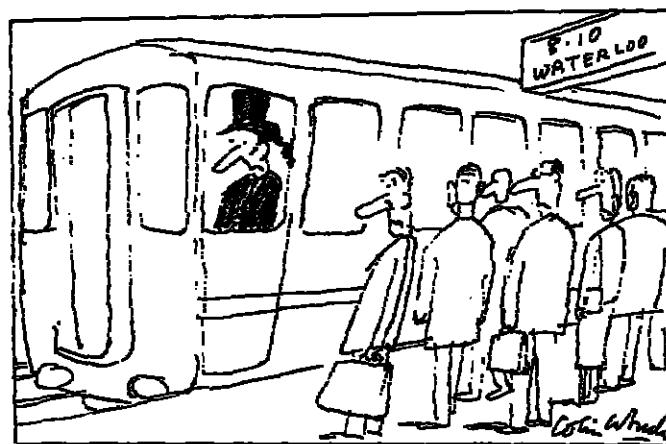
## HEALTH

## Commuting takes toll on heart

Long-distance commuting may be bad for the heart, doctors reported yesterday. A study in Japan, where people often live far from their work, showed that those commuting long distances suffered unusually pronounced variations in their heart rate.

Although this may not be harmful in itself, the researchers wrote in the *Lancet* medical journal: "They may induce cardiovascular abnormalities or dysfunctions related to the onset of heart disease." Dr T Kageyama and a team from the National Institute for Environmental Studies, Tsukuba, tested the heart rates of 223 men working in a private company in Tokyo.

They found that men who commuted for 90 minutes or more had more pronounced variations in their heart rate than those who commuted for less time. A similar difference was seen for those who did overtime. The researchers suspected chronic stress or fatigue caused by excessive travelling time and work hours affected the stability of heart rate.



## WELFARE

## Survey exposes benefit dependence

A survey of the financial circumstances of thousands of British families was published yesterday by the Department of Social Security. The Family Resources Survey (FRS) covers the year ending March 1996, and shows income and benefit receipts, housing costs and ownership and assets and savings among 26,435 private households across the United Kingdom.

A key finding was that three quarters of households are in receipt of at least one benefit, the most common being child benefit and the state retirement pension. The survey found that 18 per cent of average gross weekly income came from social security benefits.

More than 90 per cent of households contained one member with had some kind of bank or building society account, although this proportion drops to 82 per cent in households containing at least one unemployed person.

The survey also found that around a third of all households had no financial assets, whereas 14 per cent had assets of £20,000 or more.

## NATURE

## Tokyo quake could devastate city

An earthquake as severe as the one that struck Kobe in 1995 would kill as many as 7,100 people if it happened in the Japanese capital, a government panel said yesterday. Such a quake and the subsequent fires resulting from burst gas mains and collapsing buildings could also injure 156,000 people and destroy or damage more than a half million buildings, said the report which was prepared by the Tokyo Metropolitan Government's Disaster Prevention Council.

The estimates of death and damage resulting from a Tokyo quake are only slightly worse than what actually occurred in the Kobe earthquake although Tokyo's population is almost 10 times as large. The Tokyo area is home to 12.5 million people, the whole Japanese archipelago lies on one of the world's most active earthquake belts. The study did not take into account deaths and damage that might occur as a result of road buckling or trains derailing.

The numbers were based on the council's worst case scenario in which an earthquake of 7.2 magnitude - the same size the one that hit Kobe - strikes directly beneath central Tokyo at the peak of the evening rush hour. Such a quake would leave 3.7 million commuters stranded. The worst damage would likely occur in areas surrounding central Tokyo where many older wooden homes and building still stand, the report said.

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3

صحنه من الرحمن





Misfits: Hybrid animals (above and right) by Grünfeld, among those going on show at Charles Saatchi's gallery



# Art lovers savaged by a mutated sheep



Dead animals stitched together for Saatchi exhibition

Jojo Moyes

Perhaps it is only to be expected from the man who helped acquaint the world with the pickled shark. But the latest additions to Charles Saatchi's collection of contemporary art look set to ruffle a few feathers. Thomas Grünfeld's *Misfits* sculptures feature dead animals, which have been intricately sewn together into taxidermy hybrids. A swan's head is joined to a rabbit's body with emu feet; a dog sits with the head of a sheep; a baby deer grows bat wings - all with seemingly non-existent joints. Grünfeld's work forms part of the Young German Artists 2 exhibition, which opens at the Saatchi Gallery next month. According to the gallery, Grünfeld's mutant animals are "a naturalist's dream... these crea-

tures would seem quite normal alongside the pushmepullyou in Dr Doolittle's zoo." They sit in naturalistic poses, their additional body parts in scale, so that the viewer has to look twice to see that they are, in fact, artificially engineered. Charles Saatchi is well-known for his controversial tastes, and these pieces are likely to prove no exception. The catalogue states: "They represent total acts of miscegenation rather than ecological fine tuning... The suggested implications of the *Misfits*... are certainly horrific." One critic has described them as "pornography of sorts", while another said of them: "Should one's reaction to these outrageously sick objects be anger? However, if you eat meat, how can you object?"

Damien Hirst, who came to prominence aided by Saatchi's patronage, displayed a similarly unconventional interest in the animal world, with *The Physical Impossibility of Death in the Mind of Someone Living*, his shark suspended in formaldehyde, and *Mother and Child Divided*, a cow and her calf, both neatly dissected into a walk-through installation. Grünfeld's works, also shown in glass cases, are unlikely to cause the installation problems of some of Hirst's work, such as *Two F Two Watching*, the rotting sculpture of a cow and a bull copulating which New York health officials banned from exhibition. As the catalogue states, the taxidermy animals are "joined seamlessly", and rather beautifully, leaving the suggestion that they have been genetically-

ly rather than surgically combined. But they are undeniably disturbing, evoking the animals of HG Wells' *The Island of Dr Moreau*, in which the animals turn on their creator and kill him, Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*, or the freaks of the Victorian era. The viewer is compelled to look, even if they find the image repellent. Then again, perhaps to a generation slowly coming to terms with genetic engineering, these images are not shocking at all. How much more horrific, for example, if we grafted human body parts onto animals - for instance an ear onto a mouse? Or perhaps even cloned a sheep? *Young German Artists 2*, from 11 September to 23 November, Saatchi Gallery, London NW8. Admission is free on Thursdays.

## 'Christmas Day', opening soon at a cinema near you

Louise Jury

Christmas Day blockbuster films will be available on the big screen as well as the television if an American-owned cinema chain gets licensing permission. To the dismay of Keep Sunday Special campaigners, Showcase Cinemas of Boston Massachusetts, has applied to a number of authorities for permission to open all its 15 multiplex sites on 25 December. In Manchester, they can already screen without seeking extra permission because there are no by-laws to prevent them. A Showcase spokeswoman said that Christmas Day movies were big business in the Unit-

ed States. "Here it is popular after a big and busy Christmas dinner to get the kids out of the house and to the cinema." The company thought the British might also like the opportunity, particularly as so many people from varied faiths do not celebrate Christmas in the traditional way. But the announcement sparked fierce criticism. Steve Jenkins of the Church of England said: "We don't like Christmas Day opening but not because we are killjoys. Everybody needs a change of pace now and then to stop and reflect. We're already losing Sundays. We need Christmas to help us meet human and spiritual needs. The thing the church dislikes

the most about all these things - Sunday shopping, Sunday betting and racing - is that people are often asked to work on a rest day whether they like it or not. The same applies to Christmas. Someone will have to work these cinemas." John Alexander, of the Keep Sunday Special campaign, also felt sorry for the workers. "Already thousands of people are having to work on Sundays - where will it stop if giant organisations like this start opening on one of the most special family days of the year?" One of the councils, Middlesbrough Borough, will examine the application on Monday. A council spokesman

said the application was based on the fact that many people do not celebrate Christmas. The council has had one objection so far. The cinema complex is in the Teesside Retail and Leisure Park and Cleveland police feared that if permission were granted, other clubs, bars and restaurants in the park might want to follow the lead. No one was available to comment from Odeon or UCI cinema chains. But a spokesman for Virgin, which owns about 80 cinemas, said: "We don't think the idea of opening on Christmas Day makes sense. We don't think anyone would want to go and it would only be fair to give our staff the day off."

## Widow has baby from frozen sperm

Jeremy Laurence  
Health Editor

A 37 year old widow has given birth to a daughter, using sperm from her husband who died three years ago. The woman, who has not been named, was artificially inseminated with sperm donated by her husband after he had been diagnosed with a terminal illness. The sperm was frozen and kept in storage until the man's wife decided to try for a baby. He had given written consent for it to be used, as is required by law. A statement issued yesterday by the private Cromwell hospital

in London, where the birth took place a few days ago, said the woman had been treated by the method of intracytoplasmic sperm injection (ICSI), in which a single sperm is injected into the egg, after the traditional method of injecting sperm into the entrance of the womb had failed. Controversy over using the sperm of a dead person for assisted conception hit the headlines last year, when Diane Blood was banned from having the treatment by the Human Fertilisation and Embryology Authority. She was refused the right to be made pregnant with the sperm of her late husband, Stephen, because she had not

obtained his written permission when he was alive. In February this year, Mrs Blood, 33, from Sheffield, won a High Court battle for the right to take Stephen's sperm to Brussels for treatment. Another widow hoping for a baby is to travel to Florida for treatment next week, more than a year after the death of her husband on honeymoon. Sandra Reed, 28, is returning to the place where her husband, Danny, collapsed with a brain tumour at the age of 24. He was taken to a Tampa hospital which has pioneered the technique of extracting and freezing sperm from dying men.

A spokesman for the HFEA said of the latest case: "This illustrates the need for people to obtain informed written consent in these situations. We are delighted for this woman, who followed all the correct procedures. The HFEA still feels it's important that only the individual concerned can give consent for the use of their own genes to create a new life." A Government review of the law regarding consent in assisted conception is expected to be published in the next few weeks, but it is unlikely to recommend changes to the current law.



JACK DANIEL'S HEAD DISTILLER, Jimmy Bedford, has lots of folks looking over his shoulder.


Since 1866, we've had only six head distillers. (Every one a Tennessee boy, starting with Mr. Jack Daniel himself.) Like those before him, Jimmy's mindful of our traditions, such as the oldtime way we smooth our whiskey through 10 feet of hard maple charcoal. He knows Jack Daniel's drinkers will judge him with every sip. So he's not about to change a thing. The five gentlemen on his wall surely must be pleased about that.



JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

IN TOMORROW'S INDEPENDENT

Five sections for the best in news, features, sport, business, travel, property and money



**MORE DEADLY THAN THE MALE**  
Joan Smith on why we hate women who commit murder

**LOOKING FOR A COURSE?**  
The very latest official Ucas lists of university and college places

**THANK GOD, WE'RE HOME**  
So how was your holiday?

**SENSATIONAL!**  
20 of the best young British artists

**MOVE OVER KATE...**  
A month in the life of new fashion face Karen Elson

**PLAY FANTASY FOOTBALL**  
Win a trip to the World Cup Finals

**SUNDAY PREVIEW**  
Full 7-day TV guide

IT IS. ARE YOU?















# Girls lead the private schools GCSE table

Judith Judd  
Education Editor

Girls' schools have again outstripped boys' schools in this year's league table of leading independent schools' GCSE results. Fifteen of the top twenty are girls-only.

Of the remaining five schools, one has only 13 candidates and the other just 5.

There were ten schools where every single exam entry gained at least a C-grade, all of them girls' schools apart from the two with a handful of candidates.

Girls' GCSE scores have been improving faster than those of boys for several years. Girls have been doing better than boys in most of the major subjects.

By contrast, boys are still outstripping girls in some A-level subjects. Last week's league table of independent school A-level results showed that famous boys' public schools such as Winchester and St Paul's still lead the field at sixth form level.

Experts differ about the reasons for the different performance of boys and girls at

GCSE and A-level. Some say that GCSE suits hard-working and methodical girls while A-level encourages adventurous and creative boys to shine. Others argue that girls do better at 16 because they mature earlier.

This year's results, issued by Isis, the Independent Schools Information Service, show that Bromley High School tops the list, moving up from eighth place last year.

St Paul's Girls' School in London, which was second last year, drops to fourteenth. Eton moves up from 35th to 24th but Winchester is down from 18th to 42nd.

Joy Hancock, head of Bromley High, said that she was opposed to league tables in their present form but was interested in value-added league tables which would show how much progress pupils had made since they entered the school.

"The girls and staff worked as hard this year as they did last," she said. "The school is about much more than league tables. Our aim is to produce renaissance women who value sport, drama, art and music and who plan interesting expeditions to places like Uganda."

"I don't think women yet have total equality but the girls who come here are determined to live life to the full."

Isis has provided provisional results for 40,000 candidates from 612 independent schools. This year 45.2 per cent of entries were graded A or A\*, up from 43.3 per cent last year.

Nationally, 14 per cent of entries were graded A or A\* compared with 13.7 per cent last year. More than 9 out of 10 entries (92 per cent) achieved grades A\* to C, up from 91.6 per cent. The improvement was the same as the national figure for A\* to C grades which rose from 54 per cent to 54.4.

More than one entry in seven (15.1 per cent) received the A\* grade compared with 14 per cent last year. (The national average was 3.6 per cent, up from 3.4 per cent.) On average candidates entered 9.2 subjects each.

David Woodhead, national Isis director, said: "By every measure, this year's results from independent schools have outstripped national performances and demonstrated the wisdom of parents' investment in independent education."

## Devolution comes to the Kingdom of Hay



Royal assent: Richard Booth, self-proclaimed King of Hay, preparing for the 'Yes' campaign party at Hay Castle yesterday

Photograph: Rob

Tony Heath  
Brecon

Campaigners for a Welsh assembly claimed a significant success yesterday when Julie Christie gave her backing to devolution.

The actress, who lives in rural Montgomeryshire, is currently in the United States from where she telephoned the "Yes

For Wales" office in Cardiff: "I speak as someone who is not Welsh but lives in Wales. I believe in decentralisation and therefore I favour a Welsh assembly movement."

The endorsement was announced at a party in Hay Castle, once a stronghold of Henry IV during his dispute with the Welsh patriot Owain Glyndwr over the right of Wales

to govern itself. Nearly 600 years on, the castle, the domain of Richard Booth, the "King Of Hay", has switched sides to become a bastion of the pro-assembly movement.

Mr Booth and Eluned Morgan, Labour MEP for Mid and West Wales, hosted the event, which attracted figures from Wales's political and arts establishments.

Speeches preceded performances for harp, flute and soprano by Sherazade, a trio of women who travelled from London for the party in the castle's newly-refurbished State Room.

Political chords were struck by Ms Morgan, a leading figure in the "Yes" campaign, and Liberal Democrat MPs Richard Lacey (Brecon and Radnorshire) and

Lombit Opik (Montgomeryshire) who claimed that the tide for a "Yes" vote in the 18 September referendum was rising.

"The breadth of support is widening all the time," Ms Morgan said. Hay and other Welsh communities needed to look to fresh champions in order for their voices to be heard more strongly both in the UK and the European Union.

## Minister under fire over £30,000 cash gift

Alan Murdoch  
Dublin

A new row over gifts of cash to ministers is threatening the Irish Foreign Minister. Ray Burke, who was urged yesterday to step aside during investigations into a £30,000 gift he has admitted receiving from a building contractor during the 1989 general election.

The affair has blown up just

as Mr Burke is due to play a central role in next month's long-awaited multi-party talks in Northern Ireland, and while Dail parties are deciding the scope of a new extended inquiry into payments to politicians. It was prompted by this week's findings of an earlier tribunal investigating gifts to former Taoiseach Charles Haughey.

The Fine Gael Opposition chief whip Jim Higgins yesterday

said he was "at a loss" to understand why "a huge personal donation" to Mr Burke, 53, a former auctioneer, environment minister, and chairman of Dublin county council, could not be investigated by the new tribunal, agreed by the cabinet on Thursday.

Mr Higgins cited government suggestions that an ongoing Garda investigation meant Mr Burke's case could not

be covered in that new tribunal. He challenged the government to confirm that Mr Burke was under Garda investigation. If he was, he should "stand down from office at least for the duration of the investigation," Mr Higgins said.

Garda confirmed they had begun an inquiry but a statement from a key witness has been delayed pending a request for immunity from prosecution.

Earlier this month Mr Burke confirmed that he had received a "totally unsolicited" £30,000 for election expenses, "not £80,000 as reported", from the building firm JMSE in 1989. He said he was the target of "a vicious campaign of rumour and innuendo" and had never worked on the firm's behalf. He said he had given Garda a number of anonymous threatening letters he had received.

## An even brighter outlook for our saving and banking customers this summer.

The Halifax is happy to announce the fourth interest rate increase this summer on its saving and certain banking products effective from 1st September 1997.

ACCOUNT	UK rates				Non-resident rates				Non-personal rates			
	GROSS p.a.	GROSS C.A.R.	NET p.a.	NET C.A.R.	GROSS p.a.	GROSS C.A.R.	NET p.a.	NET C.A.R.	GROSS p.a.	GROSS C.A.R.	NET p.a.	NET C.A.R.
HALIFAX TESSA 2 Variable Rate	7.00	-	-	-	7.00	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Matured TESSA	7.00	-	5.60	-	7.00	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
BONUS GOLD (including bonus)												
£100,000+	7.25	-	5.80	-	7.10	-	6.85	-	5.48	-	-	-
£50,000+	6.80	-	5.44	-	6.65	-	6.50	-	5.20	-	-	-
£25,000+	6.30	-	5.04	-	6.15	-	6.00	-	4.80	-	-	-
£10,000+	6.10	-	4.88	-	5.95	-	5.80	-	4.72	-	-	-
Monthly Income Option (including bonus)												
£100,000+	7.08	7.25	5.66	5.77	6.94	7.10	6.70	6.85	5.36	5.46	-	-
£50,000+	6.65	6.80	5.32	5.41	6.51	6.65	6.37	6.50	5.10	5.18	-	-
£25,000+	6.18	6.30	4.94	5.02	6.03	6.15	5.89	6.00	4.71	4.78	-	-
£10,000+	5.98	6.10	4.78	4.86	5.84	5.95	5.79	5.90	4.63	4.70	-	-
60 DAY GOLD												
£100,000+	6.95	-	5.56	-	6.80	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
£50,000+	6.40	-	5.12	-	6.25	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
£25,000+	6.10	-	4.88	-	5.95	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
£10,000+	5.85	-	4.68	-	5.70	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
£5,000+	5.35	-	4.28	-	5.20	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Monthly Income Option												
£100,000+	6.74	6.95	5.39	5.53	6.60	6.80	-	-	-	-	-	-
£50,000+	6.22	6.40	4.98	5.10	6.08	6.25	-	-	-	-	-	-
£25,000+	5.94	6.10	4.75	4.85	5.79	5.95	-	-	-	-	-	-
£10,000+	5.70	5.85	4.56	4.66	5.56	5.70	-	-	-	-	-	-
£5,000+	5.22	5.35	4.18	4.26	5.08	5.20	-	-	-	-	-	-
SOLID GOLD												
£50,000+	5.65	-	4.52	-	5.50	-	5.45	-	4.36	-	-	-
£25,000+	5.55	-	4.44	-	5.40	-	5.35	-	4.28	-	-	-
£10,000+	5.15	-	4.12	-	5.00	-	4.95	-	4.12	-	-	-
£5,000+	4.85	-	3.88	-	4.70	-	4.65	-	3.80	-	-	-
£250+	4.10	-	3.28	-	3.95	-	3.95	-	3.16	-	-	-
Monthly Income Option												
£50,000+	5.51	5.65	4.41	4.50	5.37	5.50	5.32	5.45	4.26	4.34	-	-
£25,000+	5.41	5.55	4.33	4.42	5.27	5.40	5.22	5.35	4.18	4.26	-	-
£10,000+	5.03	5.15	4.02	4.09	4.89	5.00	5.03	5.15	4.02	4.09	-	-
£5,000+	4.75	4.85	3.80	3.87	4.60	4.70	4.65	4.75	3.72	3.78	-	-
£250+	4.02	4.10	3.22	3.27	3.88	3.95	3.88	3.95	3.10	3.14	-	-

POINTS TO NOTE: Interest will be paid net after the lower rate of income tax (currently 20%) has been deducted unless you have completed a registration form and made a declaration to comply with Inland Revenue regulations. The net rates shown, which are only examples and have been rounded, assume the lower rate of income tax has been taken off. All interest rates quoted may change. Special rates of interest on certain accounts paid to savings and Carcash customers who appear in our records as being under 21. If your savings or Carcash or Halifax Current Account balance is less than £50 you will not receive any interest unless you appear in our records

ACCOUNT	UK rates				Non-resident rates				Non-personal rates			
	GROSS p.a.	GROSS C.A.R.	NET p.a.	NET C.A.R.	GROSS p.a.	GROSS C.A.R.	NET p.a.	NET C.A.R.	GROSS p.a.	GROSS C.A.R.	NET p.a.	NET C.A.R.
LIQUID GOLD												
£25,000+	4.50	-	3.60	-	4.35	-	4.25	-	3.40	-	-	-
£10,000+	4.30	-	3.44	-	4.15	-	4.15	-	3.32	-	-	-
£2,500+	4.15	-	3.32	-	4.00	-	3.95	-	3.16	-	-	-
£500+	3.95	-	3.16	-	3.80	-	3.70	-	2.96	-	-	-
£250+	3.75	-	3.00	-	3.60	-	3.50	-	2.80	-	-	-
£50+	0.50	-	0.40	-	0.50	-	0.50	-	0.40	-	-	-
ASSET RESERVE CHEQUE ACCOUNT												
£50,000+	5.95	6.08	4.76	4.85	5.95	6.08	5.25	5.46	4.28	4.35	-	-
£25,000+	5.65	5.77	4.52	4.60	5.65	5.77	4.90	4.99	3.92	3.98	-	-
£10,000+	5.30	5.41	4.24	4.31	5.30	5.41	4.65	4.73	3.72	3.77	-	-
£5,000+	4.60	4.68	3.68	3.73	4.60	4.68	4.35	4.42	3.48	3.53	-	-
HALIFAX CURRENT ACCOUNT												
£2,000+	1.00	1.00	0.80	0.80	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
£50 - £1,999	0.50	0.50	0.40	0.40	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Under 18's	5.00	5.12	4.00	4.07	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Student	4.00	4.07	3.20	3.25	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
CARD CASH												
Standard £50+	0.50	0.50	0.40	0.40	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Young Person's (Under 21s)	5.00	5.06	4.00	4.04	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
YOUNG SAVERS £1+	5.00	5.06	4.00	4.04	5.00	5.06	-	-	-	-	-	-
MATURED FUNDS ACCOUNT												
£10,000+	4.55	-	3.64	-	4.55	-	4.55	-	3.64	-	-	-
£2,000+	3.95	-	3.16	-	3.95	-	3.95	-	3.16	-	-	-
Monthly Income												
£10,000+	4.46	-	3.57	-	4.46	-	4.46	-	3.57	-	-	-
£2,000+	3.88	-	3.10	-	3.88	-	3.88	-	3.10	-	-	-
TREASURERS ACCOUNT												
£2,500+	4.90	-	3.92	-	-	-	4.90	-	3.92	-	-	-
£500+	4.35	-	3.48	-	-	-	4.35	-	3.48	-	-	-
£1+	0.85	-	0.68	-	-	-	0.85	-	0.68	-	-	-
CLOSED ISSUES (Not available to new customers)												
TESSA Gold	7.50	-	-	-	7.50	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Including maturity bonus	7.61	-	-	-	7.61	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Halifax TESSA	7.00	-	-	-	7.00	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Including maturity bonus	7.78	-	-	-	7.78	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Special Reserve Bond												
£10,000+	6.80	-	5.44	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Halifax Extra One Year Bond												
£10,000+	7.25	-	5.80	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-

as being under 21 (under 18 or a student for Halifax Current Account). Compounded annual rates (C.A.R.) apply when full interest remains in your account. The non-resident rates of interest are payable to individuals who are not ordinarily resident in the UK and who complete an appropriate declaration form. Bonus Gold, Solid Gold and Liquid Gold non-personal accounts (such as accounts held by clubs, charities and companies) are no longer available to new customers. Full account conditions and details of when interest is paid, and how to qualify for the TESSA Gold, Halifax TESSA, Halifax TESSA 2 and Bonus Gold bonuses, are available from any Halifax branch.





# Animals raise new fear of CJD

Charles Arthur  
Science Editor

Water companies denied yesterday that supplies in Kent could have become contaminated with "mad cow disease" and

thus led to a cluster of the deadly new variant of Creutzfeldt-Jakob Disease, v-CJD, in Ashford, Maidstone, and Canterbury. Evidence from 200 animals may be encouraging for the size of the eventual human death toll.

Members of the Water Companies Association met yesterday after claims by a former contractor at a rendering mill in Godmersham that he had seen liquid waste from cattle processing being poured

down a well which leads to an aquifer. There was concern because five of the 26 v-CJD cases identified since 1994 have occurred within a 25 mile radius of the plant.

But yesterday, Mid Kent Water and the WCA insisted that there was no such link and that even if such waste had been poured down the well, it would have taken two years to reach the nearest aquifer, and that what's more, four of the five

cases live in areas served by other water companies. WCA chief executive Pamela Taylor said "Customers can have complete confidence that their tap water is safe. This scares linking CJD and water supplies

is based on nothing but a series of what ifs."

Yesterday's meeting follows a warning from the University of Kentucky that five cases of CJD in middle aged and elderly people could be linked to a regular diet of eating squirrel brains, a widely consumed delicacy in the southern United States. Scientists increasingly believe that v-CJD, which is incurable and fatal, is caused by exposure to the infective agent for bovine spongiform encephalopathy (BSE), or "mad cow disease". The first case of

"That must be looked on as encouraging," said Dr Stephen Deakin, an independent expert on BSE and CJD. But he insisted that drugs companies should start trying to develop early diagnosis tests and search for potential treatments.



Health risk: The American delicacy of squirrel brains may be linked to CJD in humans, doctors have warned

BSE was identified in 1985 on a farm near Ashford, though it is believed that many hundreds of cases existed before then without showing symptoms. The cases now coming to light may date back to infection in the early 1980s. Between 1985 and 1989, the year when the most infectious parts of cattle - the heads and spinal cord - were banned from human food, the number of BSE cases each year leapt from one to 7,137, peaking in 1993 at 6,714. The cause was believed to be infected feed.

There is encouraging news, though, from 2000. Zoo animals often ate this same feed - either the food pellets also fed to cows, or raw cattle meat including the spines. In 1986 a kudu at London Zoo fell ill with a BSE-like disease. Subsequently nine other hoofed species, including eland, nyala, gemsbok, Arabian oryx and bison, and cat species including cheetahs, puma, and ocelot have fallen ill.

But out of many thousands of caged animals, many sharing the same food and conditions, five or more than 30 have died of BSE-like diseases. This means that even though many animals were infected relatively few developed the actual disease.

While Americans seem prone to panic where food safety is concerned, the possibility of "mad-squirrel disease" appearing in humans has caused barely a ripple.

This is probably not just because the number of habitual squirrel-eaters is small but because the findings are overshadowed by a bigger scare, the recall of more than 1 million pounds of hamburgers because of possible contamination with the potentially deadly *E. coli* bacteria.

However, the implications of the findings in Kentucky are serious, because they show there are instances of CJD in the US that appear to have been caused by consumption of infected animals. To date, however, there have been no reported cases of BSE in US beef herds, which would be the real nightmare scenario for the vast American beef industry.

## US declines to go nuts over 'mad squirrels'

Mary Dejevsky  
Washington

Squirrel-eating might not be in the mainstream of the American dining experience but it has a venerable tradition in a predominantly rural area embracing Kentucky, West Virginia and Alabama. Squirrel meat is also prized by gourmets: America's classic-cookery expert, James Beard, said: "It has been written about rapturously for years and has long been associated with elegant dining as well as with the simple food of the trapper and the nomad."

But the warning by Kentucky doctors this week applies only to one aspect of squirrel cuisine, the brains, consumed mostly by families in the west of the state. An expert quoted by the *New York Times* said families tend to eat either the meat or the brains, depending on tradition, but not both.

For brain-eaters, squirrel brains are considered a delicacy and may be prepared in several ways. One, described as a gift-giving ritual, involves presentation of a severed squirrel head to the mother of the family, who shaves and fries it. The skull is ceremonially cracked at the dinner table. The brains may also be scooped out and added to scrambled

eggs or served by themselves in a spicy white gravy, a Southern breakfast specialty.

Squirrels are hunted between now and December but the many run over on roads may also find their way into the pot. Following publication of findings that link eating squirrel brains with CJD, hunters have been asked to send them for testing.

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## index

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Photograph: AFP

Complaints of UN "obstruction" come badly from the Israelis when their own troops daily obstruct the UN battalion's radio networks, cutting in on UN battalion communications to make small talk about their families and eating arrangements. One conversation apparently involved whether or not an Israeli unit should be eating pizza for dinner. Quite apart from the communications indiscipline of soldiers who deliberately block UN radios, playing games with European troops on a peacekeeping mission is not going to win any wars in southern Lebanon.

Did their children, one wretched generation after another, imbibe some of the ideological barbarity of the ruthless Soviet system (even though Stalin was dead) and mix them with an uncompromising interpretation of Islam taught by the uneducated village boys who now call themselves "emirs"? If this is true, then the answer is yes, the Algerian war could grow more terrible still.

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## international

## significant shorts

## Albright tries to restart Mid-East peace drive

With the peace process in tatters, the US Secretary of State, Madeleine Albright, will go to the Middle East next month to make sure Arab and Israeli leaders know the Clinton administration remains engaged. She leaves on 9 September for a trip of at least a week's duration to Israel, Egypt, Jordan, Syria and Saudi Arabia. She will meet Yasser Arafat in Palestinian-controlled territory and may go to Lebanon as well. AP - Washington

## UN unit attacked in Bosnia

Supporters of the Bosnian Serb war-crimes suspect Radovan Karadzic capped more than a day of riots by turning their fury on a UN team, pelting them with stones and forcing them to withdraw from Brcko. In the town of Banja Luka an explosion at the railway station killed the owner of a shop. AP - Brcko

## Gay clubs shut over drug claim

The closure of five gay Paris night clubs accused of tolerating illegal drugs angered the community. Police acting on the orders of the investigating magistrate, Danielle Ringot, delivered formal notices closing the clubs for six months. Reuters - Reuters

## NY police accused of torture

An estimated 4,000 marchers protested at the torture of a Haitian immigrant, allegedly by New York police. The march, dubbed "Day of Outrage Against Police Brutality and Harassment", was held in support of 30-year-old Abner Louima, who claims officers beat him and sodomised him with a stick. AP - New York

## Kenya strikes loan deal

The International Monetary Fund has reached an agreement with the government of Kenya to tackle corruption and improve governance which, if implemented, would allow resumption of a crucial multi-million-dollar loan. But before the \$220m (£140m) loan could be released the government of President Daniel arap Moi must act on a series of tough IMF conditions - something it may find difficult in an election year. AP - Nairobi

Ethics v realpolitik: Foreign Secretary's visit to repressive regime fails to produce fireworks

## Cook lets Indonesians off the hook

Steve Crawshaw Jakarta

Robin Cook yesterday walked into the lion's den of Indonesia - and emerged apparently unscathed. It is unclear whether his visit to the most controversial destination on his tour of South-East Asia will come to seem a victory or a piece of mere grandstanding, in the longer term.

The Foreign Secretary met President Suharto, then held "full and frank" talks with the Foreign Minister, Ali Alatas, who also described them as "frank", usually diplomatic code for a blazing row. Both sides insisted, however, that the talks had been polite, if not necessarily cordial. Mr Cook insisted both sides "understood each other's point of view better".

In some respects the Indonesians may feel they got off lightly. There was little in Mr Cook's package to make them stamp their feet in rage. On East Timor, the former Portuguese colony the Indonesians occupied in 1975 and where there has been repression, Mr Cook

announced proposals for a trioka of European foreign ministers to visit the territory in search of a settlement. The Indonesians seemed unbothered. Mr Alatas even appeared to welcome the suggestion, on the basis that European ambassadors do not visit East Timor.

## Jospin's backing

Paris (Reuters) - Lionel Jospin, France's Prime Minister, backed Britain's decision to tighten arms-export rules, and would study turning it into a European or world "code of good behaviour". He saw only "advantages" in supporting the proposals of my friend... to moralise the arms trade, he told a gathering of envoys.

for fear of appearing to recognise Indonesian jurisdiction. The trioka would visit East Timor during the first half of next year, when Britain holds the presidency of the EU. Mr Cook talked of his review

of criteria for arms sales but insisted: "The new policy... will be applied even-handedly to all countries, and are not targeted on any one country." He went on to reassure the Indonesians: "No specific decisions have yet been made in respect of export licences to Indonesia. We will look at each case individually."

Mr Cook praised Indonesia's economic policy, including its "record of sustained economic growth" under the 30 years of President Suharto's rule.

As a kind of addendum to his visit he announced a "programme for human-rights partnership". This consisted of what may prove to be mostly decorative flourishes, including the donation of computers to the human-rights commission, some scholarships to Britain to learn about democracy in action and "a lecture series on modern policing methods".

Mr Cook held meetings with British businessmen, who are wary that the new "ethical" foreign policy might have damaging commercial knock-on effects, and also with Indonesian rights groups, official and independent. The government-supported Human Rights Commission received as a gift books including Karl Popper's *The Open Society and its Enemies* and titles like *Pressure Groups and Good Governance*. The representatives of four rights groups seemed cautiously pleased the meeting was taking place, though sceptical about how much Mr Cook could achieve. One invited activist complained: "It's not particularly useful. It's very brief."

Mr Cook had originally said he wanted to meet Murtah Pakpahan, a trade-union leader charged with subversion. Mr Pakpahan is ill in hospital. Despite the recommendations of his doctors, he has been forbidden to travel abroad for treatment. In his hospital ward on Thursday night, Mr Pakpahan told *The Independent* he was looking forward to meeting Mr



Write stuff: The BBC correspondent Nicholas Witchell at work in the Jakarta hotel where Mr Cook and President Suharto held their talks. Photograph: AP

he said Mr Pakpahan was in court yesterday and therefore unavailable to meet (this was incorrect: Mr Pakpahan briefly appeared in court on Thursday).

The confusion seemed difficult to explain. Mr Cook denied there had been pressure from the Indonesian authorities, though British officials later acknowledged the foreign

ministry had "said it wasn't possible" to meet. Mr Pakpahan's crime of criticising President Suharto directly makes him a particularly loathed figure for the regime. If Jakarta exerted pressure to make Mr Cook cancel the meeting, British officials would not be eager for this to be widely known.

Saturday story, page 16

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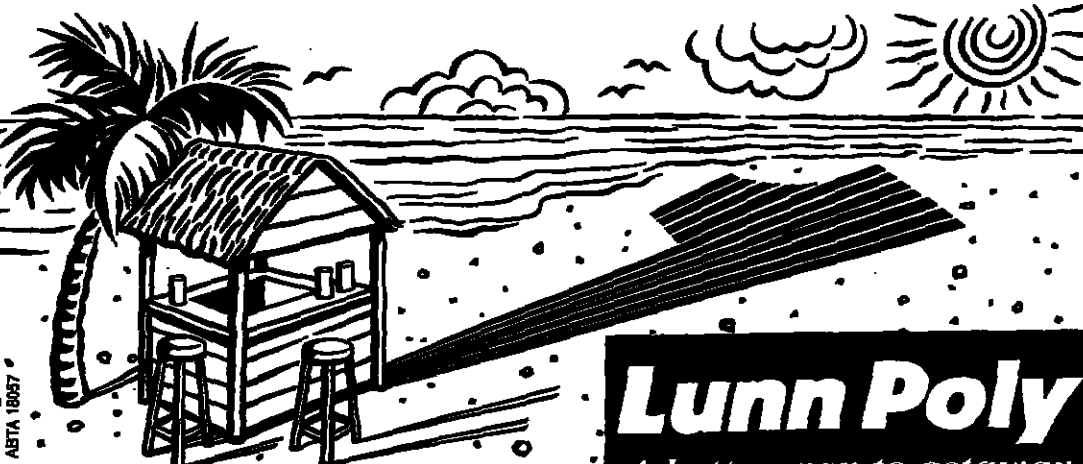
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# Japan rejects professor's fight for freedom of speech

Richard Lloyd Parry Tokyo

"What country does he think he comes from? He's a twisted Japanese," barked the man with the Rising Sun headband. "If he's as holy as Jesus Christ why doesn't he go to America and tell them about the massacre they carried out in Hiroshima?" On the other side of the road, next to the Supreme Court, was another group of demonstrators, with a different point of view. "He's a hero," said one old man. "So many Japanese of my generation refused to face up to the truth of what happened in the war. But thanks to the professor, no one can do that anymore."

Both had cause for satisfaction when the man in question walked out of the courtroom. Yesterday, the epic struggle of Professor Saburo Ienaga, who took on the Japanese government on the issue of school textbook censorship, came to the end in a mixture of victory and defeat.

"Almost no one wins a lawsuit against the government," Professor Ienaga once said. "I did not start this thinking I could win." But over the course of 32 years he has done more than anyone to highlight the issue of censorship and the way in which Japan's educators teach their own history.

It began in 1965 when Professor Ienaga, now a frail 83, brought a case against the Ministry of Education over a school textbook which he had written. All such texts must be screened by the ministry for factual errors and what it perceives as bias. In practice, according to the professor and his supporters, the process serves to eliminate from the education of children important historical facts highlighting the dark side of Japan's past, especially the atrocities



Professor Ienaga: Partial victory

perpetrated by its troops during wartime.

In three separate cases, fought to the bitter end over three decades, the professor has contested dozens of examples of this screening, and won only four. Four years ago, the ministry was judged to be wrong when it asked Professor Ienaga to alter a reference to the Nanking massacre, and to delete a reference to rapes perpetrated by Imperial soldiers on the startling grounds that "it is common throughout the world

for troops to rape women during wartime". Yesterday, in a three-to-two ruling, the Supreme Court also acknowledged the existence of Unit 731, a notorious secret operation which infected Chinese prisoners with bubonic plague and dissected their bodies while they were still alive. For these victories, Professor Ienaga has won token damages of 400,000 yen (£2,100).

But the court rejected his claim that textbook screening is itself unconstitutional, a violation of freedom of speech and education. Dozens of other examples of interference have over the years been upheld. The ministry's sensitivities are not limited to Japanese atrocities, but to implicit criticism of the Imperial family, and of government policies in general. A reference to the effects on forests of Japan's massive timber imports had to be watered down, and at one point the ministry seemed to be defending not just Japan's war conduct but war itself. The photograph of a mutilated war veteran with prostheses instead of arms and legs, conveyed, it complained, "an excessively negative impression of war".

Despite his partial defeat, in his ninth decade Professor Ienaga does not plan to begin any more legal battles. But the controversies over the textbooks is hotter than ever. In Yokohama, another author is in the midst of a similar case. Meanwhile, support is growing among conservative MPs and right-wing academics for a movement objecting to the "masochistic" history favoured by the professor. "This is the end of the professor's case, but the movement goes on," said Norifumi Tateishi, one of the professor's lawyers. "The effort will be continued by supporters, textbook writers, teachers, students, publishers, academics."

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# A short step from different to undesirable

## Britain's role in the move to purify Europe's races

## Mentally ill still denied rights

Jeremy Lawrence  
Health Editor

Revelations of forced sterilisations among "undesirables" in Scandinavia and parts of Europe, some carried out as recently as the Seventies, have shocked Europe this week. But what lies behind them - and has attracted less attention - is Britain's role in the eugenics movement that swept Europe and North America in the Twenties and Thirties.

Ironically, Britain resisted moves to use selective breeding to improve the quality of the "human stock" despite harbouring some of the leading intellectuals responsible for popularising the theory. But Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland, Estonia, one Swiss canton and Nazi Germany all put the theory of enforced sterilisation into practice in the Twenties and Thirties.

Swedes have been shocked to discover this month that the policy was scrapped only in 1976, 31 years after the fall of the Third Reich. In the United States compulsory sterilisation laws were introduced in 30 states and were still valid in 19 in 1985.

Today such action is still supported in China where the premier, Li Peng, has declared that "idiots breed idiots" and a national eugenic law aimed at preventing "inferior births" came into effect in 1995.

The eugenics movement began, not with the imperialist ambitions of Nazi Germany, but with the recognition by a handful of scientists that some genes were better than others. It was backed by right and left alike and its history demonstrates the extraordinary reversals in moral thinking that occur over time.

The evolutionary theory of Charles Darwin, a president of the Eugenics Society, that only

the fittest would survive became transmuted into a social philosophy that only the fittest should survive. It was supported by people as diverse as Winston Churchill, the Huxleys and early feminist birth controllers such as Marie Stopes who backed contraception because it both liberated women and



Marie Stopes: Believed in improving the gene pool

The evolutionary theory was turned to be that only the fittest should survive

provided a legitimate way of improving the gene pool.

In Sweden, grounds for enforced sterilisation included "unmistakable gypsy features, psychopathy, and vagabond life", according to one document. The principal grounds were "displaying undesirable racial characteristics" or signs of "inferiority," or "sexual or social deviancy."

It appears that the archi-

facts of Sweden's uniquely comprehensive welfare state, in a country characterised by strong social conformity, felt justified in preventing the birth of those who might make heavy demands on it.

The sexual paranoia which underlay eugenics received its clearest expression in *Mein Kampf*, in which Hitler's warning against the "blending of a higher with a lower race" was coloured by a lower race: "With Satanic joy on his face, the black-haired Jewish youth lurks in wait for the unsuspecting girl whom he defiles with his blood... with every means he tries to destroy the racial foundations of the people he has set out to subjugate."

The Nazi leadership took a more pragmatic approach, extending the principles of stud farming to the "Nordic" race. Walter Darre, head of the SS Race Office, wrote: "Just as we breed our Hanoverian horses using a few pure stallions and mares, so we will once again breed pure Nordic Germans."

Earlier in Britain, Francis Galton, who founded the science of eugenics, believed that citizens should be ranked in order of hereditary merit and the lower orders segregated in monasteries to prevent them procreating. Karl Pearson, a brilliant mathematician, claimed that a nation could not advance unless the "better stocks" flourished. He argued that Britain was declining because of the proliferating genes of the criminal, the sick and the mentally defective.

But Britain, despite providing the germ of these ideas, held out against acting on them. A Bill for compulsory sterilisation of certain categories of mental patient put before parliament in 1931 by a Labour MP, Major AG Church, was defeated.



Chosen youth: The Nazis vowed to breed pure Nordic Germans Photograph: Hulton Getty

Glenda Cooper

There is outrage when vulnerable people are denied their human rights. However, there is one section of society who have suffered many abuses but for whom few speak up: those with learning disabilities or mental illness.

"Once you are diagnosed with a mental illness your rights go out of the window," said Liz Sayce, policy director of the charity Mind.

Anger has focused this week on the revelations of decades of compulsory sterilisations across Europe, but the practice remains legal in many countries. Mentally handicapped or mentally ill women can still be sterilised against their will in Britain, Ms Sayce said. "It is legal for people not deemed to have capacity to make the decision to be sterilised in their best interests."

Steve Billington, campaigns director for the charity Mencap which supports people with learning disabilities said: "It is outrageous that in the Nineties any woman can be forced to have a sterilisation for 'social reasons'. No one would dispute sterilisation for sound medical reasons but it must be clear it is not just for society's convenience."

It is still all too often assumed that mentally ill or disabled patients should not have children and this is acted on in other ways such as long-lasting contraceptive

injections or strongly persuading women to have abortions.

Ms Sayce said that people with mental disorders can have treatment imposed on them against their will under the Mental Health Act. "People can be incapacitated by a mental health problem and not be able to make a decision for hours or days but can be given treatment against their will under some sections for six months."

She also said: "Under the criminal justice system you are not considered a reliable witness, so there have been situations when women have been sexually assaulted and because they have had the diagnosis of mental illness police procedure has not been fully followed or the Crown Prosecution Service does not prosecute or gives priority to cases with 'reliable witnesses'."

In the workplace, disability discrimination laws provide some protection, but mental patients can still be refused work. In some cases a person has to have had a disability for six months to be covered by legislation, so someone who has suffered from a depressive disorder for a month and refused a job or those grounds is not protected.

"We have started to think about those with physical disabilities - access to transport, the workplace - but those with mental health problems are still less regarded," Ms Sayce said.

## C&G Investment Rates

Effective from 1 September 1997

AMOUNT INVESTED	INTEREST PAID	GROSS %	NET %	AMOUNT INVESTED	INTEREST PAID	GROSS %	NET %
£1,000 or more	Annually	7.00	5.60	£100,000 or more	Annually	7.15	5.72
£5,000 or more	Monthly	6.78**	5.43	£25,000-£99,999	Annually	7.00	5.60
				£10,000-£24,999	Annually	6.75	5.40
				£100-£9,999	Annually	6.00	4.80
£100,000 or more	Annually	7.10	5.68	£100,000 or more	Monthly	6.93**	5.54
£25,000-£99,999	Annually	6.90	5.52	£25,000-£99,999	Monthly	6.78**	5.43
£10,000-£24,999	Annually	6.70	5.36	£10,000-£24,999	Monthly	6.55**	5.24
£100-£9,999	Annually	6.00	4.80				
£100,000 or more	Monthly	6.88**	5.50	£25,000 or more	Annually	3.65	2.92
£25,000-£99,999	Monthly	6.69**	5.35	£10,000-£24,999	Annually	3.15	2.52
£10,000-£24,999	Monthly	6.50**	5.20	£100-£9,999	Annually	2.00	1.60
£5,000-£9,999	Monthly	5.84**	4.67	£25,000 or more	Monthly	3.59**	2.87
				£10,000-£24,999	Monthly	3.10**	2.48
				£5,000-£9,999	Monthly	1.98**	1.59
£100,000 or more	Annually	6.00	4.80				
£25,000-£99,999	Annually	5.65	4.52	£9,000	Annually	7.40% Tax-free	
£10,000-£24,999	Annually	5.20	4.10				
£100-£9,999	Annually	4.85	3.88				
£100,000 or more	Monthly	5.84**	4.67				
£25,000-£99,999	Monthly	5.51**	4.41				
£10,000-£24,999	Monthly	5.08**	4.06				
£5,000-£9,999	Monthly	4.74**	3.80				

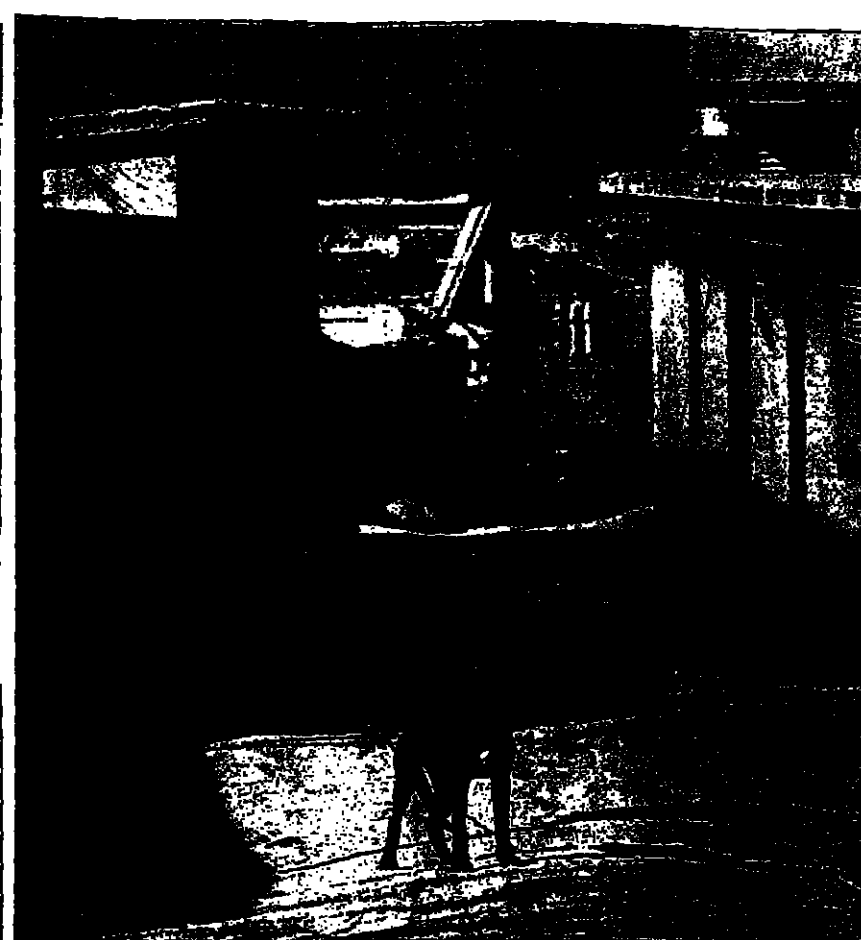
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£100,000 or more	Annually	6.50	5.00	£25,000 or more	Annually	6.45	4.95
£25,000-£99,999	Annually	6.35	5.00	£10,000-£24,999	Annually	6.15	4.75
£10,000-£24,999	Annually	5.85	4.68	£5,000 or more	Monthly	5.98**	4.79
£100-£9,999	Monthly	6.31**	5.05	£100,000 or more	Monthly	5.51**	4.41
£25,000-£99,999	Monthly	6.17**	4.94	£25,000-£99,999	Monthly	5.14**	4.24
£10,000-£24,999	Monthly	5.70**	4.56	£10,000-£24,999	Monthly	4.74**	3.86
£25,000 or more	Annually	5.65	4.52				
£10,000-£24,999	Annually	5.30	4.16				
£5,000-£9,999	Annually	4.85	3.88				
£100,000 or more	Monthly	5.34**	4.67				
£25,000-£99,999	Monthly	5.14**	4.41				
£10,000-£24,999	Monthly	5.08**	4.06				
£5,000-£9,999	Monthly	4.74**	3.80				
				£100 or more	Half-yearly	1.60	1.28

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Lost city: A lone dog (left) wanders in Montserrat's deserted capital, Plymouth, last week, while (right) charred human remains emerge as the ash, rocks and debris settle  
Photographs: Colin Brayley/John McConnico



# Echoes of Pompeii on stricken isle

From Phil Davison

These could be photographs of Pompeii; but they are not. They are images of Montserrat.

The tourist guides billed it as the Emerald Isle of the Caribbean, named after its Irish connections and for its lush green hills. Unfortunately for the Montserrat capital of Plymouth, formerly a bustling sea-side town of gaily-painted buildings, seafront bars and cheery people, it lay directly beneath a group of these hills which now house the deadly Soufriere volcano.

The little town is now a lunar-like landscape. Many of its buildings, including a never-opened state-of-the-art hospital, were crushed by house-sized boulders from the volcano. Others were burned to cinders by red hot ash and gas. All are now covered by a layer of light grey ash.

This is what the volcano's red hot ash, gas and rock - "pyroclastic flow" to the scientists - did to the little town in a series

of eruptions earlier this month. This is why Montserratians are trying to impress on the British government that they have lost everything and need respectable compensation and a secure future.

After this month's eruptions, the ash layer in Plymouth made it too hot to set foot there. The city remained out of bounds because of the heat and the danger of a further 100mph pyroclastic flow which would swamp the town again in under one minute. As the ash cooled and the volcano rested, a photographer from the Reuters news agency ventured in this week to record the eerie scene.

It was in and around Plymouth that more than half the original 11,000 islanders lived. This is where most of their children went to school. This was their port, their only port, from which they exported their products and brought in the lucrative cruise liners. This was



They have lost everything. They need respectable compensation and a secure future

Grey world: Dolls lie untouched in a toy shop in Plymouth, blanketed in ash like everything around them

Photograph: Colin Brayley/Reuters

where everyone shopped, banked, went to hospital, went to church, dined, doped, Cashed beer or danced the night away in night clubs.

Plymouth had long been evacuated, initially after the first eruption in July 1995. It was twice re-occupied after the volcano danger seemed to wane but finally abandoned last year as scientists warned that the volcano

was angry. As a result, it had been thought that no one was killed in this devastation. Around 20 people in villages on other flanks of the volcano hills died.

And even the residents of Plymouth who escaped with their lives were left with little else. In the wake of scientists' urgent warnings, most had fled with whatever they could carry, in suitcases or plastic bags tossed

into cars. Some have gone on to Britain or nearby islands. Others are squeezed into relatives' homes, churches, schools or other shelters. So far, Britain has provided only five large

tents. Fifty prefabricated houses are on their way but a project to build 250 further houses was recently frozen as Britain appeared to prefer the islanders to leave.

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# Brace yourself, Tony, for a bumpy landing

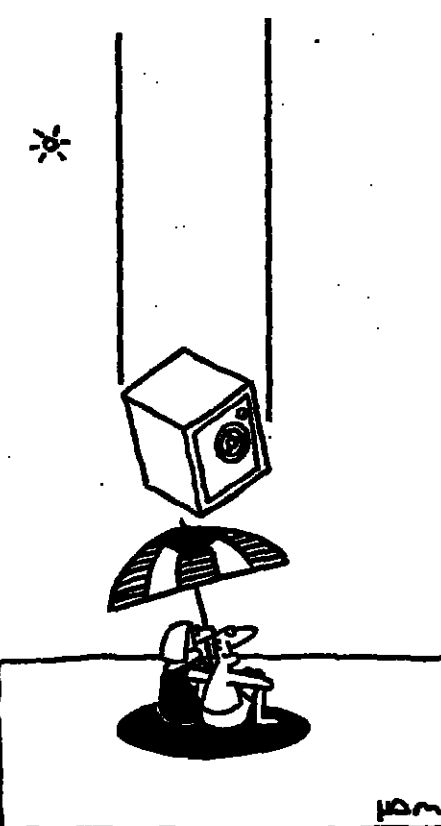
It is a fair bet that more Britons than ever have been away on holiday this summer, that more than ever have bought a new car, that a lot have spent money on their houses, and that more people feel good about themselves and their country than has been the case for a long time. With a strong economy, rising house prices, and a fresh, dynamic government led by the youngest prime minister for 183 years, the nation ends the holiday season extraordinarily at ease with itself. It seems that John Major's admirable ambition has been realised, politically posthumously.

But as the nights close in and a damp autumn chill wets the air, the sense of national confidence, of self-easiness, seems eerily provisional. It was obvious, on the morning of 2 May, that the future was not what it used to be. A yearning for change had produced a political earthquake, but even now the shape of the new landscape remains shrouded in mist. Tony Blair has, unusually for an incoming prime minister, not yet been tested, and so his record popularity rating contains a large "benefit of doubt" element. Harold Wilson in 1964 had already faced a sterling crisis and made the fateful decision not to devalue. At this point in the last parliament, the pound was already on the slide. So far, Mr Blair has faced little more than an unscheduled joke about a crab and the eruption of a Caribbean volcano.

As with the Government's popularity, our sense of economic well-being is fragile. Job security is not what it used to be, either, and this recovery is suffused with a much grimmer sense of the need to remain competitive in the world economy.

As we return from the fantasy world of August to the real world of September, we feel good, but we are waiting for something to go wrong. So what could be about to go pear-shaped? At this point it would be sensible to enter the caveat that all predictions are wrong, shares can go down as well as up, and so on. In the Sixties, futurologists confidently predicted a future fuelled by nuclear power and failed utterly to foresee either the end of full employment or the advent of inflation. Nevertheless, if we peer hard enough into the autumn mist ahead, it is possible to make out the shapes of some of the potential crises ahead.

The next few weeks alone present a series of minor, but still awkward, challenges. The referendum on a Scottish parliament on 11 September could still produce a Yes-No verdict, as voters decide their patriotic duty is fulfilled by the first Yes, without taking a risk on future tax increases. The Labour conference in Brighton, for all the afterglow of election victory and ruthless delegate-management, will see a widespread revolt against proposals for party reform whose main fault,



in truth, is that they do not go far enough.

But there are some bigger icebergs out there. While the Conservatives have left the shop in remarkably good order, albeit with a frothy consumer boom driven by building-society windfalls, the over-riding difficulty for Gordon Brown is how to engineer a "soft landing" when the inevitable descent begins. The consensus is that the business cycle will move into a downward phase in late 1998 or 1999, just in time for the next election. The Chancellor must hope that the present high exchange rate is administering the early touch on the brakes that is required.

The second serious challenge to Mr Blair is also tied to the exchange rate, which glints like an ominous golden thread through British political history of the 20th century. In two weeks' time, European finance ministers gather for an informal meeting - that is, one of the important ones, which has not been scripted in advance by the physicians of spin - in Mondorf-les-Bains in Luxembourg. For an issue that did so much to destroy a once-great political party and to hand an historic election victory to Mr Blair, it is astonishing how little we have heard of the single European currency since 1 May.

We are now a mere 15 months from the launch of the euro, and there are still radical uncertainties about the new government's attitude to this epoch-defining event.

It is inconceivable that the British people could vote in favour of joining in a referendum in time to allow the pound to be part of the new currency at its launch, and yet that possibility has not finally been ruled out by Mr Blair or Mr Brown. More important, Britain's relationship to the euro, assuming the pound remains outside it to start with, has not been defined. The sceptical Foreign Secretary has already said that Britain could not stand outside a successful monetary union for long. But, when the single currency is launched in January 1999, will the Government announce its intention to join as soon as possible, or after a specified period, and on what conditions?

These are the sort of questions that could either revive or split the Tory party, depending on how they are handled, and, because of the precondition of a referendum, the debate is bound to be heated and divisive. That debate cannot and should not be put off for long.

For all his impressive presentational skills, Mr Blair has shown some worrying signs thus far of being a merely reactive politician whose ministers have a predilection for confronting difficult problems by setting up reviews and commissions and working parties. It is time for the Prime Minister to start leading public opinion, by shining a brighter light on Labour's vision of our future.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Two steps that would help Trimble come to the table

Sr: You are right to urge David Trimble to take part in the forthcoming talks on Northern Ireland (leading article, 29 August), but the British and Irish governments have an obligation to make it easier for him and his Unionist party to do so.

First, both governments should acknowledge that by inviting Sinn Féin to participate they have relaxed the conditions set by the Downing Street Declaration. These required a "permanent end to the use of, or support for, paramilitary violence" and for democratically mandated parties "to establish a commitment to exclusively peaceful methods". The assurance over the last six weeks is a welcome, but it would be ingenuous to claim that it is enough to satisfy these conditions. Second, the Irish government

should make it clear that it really is concerned to find a "just and lasting settlement". The Taoiseach used this phrase and similar phrases several times in a speech to a peace group in Dublin in July, and he also rightly said that such a settlement would require "a new political dispensation".

But he then seemed to go back on it all by endorsing his party's traditional objective of Irish unity as a long-term aim. Since there is no chance that the participants in the forthcoming talks will agree to that, this is tantamount to saying that the Irish government would not regard any settlement that the talks might reach as lasting and would not be committed to making it work. Unionists cannot be expected to co-operate in the search for a new

dispensation and the talks cannot succeed while this attitude is maintained. STEPHEN FLOWDEN London NW1

Sr: David McKittick, your Ireland correspondent, reports (27 August) that "Britain and Ireland last night took the significant step of signing an international agreement on arms decommissioning in readiness for next month's crucial political talks".

When these talks do at last take place, the representatives of the British state and those of the political arm of the Provisional IRA, sitting down to frank discussions, will find that they hold certain military assets in common. On one side of the table Sinn Féin, representatives of the possessors of Kalashnikovs and

Semtex. On the other side, representatives of the possessors of thermonuclear arms. It should prove a strange and sobering encounter. The IRA hold fearsome weapons, illegally. Britain's armed forces hold weapons which Zeus, the Thunderer, could only have had bad dreams about. These weapons, too, being void of humanity, are beyond legality.

My own unhelpful estimate (I speak as an old soldier from the Second World War, part English, part Irish) is that the English Parliament may wish to retain its nuclear arms, its generalised threat of terror, long after the wise people of Ulster have designed for themselves forms of self-government suited to their dual culture, history, and genius. DENIS KNIGHT Brent, Devon

### Bringing MI5 under control

Sr: The controversy around MI5 ("Police to investigate MI5 leak", 28 August) serves to highlight, once again, the inadequacies of the present systems in ensuring democratic and judicial control over the Security Service.

Legislation may have empowered a parliamentary committee to oversee the functioning of the Security Service, but the committee has frequently been denied access to documents outlining operational matters. Nor does the individual complaints system provide for adequate safeguards: the commissioner appointed to consider complaints can neither review the "reasonableness" of individual operations nor give reasons for his decision. To date, he has not been able to find in favour of a single complainant.

With the incorporation of the European Convention on Human Rights, the UK government will have to provide an effective remedy for individuals whose rights have been breached. It has already been criticised by the European Court of Human Rights for its failure to provide effective remedies to individuals subject to interceptions on private telephone systems. It seems likely that the current safeguards against unreasonable exercise of power by the Security Services will also fall foul of convention requirements. PETER NOORLANDER JUSTICE researcher London EC4

Sr: In your leading article of 26 August you commended employees of MI5 for breaking their oath of secrecy. But how could such officers possibly assess the consequences of revelations on national security or the lives of colleagues? Moreover, proper channels exist for complaints. Would it be unfashionable to suggest that these officers' behaviour is arrogant and sometimes spiteful? D W BARNON Ludlow, Shropshire

Sr: The only thing to do with MI5 now is to dissolve the organisation and start again. Rather like a failed school, really. A C BOLGER Stoke on Trent, Staffordshire

Sr: I write with reference to the letter from Bob Russell, MP for Colchester (25 August). I am the 20th person since 1979, from either the Conservative or Labour benches, to serve both as an MP and an MEP for a short transitional period. I am committed to providing the strongest representation for both constituencies.

Mr Russell also holds two elected posts. Would he now consider councillor for Colchester Borough? ANNE MCINTOSH MP MEP (MP for Vale of York, MEP for Essex N and Suffolk S, C) European Parliament Brussels

Sr: Roy Kerridge ("Single black female", Magazine, 23 August) peddles the old myth of "black culture", a device used by race supremacists through the ages to marginalise ethnic groups. The idea that all the peoples of the African diaspora participate in a particular set of customs and practices derived from a common heritage is as absurd as a common "white ethnic" culture stretching from the Urals to Cape Horn. CLAUDETTE SUTTON Preston, Lancashire

## LETTER from THE EDITOR

Most of the time we (and I believe you) take the view that our primary responsibility is to offer up all the news we think you want to read. At this time of year, though, there often isn't that much news of the conventional kind - politics, business, etc. - so the agenda is either fuelled by what are known as "silly season" stories, or papers are beefed up with lighter material. In all of the summer, the August Bank Holiday week is supposed to be the quietest, when next to nothing happens, and the paper naturally has a more featurey feel.

This week has in fact turned out to be blessedly and abnormally busy, with real events - MI5, Northern Ireland, Montserrat, and so on. But the curious thing is, on those days when we do put in softer summer features, instead of feeling short-changed, people seem to rather like it. I can say this with some confidence since there is probably no journalist in national newspapers who has listened to as many readers as I have done over the past three or four years; hundreds of you, in sundry focus groups and the like, all over the country. The popular idea of focus groups (I caricature) is that they trap you into believing that everything must be slavishly marketed. That, in turn, is presumed to lead products (whether newspapers or politicians) into a kind of two-dimensional soundbite persona. In fact what this experience has taught me is how wonderfully three-dimensional our readership is. No two groups are ever the same, no set of people wholly agree, and that feels as if it's just the way it should be.

Having said that, it is enormously helpful to learn how certain kinds of reader respond. A trivial but, I hope, amusing instance (since I don't want to give too much away to our competitors) is that working women read papers in a completely different way, depending on whether they live in or out of London. In London, since they mostly get tubes and trains and buses to work, if you give a woman a paper she reads the tabloid bit first, and then wrestles rather irritably with the broadsheet shape, spreading it out until she finds a way of

our readers feel about the paper, which will give us instant feedback on what you make of our judgements, ideas, the mix - in fact, everything to do with the paper. We are compiling a large panel of readers who are willing to be phoned one evening a month and interviewed briefly about what they read in *The Independent* that day, and what they thought about it. If you would like to help, I would be enormously grateful: just send your name and phone number to Independent Reader Research, Freepost 13583, One Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5BR. Alternatively, send an e-mail to "panel@independent.co.uk". At the very least, you'll get a chance to tell us what you really think of us.

Colin Hughes

deputy editor

A London woman reads the tabloid bit first and then wrestles with the broadsheet pages. Out-of-London women almost always spread the paper on the floor

### QUOTE UNQUOTE

When the security service holds files on you and me, our complaints are unlikely to register. But when they fool around with the Peter Mandelsons and Jack Straws of this world, something may be done - Maurice Frankel, director of the Campaign for Freedom of Information

If A-level standards have not fallen, why do I find myself able to teach so much of the present A-level physics syllabus from the old O-level textbooks? - Alison Joiner, teacher

As a rule I try to follow a healthy diet but I am afraid I'm addicted to fat and love British beef. ESE holds no terror for me because I know the risk and I am as likely to get it as win the National Lottery - Joan Bakewell, TV presenter

The Millennium Dome will be a monument that will define the age in which we live - huge extravagance, images valued far more than useful purpose, millions of pounds deployed in useless PR, broken contracts and neglect of the vast majority of UK citizens for whom the Dome is a sick joke - Professor John Whitelegg, Liverpool John Moores University

Instructors training the future soldiers of the British Army to fight potential enemies know now what Wellington knew 300 years ago - you have to be cruel to be kind - Harry McCallion, barrister and former SAS member, on the news that Army instructors have been told to be nicer to recruits

### Priests broken at 'boot camp'

Sr: It is on behalf of many gay Catholics, lay and ordained, that I write to thank you for publishing a long-overdue expose on the reformatory for "errant" priests at Stroud ("Gay priest reveals secret of Catholic 'boot camp'", 27 August).

The kind of surveillance described by the anonymous priest might well be appropriate for priests involved in child abuse and the regime might be of benefit to those with alcohol problems, but they are completely inappropriate for men (both gay and straight) whose only "sickness" is falling in love. The very fact that the Church apparently thinks it appropriate to lump together gay men, non-celibate heterosexuals, paedophiles and alcoholics and subject them to the same methods of "treatment" betrays a stunning lack of understanding of human sexuality and unwillingness to deal honestly and openly with the issues surrounding compulsory celibacy.

Indeed Stroud seems to have become somewhat of a dumping ground for priests that bishops want out of the way quickly because of the potential embarrassment they might cause. No one seems willing to ask whether priests are driven to "erancy" by the lack of effective

support structures in the Church. No doubt some gay priests feel that they have been helped by Stroud, but I have only ever encountered men broken and bemused by their experiences there.

Dr ELIZABETH STUART Convenor, Roman Catholic Caucus of the Lesbian and Gay Christian Movement, Poyrydd, Mid Glamorgan

Sr: The priest writing anonymously in *The Independent* compares Stroud to an open prison to which he was "sent" by the Catholic Church. However, he became a priest voluntarily, he drove himself to Stroud voluntarily and as, anyone can at any time leave a Catholic religious institution, he apparently stayed voluntarily. Hardly a prison.

He then proceeds to declare that the Stroud day is filled with a suffocating religious devotion. It ill behoves a priest to resent time spent in prayer.

The Catholic church would be better off if priests like this resigned and we started to ordain good women. FRANCIS BESWICK Stroud, Greater Manchester

### Money floods in for cancer boy

Sr: What a tremendous response our readers of *The Independent* to our appeal for leukaemia boy Fahim Manji, the 12-year-old from Tanzania who cannot get chemotherapy back home or be treated on the NHS. Our offices at *The Harrow Observer* have been inundated with donations since you reported Fahim's plight on your front page (16 August).

Fahim's parents, Amin and Nasim Manji, are trying to raise £60,000 to complete his treatment, without which doctors at the Royal Free Hospital in London say he would have died by now. They want to offer their thanks to everyone who sent money and prayers for their boy's recovery.

Our biggest single donation to date has been £10,000 from a reader in Buryford, Berkshire. We have also had several cheques for £500 as well as much smaller amounts and many "get well" cards from children.

Fahim is in good spirits, now half way through his long course of chemotherapy, and has a good chance of recovery if he completes the treatment. We are still a fair way off from the full amount. May I remind your readers that the Fahim Manji Appeal is still open? Donations should be sent to *The Harrow Observer*, 326 Station Road, Harrow HA1 2DR. SHEENA CRAWLEY Editor, *Harrow Observer* Series

### Silence, please, when Mozart plays

Sr: Brian R Moore (Letters, 20 August) cannot be allowed the last word. Sacheverell Sitwell's life of Mozart tells us that "when he played, there had to be complete silence, or he would stop at once" and his own letters that he walked out of the box of a man who laughed at the solemn scenes in *The Magic Flute*. Does that sound like someone who approved of bored concert-goers talking among themselves?

As for cheering the music, Nikolaus Harnoncourt suggested (in *Baroque Music Today*) that it assured composers that their new ideas were understood, an argument that no longer applies. CAROLYN BECKINGHAM Lewes, East Sussex

### Language is beyond grammar

Sr: Peter Brodie (Letters, 28 August) mentions "tarring and feathering is too good for him" as an example where we use a singular verb because "tarring and feathering" is seen as a singular subject. But what about this: "More than one person is present"? Here we have a subject that is explicitly plural, with a singular verb.

Face it, grammar is our attempt to describe how we use the language, but our explanations are not always up to it. NORMAN PATTERSON Anstruther, Fife

Letters should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, The Independent, One Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL (Fax: 0171-293 2856; e-mail: letters@independent.co.uk) and include a daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity. We regret we are unable to acknowledge unpublished letters.

Mixed blessing: Eurostar's route to the Continent has helped some rare species in Kent, but may have driven others away

### Lament for nightingales and newts

Sr: Whilst I applaud the contribution of Eurotunnel and their efforts to conserve wildlife ("Chunnel helps Garden of England blossom again", 26 August) in the vicinity of the Downs, I must point out another side of the story.

Twenty years ago I could regularly locate up to half a dozen singing nightingales in the woods and coppices to the west of the Chunnel workings. Earlier this summer, a depressing search revealed none - the most noticeable change was not the habitat itself, but the constant drone of motorway traffic

approaching the tunnel and the eerie glow of artificial lighting which was evident to a distance of two miles.

In the late 1960s the Great Crested Newt was plentiful in some of the small ponds in the same area; this is another species which may now be absent.

Three cheers for the help that the adonis blue butterfly and slipper orchid have received, but Eurotunnel must be reminded that the real costs of their impact on the environment are incalculable for some species. CLIVE NUTTMAN Kingsbarns, Fife

### The days when TV was honest

Sr: You say that the young watch less television these days (leading article, 25 August). Children's TV is now very much about leading lambs to an advertising slaughter. Irony/honesty was alive and well in the mid-Seventies, when one inspired show, *Why Don't You?* (BBC 1), exhorted its young audience in the very title sequence to "switch off your television set and go do something less boring instead". Dr NANU GREWAL Oriel College, Oxford

### 'Black culture' myth

Sr: Roy Kerridge ("Single black female", Magazine, 23 August) peddles the old myth of "black culture", a device used by race supremacists through the ages to marginalise ethnic groups. The idea that all the peoples of the African diaspora participate in a particular set of customs and practices derived from a common heritage is as absurd as a common "white ethnic" culture stretching from the Urals to Cape Horn. CLAUDETTE SUTTON Preston, Lancashire



# Erwein Matuschka-Greifencloau

The suicide of Erwein Matuschka-Greifencloau, Germany's leading international wine ambassador and cuisine crusader, has brought to an end almost 800 years of the Greifencloau family growing vines at Schloss Vollrads.

Matuschka was Germany's "Mister Wine", and used to like to joke that the medieval family Christian name he bore, Erwein, featured the word wein ("wine" in German) so prominently in it.

Few if any Masters of Wine or top hoteliers in Britain have not participated in one of Matuschka's wine seminars. He was tireless in his crusade for German wines and would travel anywhere to spread the gospel. Indeed, in retrospect, he spent far too much time travelling the world on behalf of the German wine industry to the detriment of his personal holdings.

But Matuschka was totally without ego, an idealist of the highest order. His desire was to help people "open out their taste-buds". He advocated a kind of science of food and wine, and was a pioneer in matching the two in new ways - a subject on which he wrote various pamphlets and booklets in German and English. Ultimately, he saw himself as a gustatory and olfactory missionary to the human race.

Before the First World War, the British understood and appreciated fine German wines. Today, these wines have a poor image and only the cognoscenti and the adventurous seek them out. Matuschka was unable to turn the tide, and failed to penetrate the British market. Even though his own wines were dry, delightful Rieslings, the fashion could not be resurrected. The

British palate seemed to have been ruined by oceans of cheap Liebfraumilch, which was Matuschka's one great hate. The French, of course, were too happy with their own wines to take the slightest notice of German ones. Matuschka was thus throwing himself against brick walls, year after year. He would go into individual restaurants and try and cajole the restaurateurs. Only a month ago in Helsinki I came across one of his wines in a Lappish restaurant. I imagine that he went in there personally and persuaded them to put it on their wine list.

Born in 1938 at Würzburg, Erwein Matuschka did not at first believe he would inherit the management of the family vineyard of Schloss Vollrads in the Rheingau region just east of Rudesheim, alongside the River Rhine at Oestrich-Winkel. He was a racing driver when young and the locals later lived in terror of his journeys between the castle and his restaurant, the Michelin-starred Graues Haus ("Grey House"), built in 850 AD, at Winkel, because he always roared along the narrow lanes at 110 mph; however, he never hit anybody, as far as I know.

He had a natural flair for salesmanship, and in 1969 became the Marketing Director for Olivetti in Germany. But in 1971 his father died, and due to his elder brother Karl's lack of interest, Erwein was catapulted into running one of Germany's most famous vineyards, producing 580,000 bottles a year. For three years, until 1981, he combined this demanding task with his Olivetti job, together with the same role for Ericsson Germany, until it became impossible.

At Schloss Vollrads, he bore the mantle of the centuries on his shoulders, for the Greifencloaus had been growing vines on the same spot for 29 generations, since the year 1210 - some 787 years when he died.

Of all men to end almost 800 years of history, Erwein was the least likely candidate imaginable. He had spectacular personal qualities. More than 6ft 4in tall, stunningly handsome, overwhelmingly charming, hilariously funny, energetic, enthusiastic, romantic, creative and brilliant - how could he possibly fail? He probably had more sales and marketing ability than the rest of the vintners on the Rhine combined (and amidst their universal admiration was mingled occasional envy); he was President of the Rheingau Wine Association from 1986 until his death, from 1978 to 1990 he was President of the Association for German Quality Wines, in 1986 he founded the Mainz-Wiesbaden Wine Marketing Association, and from 1987 until his death he was Vice President of the German Marketing Union, an association of 9,600 members and

57 marketing associations, a position he combined with special responsibility for supervising the marketing associations of Hesse, Baden-Württemberg, Rheinland-Pfalz, and Saarland.

Matuschka was generous to an unbelievable extent: he subsidised meals at his restaurant for the local farm labourers and villagers, so that they could come with their children (many of whom were also paid to gather wild mushrooms and berries) and enjoy good food at café prices. In the Graues Haus one evening he opened a 1976 First Löwenstein (an adjoining vineyard which he had bought, producing less dry wines than his own) in order to demonstrate to me the perfection of its "slight taste of peaches". "You see," he said in triumph when I enthusiastically agreed with him - "it's even better than a good burgundy with that duck!" It was the sixth bottle of expensive wine he had opened during the meal to demonstrate his theories, and was to be followed by several priceless dessert wines. He also believed that white wine went well with

cheese, and that it was a fallacy to think it must be red.

In order to prove to friends who owned a vineyard at St Emilion in France that German wines were superior to French ones, he once soaked two bones, one in his own Schloss Vollrads wine, and one in that of his friends, and offered them to his beloved dog, Carla (who was always "dressed for dinner" in a white bow tie to contrast with her black fur). Carla chose the bone soaked in Rhine wine. Matuschka's friends wrote back and joked: "Give us a year and a half - wait until we can train our dogs!"

Matuschka's romantic nature was best shown in his relationship with his wife Sabine, a former ski-ing champion and model whom he married in 1982. Every New Year's Eve they would dress in formal attire and disappear into their respective kitchens in different parts of the castle. Then, each would "visit" the other holding a bouquet of flowers and "invite" the other to come to his/her room for one course of a grand dinner which he or she had personally cooked. Wine al-

lusions were everywhere: Matuschka would speak of his marriage "maturing like wine". But tragically, Sabine died in 1995.

In 1986 Matuschka held the Greifencloau family's 775th Anniversary Dinner, at which guests drank wines from his cellar dating from 1862, while the dessert wines of the 1890s were the closest experience anyone could have to the nectar of the Greek gods.

However when, a decade on, his business failed, Matuschka's family history created a gigantic burden of guilt which drove him to take his own life. In his own eyes he had brought to an end a tradition whose longevity was without rival in the whole of human history. He shot himself in his vineyard beside the Rhine the day after he was forced to declare bankruptcy.

Robert Temple

Erwein Matuschka-Greifencloau, wine-grower: born Würzburg, Germany 14 November 1938; married first Countess Waldburg, second Sabine Nagel (died 1995; one daughter); died Oestrich-Winkel, Rheingau, Germany 19 August 1997.



Matuschka-Greifencloau: a gustatory and olfactory missionary to the human race. Photograph: Robert Temple

## Dr Murray Cox

Murray Cox was the consultant psychiatrist at Broadmoor high security hospital from 1970 until his death.

He helped to transform the treatment of patients as well as staff training and support, and was, in the words of a colleague there, "an immensely civilising and humane influence on the culture of the hospital". During the time in Broadmoor, he became a leading authority on forensic psychotherapy and wrote widely influential books which helped shape the young sub-discipline. He edited (with Christopher Cordess) a basic two-volume textbook, *Forensic Psychotherapy: Crime, Psychodynamics and the Offender Patient* (1996) and played a formative role in the International Association in Forensic Psychotherapy - he himself was especially influential in Scandinavia.

How can the story of 25 years in Broadmoor be told? The title of one of his articles was a quotation from a patient: "I took a life because I needed one". His writings are shot through with such quotations from "therapeutic space": "The knife speaks for itself", "We

which he dealt daily. He was an honorary research fellow of The Shakespeare Institute in Birmingham University, and from 1989 an adviser to the Royal Shakespeare Company.

With the director Mark Ryland, he began an extraordinary tradition of having RSC productions performed in Broadmoor, and later edited *Shakespeare Comes to Broadmoor* (1992), describing the effects on patients, staff and actors.

"What seest thou else?" was a favourite quotation, and he excelled at seeing more, deeper, wider, from new angles. His Danish co-author of two books on therapy, *Mutative Metaphors in Psychotherapy* (1987) and *Shakespeare as Prompter* (1994), the psychologist Alice Theilgaard, has used the Danish word "musik" of him, meaning "a man of all the muses". It was this multifaceted, imaginative profundity, energised by huge enthusiasm, which let him constantly make new connections, cross boundaries, explore the many layers of a good metaphor, and improvise gloriously in conversation, lecturing or at the piano. The eyes twinkled, the humour danced and played with words, and the timing was always superb.

Cox was born in Birmingham in 1931. He was educated at Kingswood School and St Catharine's College, Cambridge, and began his training as a doctor at the London Hospital. He spent ten years in general practice before becoming a psychiatrist and psychotherapist. His interest in forensic psychotherapy began at Pentonville Prison, before his appointment to Broadmoor in 1970.

There were two other vital dimensions to his life which were somewhat less visible. The first was his Christian faith. In his 1990 Foulkes Lecture he requested for his desert island one luxury: a serious debate between those representing theology and the world of psychotherapy. Recently he helped initiate a series of conferences between psychotherapy, spirituality and literature. Among the last things he wrote was an article called "A Good Enough God? Some Psychology-Theology Crossing Places", and when he died he was working on a collaborative book on "the secret self" in theology, psychology and psychotherapy.

The second dimension was his close family life with children, grandchildren and above all his wife Caroline (Baroness Cox). He had a heart bypass operation 14 years ago, and he and Caroline saw the time since then as a gift of "golden years", culminating in the celebration for family and friends for his 65th birthday - suitably called a "Festsprach". At the heart of those years were weekends in their Dorset home, where there was time to catch up on two very busy lives and walk through the countryside, where his ashes have now been scattered.

David E. Ford

Murray Newell Cox, psychiatrist: born Birmingham 22 July 1931; married 1959 Caroline McNeill Love (two sons, one daughter); died 28 June 1997.



Cox: "What seest thou else?"

come here to find a struggle that replaces our earlier struggles". "I have met people who walk off the edge of language - and then they DO THINGS."

They point to the astonishing simplicity at the heart of Cox's practice: he listened, took patients at their word, and really noticed what they said - not just in words, but in emphasis, expression and gesture. Perhaps the most distinctive thing about him was his respect for the dignity of patients who had been doubly written off as "mad and bad". He risked disappointment again and again and had said once about his Broadmoor work: "There is nobody I can't have hope about".

If that was the simplicity, the complexity of what he brought to bear on his therapy was dazzling. He was superbly well-read in his own field and many others, had intensive friendships with a wide range of people, loved music, and was a Christian who knew much of the Bible by heart and had a profound, well-considered theology.

The most striking of his therapeutic resources was Shakespeare. Not that he just "used" Shakespeare. Rather he revelled in those dramas, knew large parts of them by heart, lectured on them and savoured their "paracritical precision" about the sorts of extremes of evil, madness, horror and death with

SMOKING CAUSES CANCER  
Chief Medical Officer  
1 mg Tar 0.1 mg Nicotine



## Births, Marriages & Deaths

### DEATHS

**BEST:** Giles Bernard, of Little Bredy, Dorset, peacefully on 27 August, aged 71. Deeply beloved brother, uncle and godfather, and good friend to multitudes of young and old. Funeral at Little Bredy, a Service of Thanksgiving will be announced later.

**GREENLEAF:** On 27 August 1997, Mervyn, died peacefully in hospital. He was greatly loved as husband, father, brother and friend to Maggie, Annabel, Tuggey and Vera. Funeral, 3 September, 1.15pm, Streatham Park Cemetery. No flowers, but donations if desired, to RNLI, 20 Buckingham St, London WC2.

**MCINTYRE:** On 28 August 1997 at home in Sidmouth, Hampshire, Carol Ann (née Berriman), gentle, kind and lovely wife of Bruce and mother of Angus and Thomas. A service will be held at Aldershot Crematorium, Guildford Road, Hampshire, at 3pm on Friday 5 September 1997. Donations if desired to Cancer Research c/o A. Monger Funeral Directors, The Old Forge, Sterborough St John, Basingstoke, Hampshire RG24 9LD. Telephone 01256 851124.

### Changing of the Guard

**TODAY:** The King's Troop Royal Horse Artillery in the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 11am. The Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 11am. The Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 11am. The Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 11am.

### Birthdays

**TODAY:** Dr Barbara Ansell, rheumatologist, 74; Miss Elizabeth Ashley, actress, 58; Sir Harold Auchterley, former chairman, Aldershot Foundation, 79; Mr Ben Bradshaw MP, 37; Sir Patrick Brannigan QC, former Attorney-General, Gold Coast, 91; Ms Karen Buck MP, 39; Sir Charles Burman, former chairman, Thames, 89; Mr Allan Davis, actor, director and producer, 84; Mr Pat Dyer, chairman, Buzell, 65; Mr Kenneth Gill, former trade union leader, 70; Dr Alan Gilman, former director, NSPCC, 69; Mr Martin Harris, chartered accountant and company director, 75; Lord Healey, former government minister, 80; Air Marshal Sir Frank Holroyd, former Chief Engineer, presenter, 41; Lord Keith of Castleacre, merchant banker, 81; Dr Jeremy Lee-Potter, haematologist and former chairman, British Medical Association, 63; The Countess of Longford, writer, 91; Mr William McAlester, cultural programme coordinator, Soros Foundations, 57; Miss Sue MacGregor, BBC radio presenter, 56; Dr Peter North, Vice-Chancellor, Oxford University, 61; Sir Peter Parker, chairman, Mitsubishi Electric UK, 73; Mr John Peel, broadcaster, 58; Sir Henry Phillips, former colonial administrator, 83; Miss Audrey Scott, former headmistress, Queen Anne's School, Caversham, 63; Mr George Stevenson MP, 59; Professor John Thoday, geneticist, 81; The Very Rev Professor Thomas Yorance, theologian, 84; Sir Philip Woodfield, former senior civil servant, 74.

**TOMORROW:** Mr Eugene Anderson, former chairman and chief executive, Ferranti International, 59; Major Michael Argyle QC, former circuit judge, 82; Mr Martin Bell MP, 59; Admiral Sir Brian Brown, chairman, King George's Fund for Sailors, 63; Professor Robert Hanbury Brown, astronomer, 81; Sir James Clemenson, former chairman, British Overseas Trade Board, 76; Mr James Coburn, actor, 69; Miss Anne Coffey MP, 51; Li-Gen Sir Napier Crookenden, 82; Mr Alan de Piro QC, former circuit judge, 78; Miss Liz Forgan, former managing director, Network Radio BBC, 53; Sir William Francis, former Vice-Chairman, Thames, 71; Mr Richard Gere, actor, 48; Air Marshal Sir Edward Gordon Jones, 83; Mr Buddy Hackett, actor and comedian, 73; Mr Charles Kay, actor, 67; Professor Christine King, Vice-Chancellor, Staffordshire University, 53; Mr Clive Lloyd, cricketer, 53; Professor Sir Bernard Lovell, former director, Jodrell Bank Station, 84; Mr Van Morrison, rock vocalist, 52; Mr Edwin Moses, athlete, 42; Mr Bryan Organ, painter, 62; Mr Itzhak Perlman, violinist, 52; Sir Barry Sheen, former High Court judge, 79.

### Anniversaries

**TODAY:** Births: Pedro the Cruel, King of Castile and Leon, 1334; Jacques-Louis David, painter, 1748; Bonifacio Asoli, composer and writer on music, 1798; Mary Wolstonecraft Shelley, novelist and creator of Frankenstein's monster, 1797; Adolf Friedrich Hesse, composer, 1809; Joseph Mallaby Dent, publisher, 1849; Ernest, first Baron Rutherford of Nelson, physicist, 1871; Raymond Massey, actor, 1896;

Fred MacMurray, actor, 1908; Joan Blondell, actress, 1909. Deaths: Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, committed suicide 30 BC; Theodor the Great, king of the Ostrogoths in Italy, 526; Louis XI, King of France, 1483; Francis Baily, astronomer, 1844; Feagus Edward O'Connor, Charist leader, 1855; Gilbert Abbott à Beckett, writer and playwright, 1856; Admiral Sir John Ross, explorer, 1856; Dr James Collis Browne, inventor of "Chlorodyne", 1884; Georges Eugène Sorel, philosopher, 1922; Thomas Thorneycroft, sculptor, 1885; Henri Barbusse, novelist and editor, 1935; Sir Joseph John Thomson, physicist, 1940; Lindsay Gordon Anderson, film, television and theatre director, 1994. On this day: Frederick II of Prussia was defeated by the French at Jena-Auerstedt, 1806; the first British tram service began, Birkenhead, 1860; the vacuum cleaner was patented by Hubert Cecil Booth, 1901; Alberta became a province of Canada, 1905; the Battle of Tannenberg ended when the Russians were defeated by German forces, 1914; Paul von Hindenburg became chief of the general staff of Germany, 1916; the siege of Leningrad began, 1941; Soviet troops entered Bucharest, Romania, 1944. Today is the Feast Day of St Pantinus, Saints Felix and Adaeus, St Margaret Ward, St Pammachius and St Ruan or Ruman.

**TOMORROW:** Births: Caligula, Roman emperor, 12; Jahangir, Mogul emperor, 1569; Pierre-Jules Theophile Gautier, novelist and poet, 1811; Elizabeth Mary Russell (Beauchamp), Countess Russell ("Elizabeth"), novelist, 1866; Maria Montessori, educationist, 1870; Wil-

helmina, Queen of the Netherlands, 1880; Edwin DuBoise Heyward, novelist and playwright, 1883; Friedrich Adolf Paneth, chemist, 1887; William "Bomber" Billy Wells, heavyweight boxer, 1889; Fredric March (Ernest Frederick McIntyre Bickel), actor, 1897; Roland Culver, actor, 1900; William Saroyan, writer, 1908; Richard Basehart, actor, 1914; Alan Jay Lerner, author and lyricist, 1918; Roy Castle, comedian, musician and dancer, 1922. Deaths: Henry V, King, 1422; John Bunyan, writer, 1688; François-André Danican Philidor, composer and chess-player, 1795; Sir Arthur Phillip, first Governor of New South Wales, 1814; Charles-Pierre Baudelaire, poet, 1867; Harley Granville Barker, actor, playwright and critic, 1946; Georges Braque, Cubist painter, 1963; Rocky Marciano (Rocco Marchegiano), heavyweight boxer, killed in an air crash 1969; John Ford (Sean O'Feeney), film director, 1973; Henry Moore, sculptor, 1986. On this day: Henry VI, acceded as King at the age of nine months, 1422; Mary Anne "Polly" Nichols, a prostitute, was found dead in Whitechapel, London, the first victim of Jack the Ripper, 1888; the musical show *Chu Chin Chow* was first performed, London, 1916; the first London production of the musical show *Tip-Toes* was presented, 1926; Kurt Weill's opera *Die Dreigroschenoper* was first performed, Berlin, 1928; women and children were evacuated from London, 1939; Malaya became independent, 1957; Trinidad and Tobago became independent, 1962; a South Korean airliner was shot down by the Soviet Union, killing 269 people aboard, 1983; over 1,000 people died in a

tropical storm in the Philippines, 1984. Tomorrow is the Feast Day of St Aidan of Lindisfarne, St Paulinus of Trier, St Raymond Nonnatus and The Servite Martyrs of Prague.

### Lectures

**TODAY**  
National Gallery: Tom Parsons, "Gory Stories (v): Piero di Cosimo, The Fight between the Lapiths and the Centaurs", 12pm.  
Victoria and Albert Museum: Terry Bloxham, "The Medieval Pilgrimage", 2.30pm.  
Tate Gallery: Laurence Bradbury, "Picturing Outdoor Sports", 1pm.  
British Museum: George Hart, "Egypt and Sinai: from Hathor to St Catherine", 1.15pm.

**TOMORROW**  
Tate Gallery: Laurence Bradbury, "Masters of Consoling Art", 2.30pm.

### Recorders

The following have been appointed Recorders:

Wales and Chester Circuit: Nicholas Orion Corder, Edward Thomas Henry Tague, Northern Circuit: Laurence Frederick Mack Brown, Alan David Conrad, James Ross Duggan, Rowena Margaret Gode, Timothy Victor Holroyd QC, Andrew Charles Lowcock, Adrian Pirie Lyon, George Martin Marriot, Andrew Gerald Morris QC, Graham Eric Mowbray QC, James Kenneth Nisbet, Terence Rigby, Margaret Bernadette Roddy, Peter Winston Smith QC, Barbara Joan Wilson.  
Midland and Oxford Circuits: Robert Michael Chaffin, David Eric Griffiths-Jones, Simon Andrew Mackley QC, Patrick Gerard McCall QC, Christopher John Millington, Howard Andrew Clive Morrison, David John Richardson, Sebil Milwyn Thomas, Collingwood Foster, James Thompson.

## Natural disasters versus man-made volcanoes

### faith & reason

The volcano in Montserrat or the violence in Rwanda - which tells us more about human suffering? And for which does Christian Europe bear more responsibility?, asks John Kennedy.

Joan Meade is a Methodist minister in the small Caribbean island of Montserrat. Her country is disappearing fast, under waves of superheated pumice and clouds of volcanic ash. The people have lived with this monster for two years. Their worst enemy now is uncertainty - to flee or to stay? And, of course, can the British government be trusted?

Daniel Mulunda-Nyanga is another minister, a Muluba from Kaleme, in Katanga. He belongs to a church of half a million French-speaking Methodists. His country has been renamed; once Zaïre, it has since June been the Democratic Republic of the Congo. The new president is Laurent Kabila. He came to power on a wave of Tutsi rebellion against the formerly insurgent Hutu, a conflict which raged horribly in Rwanda, and then flooded westwards. These peoples of Central Africa have been living on their own man-made volcano for more than 30 years.

Daniel and President Kabila are from the same town and tribe. The Congo was a great traditional kleptocracy, made that way under colonial rule, with Mobutu Sese Seko as its last, most grotesque beneficiary. Daniel has slightly greater purchase on events than Joan Meade in Montserrat. He is International Secretary of the All Africa Council of Churches, and he is engaged in the process of reconciliation between the churches in Rwanda, Burundi, Uganda and the Congo.

The events in the region have been terrible, and the churches are not guiltless. Maybe things are changing now. Daniel hopes that the region's leaders can sustain some kind of order, based on something wider than Tutsi hegemony.

I met Joan and Daniel last week at an international gathering at Somerville College, the Teuth Oxford Institute for Wesley Studies. We backed on the lawns, ate too much, and listened to the likes of José Miguez Bonino and Jürgen Moltmann. Two hundred of us were telling the stories of 30 million Methodists. Some, like Joan's, reflect a world which can be struck any time by impersonal forces. But some, like Daniel's, are witness to terrifying inhumanity. Few Christians still believe that natural catastrophe is a sign of God's displeasure. And humanity is often seen at its vigorous best in the face of such calamity, as in the Montserratians brave response to their dreadful plight.

Human cruelty is much more difficult to cope with. One response is to see such inhumanity as foreign to "us" - something "they" do. But it is not far from Somerville College to the Martyrs' Memorial in Oxford. In October 1555, Crammer, Latimer and Ridley were burnt there. In August 1997, Egon Krenz, the last custodian of the Berlin Wall, was jailed.

The centuries between created our unmanageable empires, whose last dependencies are now like Montserrat, and whose empires are still being settled in Central Africa. If that region does discover peace, history will indicate that "we" only just beat "them" to it. The arrogance of those empires which pretended to a Christian, civilising mission which they were incapable of adopting for themselves!

The problem here is smaller than the question of human wickedness. It is the more, mundane matter of how human energy is to be contained. The Christian instinct is to create benevolent structures into which the passive human clay can be poured. But this is to mistake the essentially turbulent, unruly nature of humanity.

The energies that have been loose in Central Africa are not about to subside. They will, if we are lucky, create new patterns of competition and inequality, winners and losers. It will not be a wonderfully just world, but it may be governed by some kind of consent, and its arbiters will be traders and farmers, not warlords and mobs of neighbours with pangas.

Such a turbulent world is, however, not pretty, and Christians find it hard to justify morally. It will be a generation before successful businesses are willing, or able, to cough up the taxes that can make such a society even remotely just. Nobody remotely expects foreign aid to fill the gap.

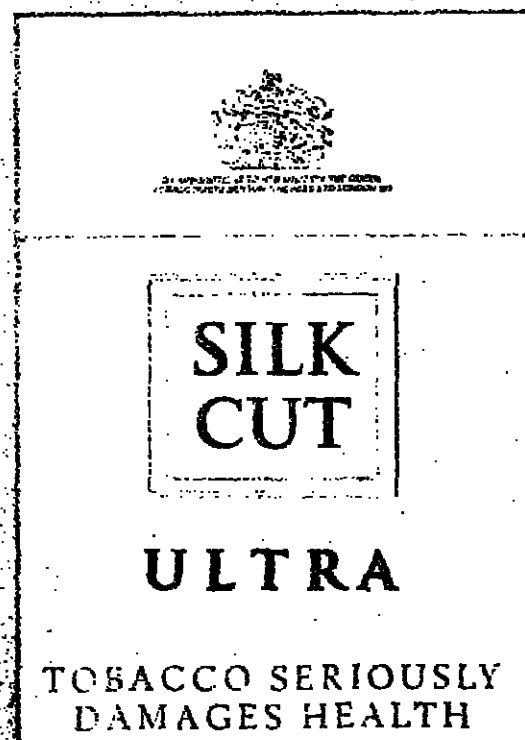
Yet it is necessary to protest that the British Government's parsimony and delay has harmed the people of Montserrat. It is part of our Christian vocation to complain when multinationals cut cynical deals with local tyrants. But societies starting from scratch have, it seems, to move to bourgeois peacability - as Europe did over a much longer period - through a morass of breathtaking exploitation for the poor. This is an oppression less terrible than a massacre, less sudden than a volcanic eruption, but even more troubling to the Christian conscience.

### Church appointments

The Right Rev Jack Nicholls, Bishop of Lancaster (diocese of Blackburn), to be Bishop of Sheffield.  
The Right Rev Martin Wharton, Area Bishop of Kingston-upon-Thames (Southwark), to be Bishop of Newcastle.  
The Right Rev Colin James Bennetts, Area Bishop of Buckingham (Oxford), to be Bishop of Coventry.  
The Ven Frank Weston, Archdeacon of Oxford, to be Bishop of Knarborough (Ripon).  
Canon John Beer, Vicar, Grantchester (Ely) and Co-Director of Ordinands, to be Archdeacon of Huntingdon, remaining Co-Director of Ordinands (same diocese).  
Canon Trevor Whitmore, Canon Residentiary and Sacrist of Peterborough Cathedral (Peterborough), to be Archdeacon of Durham and Residentiary Canon of Durham Cathedral (Durham).  
The Rev Frank White, Vicar of Birley and Rural Dean of Chester-le-Street (Durham), to be Archdeacon of Sunderland (a newly created post) and also an Honorary Canon of Durham Cathedral (same diocese).

The Rev Christine Challenger, Chaplain (over-60s NSM), South Tees Community and Mental Health NHS Trust (York) to be Vicar of Middleburgh, St Chad (same diocese).  
The Rev Valerie Cliffe, Assistant Curate within the Brynton Team Ministry, with special responsibility for Thorpe Willoughby (same diocese).  
The Rev Celia Cheeseman, Chaplain, HM Prison, Wexham (York) to be Priest-in-Charge, Tockwith and Bilton with Bickerton (same diocese).

The Rev Richard Charlton, Assistant Curate, Somerside with Bourne End (St Albans) to be also Rural Dean of Berkhamstead (same diocese).  
The Rev John Capper, Team Rector, East Daresbury Team (Durham), to be Vicar, Fensham, St James and St Basil, (Newcastle).  
The Rev Robin Drroll, Assistant Curate (NSM), Cliffe with Bramley and Yearley (York) to be half-time stipendiary Priest-in-Charge of the benefice (same diocese).  
The Rev Paul Griffiths, Priest-in-Charge of Telford, St Peter, Chaplain to the Boots Company and Chaplain to Central Television (Southwark), to be also Diocesan Adviser on Industrial Society (same diocese).  
The Rev Richard Hayes, Senior Curate, Downend, Christ Church (Bristol), to be Vicar, Grovesend, St Mary (Rochester).  
The Rev William Hedley, Vicar, Norton (York) to be Curate, Newbarn with special responsibility for Thoresby (Newcastle).  
Canon Paul Johnson, Vicar, Seaham with Seaham Harbour (Durham), to be Vicar, Fimbo, St Saviour's (London).  
The Rev Nicholas Jones, Curate, Cambridge, Holy Trinity (Ely) to be Group Vicar, Fallowfield with Great Wilbraham and St Milla Botolph and also Chaplain, St Bede's School, Cambridge (same diocese).  
The Rev David Leighton, Industrial Chaplain (Ripon), to be Chaplain, University of Leeds (York).  
The Rev Dr John Parr, Priest-in-Charge, Harrow with Hauxton (Ely), to be also Priest in Charge of Newton (same diocese).  
The Rev David Ritchie, Team Vicar, Beckwith West Team Ministry (Chester), to be Team Rector of the Becones West Team Ministry (same diocese).  
The Rev Dr Ronald Stoddard, Chaplain, Modern College, Blackheath, London (Southwark) to be Master of Wyggeston's Hospital, Leicester (Leicester).  
The Rev William Scott, Vicar, St Mary's, Bourne Street (London) to be also Priest-in-Charge, Fimbo, St Barnabas (same diocese).  
The Rev Robert Stephenson, Vicar, Conber-ton and Rural Dean of Bourn (Ely), to be Priest in Charge of Dry Drayton (same diocese).



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## the saturday story

Britain is Indonesia's biggest armoured, and visiting that country was always going to test Robin Cook's much vaunted ethical foreign policy. Steve Crawshaw watched him in action



Britain's fresh face abroad: In Jakarta, Mr Cook meets Munawir Syadzali, chairman of the Indonesian government's National Commission on Human Rights. Photograph: AP

## A crash course in Asian logic

Walk down the acroplane steps to be met by a dignitary and a couple of television cameras – perhaps even a purple garland or two, if things are going well. Take the motorcade into town, meet the foreign minister, meet the president or prime minister, give a hasty press conference (we're running late, again). And then it's off back to the mini-motorcade, and the airport, to repeat the pattern in the next country. Robin Cook, Labour's first foreign secretary for two decades, is quickly getting used to the rhythms of a statesman's whistle-stop tour. He is visiting four countries in five days during his first major overseas tour: Malaysia (Thursday), Indonesia (yesterday), the Philippines (today) and Singapore (Monday). The Philippines is the only place he is spending more than one night – a change in rhythm that allows a couple of hours for the *Glasgow Herald's* distinguished racing tipster to go to the races. Ask why Mr Cook has

chosen to make South-east Asia his first high-profile destination, and he gives a string of upbeat reasons. "We recognise the importance of South-east Asia in the world. The centre of economic gravity is shifting. We must take account of the new economic reality. We are by far the biggest European investor in South-east Asia. We are uniquely placed to be a bridge between Asia and Europe." It's a version of Douglas Hurd's "punching above our weight" theme, though somewhat more plausible. And human rights? Ask Mr Cook – back in the comfort of the ministerial VC10, en route to the next welcome ceremony within his own party. The sale of arms to Indonesia has taken on an almost emblematic quality as a test for Mr Cook's proclaimed new policy. When he gave the go-ahead for the sale of Hawk aircraft to the Indonesian air force, he was widely criticised within his own party. The sale of Hawks, which some fear could be used against the rebels in the occupied territory of East Timor, became a *cause célèbre* in Britain – and a source of bafflement in Indonesia itself. His visit to Indonesia means none can now accuse him of shirking a challenge. To Mr Cook's Conservative predecessors, for example, anybody who started asking questions about ethical issues was a foolish *ingenu* who did not understand

"the real world". At the other end of the spectrum an ethical leader, the Czech President Vaclav Havel, did not hide his political sulk when he had to bow to commercial pressures on arms sales.

Mr Cook, by contrast, seems to revel in the danger of the high-wire act. He has been practising for months, and is now performing to an international audience for the first time. Minutes before curtain-up, he is still tinkering with the act. Speeches have crucial tough and conciliatory passages inserted and removed, as the arguments at the front of the plane continue over just how much the local audience can take, and at what point they might decide to boo the performer off the stage.

In Malaysia on Thursday, Mr Cook's keynote speech emphasised the universality of human rights. The Malaysian prime minister, Mahathir Mohamad, has suggested that the 1948 United Nations declaration on human rights should be redrafted, as it had been formulated "by superpowers which did not understand the needs of poor countries". The proposal received a warm response from both Indonesia and China, but Mr Cook insisted that the UN declaration should be non-negotiable. The Malaysians were not impressed. In the words of foreign minister, Abdullah Badawi: "It is very difficult to have one common yardstick that is universally applicable."

In Indonesia yesterday, things got much more complicated. With smiles, both sides agreed that the discussions had been – in a near-parody of the standard diplomatic phrase for a blazing row – "frank and wide-ranging".

Mr Cook was keen to put a good spin on the relationship. "We are partners and friends," he said. "We want to strengthen the commercial relationship between Britain and Indonesia." He hosted a breakfast at the ambassador's residence for British businessmen, who had little time for all this public hoopla. As one of them noted, "If people criticise in public, it could offend the Indonesians... These things are better done in private." At the end of his day in Jakarta, Mr Cook rounded the visit off with some human rights *yahtzee* to balance the commercial *yang*. He met a group of human rights activists, before leaving for the military airport (no British Hawks in sight). On Thursday evening he telephoned Bishop Belo, the Nobel-prize-winning Bishop of East Timor, who is as popular with the Indonesian govern-

ment as Nobel-winning Archbishop Desmond Tutu was beloved by South Africa's apartheid regime. Indonesia firmly believes that its 22-year occupation and repression of the former Portuguese colony of East Timor is nobody's business but its own.

The *Indonesian Observer* was not untypical, when it complained this week: "In all likelihood, [Mr Cook] will spend most of his time here lecturing Indonesians on human rights." Interestingly, the paper linked Mr Cook's criticisms of Indonesia's track record to the handover of Hong Kong to China. "His psyche may not be different from that of a man who has just been deprived of valuable real estate but is too proud to acknowledge it. Such characters would almost invariably jump at the chance to patronise others in order to deflect efforts to scrutinise them." This is "Asian values" logic: anybody who criticises is an imperialist *manqué*.

Unlike China or the old Soviet Union, Indonesia is not a straightforwardly totalitarian regime. Plenty of ordinary Indonesians share the view of Bobby, a smiling student of civil engineering. "The criticisms are unfair. It hurts our feelings." He agreed that it was impossible to criticise Pres-

ident Suharto publicly. But, he implied, so what? "It's not about likes or dislikes. We can count on him." Even those who are outspoken in their criticism do not always suffer in proportion. Some have been arrested, jailed, even killed. Others remain at liberty, their voices merely muffled.

Muchtar Pakpahan, a trade unionist and former lawyer who is charged with subversion for his criticism of the government, is seriously ill in hospital, awaiting the resumption of his trial. He is guarded, to prevent his escape – but the dozy policeman at the door nods visitors into his hospital room. By the time we leave, the policeman has vanished. Mr Pakpahan's treatment at the hands of the government is itself contradictory. A book that he wrote helped to get Mr Pakpahan freed. And yet: the book was reprinted several months after Mr Pakpahan was rearrested in July last year. "They didn't prohibit the book. But they arrested me." In response to the bemused look, he smiles wistfully and shrugs: "Indonesia..."

Mr Cook had an on-off appointment to meet Mr Pakpahan, but in fact never met him. A conspiracy theorist might think that the meeting with Mr Pakpahan – cordially loathed by President Suharto –

had been sacrificed, to ensure that there would be no public bust-up with the Indonesian government. "Absolutely not," insist Mr Cook's aides. "There just wasn't time to fit it in." Whatever the truth of the Pakpahan hiccup – either Mr Pakpahan or British officials are being miserly with the truth – Mr Pakpahan's experience makes it clear that the change of Foreign Office policy is much more than just empty rhetoric. Until recently, Mr Pakpahan was conspicuously cold-shouldered by the British. "I met people from the German embassy often, the French, the Italians, the Swiss, the Dutch, everybody. But the British never wanted to see me... Now, since May – I have had several meetings." Some British diplomats in the region do not conceal their relief that they are no longer merely expected to be glorified salesmen, and are allowed to care about human rights. Others look seriously discomfited, adjusting with difficulty away from the old party line, which argued: "Trade is all that matters." Sometimes, by mistake, a diplomat starts singing the praises of the Pergau dam in Malaysia, for example – the project that was notoriously funded from the development aid budget, to help British contractors. Mr Cook has repeatedly made it clear that Pergau was the antithesis of what his policy stands for.

There is no doubt that the policy change is real. What began as a video presentation and some dubious sound-bites is undoubtedly going somewhere – but where? Mr Cook bustles around with a self-confidence that brooks no contradiction. If he succeeds in pushing the Indonesians even half-way down the right road, then that can be measured as a success. At first glance, it looks as though he has successfully hooped his way across the big top – firm but fair, as the old phrase had it.

But there is no safety net in this game. If things go well, then Mr Cook's policy will gain in strength as the months and years go by. But – as Mr Cook undoubtedly knows, though he would never say so out loud – the crash could still be lethal. If he begins to soft-pedal – on human rights around the world – he loses all credibility, if he pushes things too far, the knock-on for trade and diplomacy could be disastrous. Even for a lover of the high-wire act, it is not a happy choice.

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## karen krizanovich

It's Saturday. Time to think about how you would like to spend the rest of your working life. For instance, wouldn't it be nice to have a cushy job? Somebody like you should be doing something more glamorous, more fun and, needless to add, something that actually pays the kind of money you're worth. Am I right? Aren't there times when you feel you get treated like a Roman soldier? I mean, those poor guys got paid in salt. Imagine the water retention at the weekends, bingeing on your wages until your sandals didn't fit.

But I digress. Saturday is also the day you scout the entertainment listings. It's about now that you think, "Hey! I should be a film critic. What a great job. Seeing movies all week and I'd get paid for it. I'd get invited to fancy royal premieres, interview famous actors, marry a famous actor, direct a famous film, become rich and famous."

Nope. A film critic's life isn't like that. Being one myself, it is a job as stupid and loathsome as any other – although probably still not as idiotic as what you do all week.

Picture this. On Monday and Tuesday, you have to see all the films released that week. This can mean seeing five films in a row. These films will not be *Citizen Kane*, *2001*, *The Godfather*, *The Last Seduction* and *Raging Bull*. They will be *Biff*, *A Boy's Story*, *How*

*Mom Made Muffins* and *Speed 2: Cruise Control*. There will be a smattering of dull Euro-puddings, Albanian-Hawaiian joint ventures and 75 minutes of American trash so mindless your kids will love it. You'll have to watch these stinkers anyway. No snoozing either. The best bit about this job is that you can make up to £200 a week if you're really top notch.

An extra twist in the system is having to view films at ten on a Monday morning. Can you think of one movie you'd want to see at that hour? Me neither. I still haven't recovered from watching the Canadian model Natasha Henstridge parading around naked in some sci-fi flick called *Species* at an early morning screening some years ago.

Of course, most adults would prefer to see an alien gorefest after their morning coffee. But what really ruined me was Natasha's taut buttocks moving deftly through the undergrowth (before she turned into a flesh-eating monster, that is). Those buttocks were enough to put me off my feed. Which brings me to yet another reason not to be a film critic – one which is perhaps the only real occupational hazard of this profession – you will soon sport an enormously fat ass. Film critics are, on the whole, not attractive people. We are children of the night.

Still, I will sacrifice my own glutes for you, my people, so that you won't waste your hard-earned money on bad movies.

That's why me and my big butt are begging you to see *Austin Powers: International Man Of Mystery*, the new comedy by Mike Myers released this Friday. This is the one we've been waiting for, the one that makes sitting in the darkness with a bunch of people you don't really like worth it. It's funny. It's silly. It's fresh. It's one movie that makes you feel smarter than it is.

Of course, maybe you won't like it. Maybe you don't fancy seeing a groovy distillation of London in the swinging 60s as it never was. Maybe you don't want to laugh until you squeak. Perhaps you don't want to see what a character named "Alotta Fagina" looks like.

*Austin Powers* is, as I've said before, the funniest film since *Airplane!* – and it is about as quotable. (If you've seen *Airplane!*, you know what I'm on about. If not, shame on you.) See *Austin Powers* and you'll be running around the house saying, "Shagadelic baby!" and "Oh, behave!" You'll drag out your velvet Regency suit, floppy cravat, Beetle boots and groove the night away.

Or, at least I did. I can't be the only one who does stuff like that. Come on. Admit it. You sing into your deodorant bottle when nobody's home. You dress up and tell jokes to yourself in the mirror. You can quote – verbatim! – lines from *Airplane!*, like the classic "Guess I picked the wrong week to give up smoking."

Okay, fine. Don't admit it. Make me look like a fool. See if I care. There is a tendency these days to quote movie lines to each other when socialising. Far from the old days when Noel Coward coined his own witticisms, nowadays we are all too tired and blotto to think of something clever by ourselves. We steal from people from folks who are paid to be funny.

It's like some insidious club. One casual toss-away line of, "Ever been inside a Turkish prison?" and, bam, you are in with the in-crowd, trying to out-gun the next quote with something even more well-known, something even funnier. Trot out "Give me a vector, Victor", "I'd buy that for a dollar" or "Lucho Brazzi sleeps with the fishes" and everyone will see how hip you are. Burst into a bar of "Springtime for Hitler" and cute girls and boys will want to know you. Being a movie nerd can actually pay off, as Tarantino found out.

Yeah, I know. Quoting movie lines is silly. It's stupid and it's puerile. But now that the summer's coming to an end, silly's rather nice. Perhaps I am an agent of the Dumbing Down of Britain, or maybe I have lived too many movies and not enough life. I don't know. But what I do know for certain is that for a really cheap thrill, I only need to glance in the mirror. That she blows: my big film critic's bum. It's alive!

سكنا من الامم



david  
aaronovitch



Mr Jevons also showed signs that the problem was not a desire for material gain. The 100 volumes of the complete works of St Thomas

For myself, I considered stalking, then dismissed it as too energetic. And abusive phone calls are easily traced these days. So, in the end, I settled for jigsaws. What would you have done?

by Trevor Phillips

If I had to gamble on which member of Labour's top table would be most likely to preserve its traditional values, I would choose Mandelson. That may seem a surprising claim about the arch-moderniser, but Government changes people.

So we should not be surprised if Mandelson reveals his true colours to be what Tony Banks calls Vintage Labour. His reference points are not, as so often supposed, the Democratic Party, or some version of European socialism; they are

I first met him, 20 years ago, not in some smoke-filled room, plotting to win a vote in some

Within two years, all three of us had become embroiled in the affair that came back to haunt Mandelson this week – the World Youth Festival in Cuba. During the Cold War the Soviet Union, following the dictum that if you catch 'em young you have 'em forever, put huge efforts and resources into bringing together democratic – ie communist – and fellow-travelling

young people from all over the world. The biggest such jam-boree was a periodic World Festival of Youth. When it became known that the 1978 Festival was planned for Cuba,

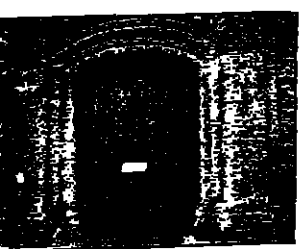
If Peter Mandelson has an historical parallel, it is Robespierre, the architect of the Terror. Without his zeal and cool passion for the right of the French people, the *ancien régime* would almost certainly have reasserted itself in some way. His defence of the ideals of the revolution was absolute and unmovable. It won him no friends, and eventually swallowed him. It would be a tragedy for Labour if it were to do the same to the architect of its own revolution.

If I had to gamble on which member of Labour's top table was most likely to preserve its traditional values, I would choose Mandelson... government changes people

# What's a girl doing in a place like this?

Last Tuesday the High Court ruled that it was unlawful to hold a girl of 16 in prison alongside adult female offenders. The girl, known only as F, has been sent for 15 days to Risley prison. The High Court released her on bail and sent her instead to a prison with a unit for young offenders. This girl is now at HMP Salford.

The use of prison for girls aged 16 to 17 increased by 110 per cent in the period 1992 to 1995, and there are currently about 250 young female offenders in detention. As there are no dedicated Young Offender Institutions for young women (as there are for young men), the practice has been to send them to adult institutions for assessment, and then on to jails such as Salford with dedicated young offender units. But should teenage girls be sent to adult prisons at all?



It is now unlawful to hold teenage girls in adult prisons, but, says **Angela Devlin**, that may make them worse off

Young prison officers working in women's prisons have been given any special training to deal with damaged and damaging youngsters. Last year the Trust for the Study of Adolescence and the Prison Service jointly produced an excellent training pack for prison officers, "Understanding and Working with Young Women in Custody". It explains why

Mixing middle-aged women with teenagers has a damaging effect on the older prisoners too. Liz, at 39 one of the oldest women housed on Kestrel, feels resentful: 'It's a nightmare in here. The noise level is sometimes unbearable and the young girls play their music till blast all the time. The Prison authorities keep older

The Howard League for Penal Reform has just completed an investigation of the conditions under which girls are held in British prisons. Researchers found 15-year-old girls held alongside highly disturbed prisoners, especially at Risley and Bullwood Hall. Many were victims of serious bullying, several had mutilated

*Names have been changed. The writer's latest book about prisons, 'Invisible Women', will be published in January by Waterside Press.*

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# business & city

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## Far East market shockwaves reverberate around the world

Magnus Grimond  
London  
Matthew Chance  
Bangkok

The shockwaves from the sell-off in South-east Asian stock markets continued to hit share prices across the region yesterday, sending ripples round the world. With the ban on "short selling" imposed by Malaysia limiting the damage there, Indonesia bore the brunt of investors' nervousness in the wake of signs of economic weakness and currency instability. The Jakarta index plunged 6.9 per cent, its worst fall for eight years, as the Indonesian rupiah, along with most of the other major currencies in the region, registered further falls against the dollar. The Philippine peso and the Thai baht fell close to record lows against the US currency, while the Malaysian ringgit ended at its lowest level for about 26 years.

Hong Kong and Singapore, two markets often seen as safer havens in times of trouble in the area, provided little immunity yesterday. The former colony's Hang Seng index slid 740.85 points to 14,135.25, its lowest point since last month's hand-over to the Chinese, bringing the two-day fall to over 9 per cent. In Singapore, the benchmark Straits Times Industrials Index recorded a 2.2 per cent slump yesterday.

Meanwhile, in Tokyo, the Nikkei 225 index closed at 18,229.42, down 222.03 points.

Western markets were again buffeted by the typhoon raging in the Far East, with London's FTSE 100 index down over 60 points at one stage and Wall Street 87 points lower on the Dow Jones index in early trading. However, both markets clawed back the earlier losses, with the Footsie managing to stay above the key 4,800 barrier, closing 27.9 points off at 4,817.5. French and German markets were also caught up in the storm, while Mexico, whose economic problems triggered the last big sell-off in developing markets, also opened lower, hit by Far Eastern fears. The leading IPC index opened 1.66 per cent down, after a 2.5 per cent fall the previous day.

Mahatma Mohamed, the Malaysian prime minister, did nothing to allay the fears of Western investors after commenting that the restrictions on short selling – the disposal of shares not actually owned by the seller in the hope of buying them back at a cheaper price – would remain in place until the market recovered to 1,000 points on the composite index. Yesterday, the index fell another 1.01 points to 811.17, after signs of local institutional buying towards the end of the trading session helped to trim earlier losses. The prime minister was also reported as saying that Malaysia may have

recorded a trade deficit for the month of July.

Edward Goodchild, a fund manager at the London-based Foreign & Colonial investment managers, said Malaysia's action on short selling had de facto closed the market to most US and UK investors. The system of "free and free" settlement adopted by Malaysia meant shares or cash had to be deposited with a local broker before a sale or purchase of stock could be effected. This increased the risks for foreign institutions and most pension funds and other trustees demanded that no shares or money be handed over until a deal was done, known as "delivery versus payment".

This effective closure of the market "keeps the stock market index up, but doesn't stop selling pressure building up, just the ability to exit it", he said.

Local market players echoed these thoughts. David Lim of Nava Securities in Singapore said: "There is an overall disillusionment with the structure of South-east Asia markets. The integrity of the markets isn't what it was thought to be."

London fund managers suggested that the events in the Far East could make Western investors more reluctant to invest in emerging markets. "The tolerance for taking risks by major investors has reduced", according to Michael Hughes, global strategist at BZW in London.

"They are not in any rush to take advantage of what might be seen to be cheap valuations on the back of the shake-out."

Mr Hughes said the events in the Far East a poorer global liquidity were pushing investors into cash and the safer waters of the US bond market.

Matthew Merritt, emerging market strategist at ING Barings, agreed that cash was set to become a more popular investment for institutions. "Given the uncomfortable global backdrop of developed markets under pressure, the first port of call is into cash", he said.

Others suggested Hong Kong could now be the most vulnerable market in the south-east Asian region, given the threat that the need for higher interest rates there could put at risk the recovery in property prices.

Yesterday, the Hong Kong government was attempting to allay fears that the stock market crisis could spill over into the economy as it published a maintained growth forecast of 5.5 per cent of gross domestic product for 1997. Government economist KY Tang claimed that the area's "economic fundamentals are good" despite recent fluctuations in the stock market. He added that the market's movement did not yet signify a setback to consumer sentiment.

Comment, page 19  
Market report, page 20



A trader in the Philippines takes the strain as stocks and the country's currency tumble



Japan's Nikkei Index yesterday started to suffer from the fallout in East Asia



Housewives watch anxiously as their investments in the Hong Kong market continue to plunge Photographs: AP/Reuters

## Turmoil could trigger a Wall Street crash

Diane Coyle  
Economics Editor

Events in Asia might be the catalyst for the long-awaited retrenchment in New York. Diane Coyle reports

The attack of nerves on the New York, London and other European stock markets yesterday brought new warnings that the crisis in the Far East could combine with growing fears of an increase in US interest rates to trigger the long-awaited retrenchment on Wall Street.

Gail Dudack, equity strategist for investment bank UBS in New York, said: "There are many parallels between 1987 and 1997 but what has been missing so far is the catalyst for the correction. This turmoil in Asia could be it."

"We have started to see signs of a contagion effect. Events in Asia might be the trigger for a correction on Wall Street which could have a dramatic impact on the American economy," said Mark Cliffe, chief international economist at HSBC Markets. Concerns yesterday focused on Hong Kong, seen as a source

of bigger spillovers to the rest of the world's markets. Experts believe its economy is relatively healthy and its currency under less threat, but for many UK and US investors selling their Hong Kong holdings is the only way to rapidly reduce their exposure to the region as a whole.

The Asian crisis is showing no signs of stabilising despite emergency interest rate rises and a \$16bn (£10bn) IMF-led rescue package for Thailand. Economists say more adjustment is needed, while unhelpful comments from Malaysia's Prime Minister in particular have bred distrust among foreign investors.

The crisis will affect the G7 economies through a variety of channels, but most directly through the impact of slower growth on their imports. The interest rate increases and government spending cuts with

Indonesia have had to try to defend their currencies will put the brakes on their economic growth.

For instance, in Thailand, where the crisis originated, most economists have slashed forecasts for this year's growth from around 7 per cent to only 2 per cent, which implies no more economic expansion this year.

This will hit Japanese sales to the rest of South-east Asia the hardest. More than 40 per cent of total Japanese exports go to the region. But it also accounts for 17 per cent of the value of US exports and 6.5 per cent of UK exports.

"This will hamper the growth of the Japanese economy, which was already looking very anaemic," said Stephen Lewis of London Bond Broking. The latest monthly trade figures showed its exports to countries

like Thailand already dropping precipitously.

Tokai Bank yesterday warned that the Japanese economy was heading back for recession, with the risk of a collapse in the Nikkei to 9,500 increasing. According to economist Graham Turner, the economy remains mired in bad debts.

Japanese banks are heavily exposed to potential bad debts in other Asian countries. Their banking systems in turn are far less robust than that of Mexico, which successfully weathered its financial crisis three years ago.

Although the direct impact on the US and European economies is likely to be much smaller, Stephen Hannah, head of research at JBI in London, said there would be ripples from weaker Asian growth. "It is alarming as to the threat to corporate earnings from a slowdown

in the globe's most significant dynamic region," he said.

Richard Kersley at BZW predicted that the effects could be serious for some industries where Asian demand had been particularly strong, such as bulk chemicals and paper.

More serious still could be the blow to market sentiment dealt by the plummeting share prices and currencies in the Far East. Ms Dudack said: "US markets have factored in nirvana, assuming the world is in perfect balance and earnings will continue to grow. This complacency is being shaken."

Mr Kersley agreed: "These events represent a wake-up call for equity markets where valuations have become extreme."

But few would commit themselves to predicting a full-blown stock market crash, with all its reverberations for the economy. Mr Lewis said: "It is hard to say how serious this is." But he added: "For the moment the Asian markets look bottomless."

## RECs threaten Littlechild with referral

Chris Godsmark  
Business Correspondent

Several regional electricity companies are to renew their threat to refer a dispute over price controls to the Monopolies and Mergers Commission, after domestic competition starts from next April.

Low profit margins have been blamed for the lack of interest in the electricity market shown by the big oil companies and supermarket chains.

In his fifth set of price proposals, Professor Littlechild sought to stem the outspoken attacks from the industry by softening the anticipated cuts in electricity bills next year. He said domestic charges would drop by between £15 and £25 over two years from April 1998 on an

average residential bill of £270, excluding VAT, compared with expected cuts of £32 in his previous consultation paper.

The chief executive of one large REC said the concessions did not go far enough. "This is still quite clearly MMC material. Nothing has changed since the last proposals and we can't see why anybody should be happy with this. The situation is still a nonsense."

Professor Littlechild had claimed the softer price proposals, which reflected the increased estimate of the cost of introducing competition next year, would avert an MMC referral. "I don't think there's a justifiable basis for a company to go to the MMC," he said at the announcement.

The row centres on his plan for a cap on total bills for the first time, replacing the present system which allows the RECs to pass increases in generation costs to consumers. Savings next year will come mostly from lower generating charges when existing coal contracts come up for renewal. Generation accounts for around 60 per cent of household bills.

The RECs are also unhappy at the plan to cut profit margins on their supply businesses, the divisions responsible for billing customers which are being opened to competition.

Electricity supply, already a low-profit operation compared with distribution, accounts for only about 7 per cent of customer bills.

## Telewest spurns Sky Geographic Channel

Cathy Newman

Telewest Communications yesterday stepped up its battle with BSkyB over which channels it takes from the satellite broadcaster. The UK's second-largest cable operator is understood to have refused to carry Sky's new National Geographic Channel.

The cable company has already clashed with Sky this week by dropping Sky News in certain areas where it is not contractually obliged to take the service, and replacing it with the BBC's forthcoming 24-hour news service.

The National Geographic Channel replaced Sky 2, an entertainment channel, and is

a 50/50 joint venture between BSkyB and National Geographic TV. Cable operators had expressed concern at Sky 2's ratings, and the decision to substitute it with National Geographic was not a surprise.

A Telewest spokesman would not comment about National Geographic, which starts broadcasting on Monday, but he said: "You ignore what the customer wants at your peril."

Cable companies have complained that Sky forced cable subscribers to take a range of channels they did not want. Telewest has supported the notion that customers should be able to pick and choose which channels they want to pay for.

## BTR shares rise as Bauman signs on

Chris Godsmark  
Business Correspondent

BTR, the embattled industrial conglomerate, sought to salvage its reputation yesterday with the appointment of Robert Bauman, the respected chairman of British Aerospace, as its non-executive chairman from next spring.

Mr Bauman, who will join BTR's board in the meantime as non-executive deputy chairman, will replace Elwyn Eilledge, the current chairman, who is to retire at next year's annual shareholders' meeting in May after just two years in the job. Mr Bauman will continue as BAe chairman and as a non-executive director of Reuters.

The announcement gave a much-needed boost to BTR's share price and intensified speculation that the group may consider breaking itself up to unlock shareholder value. BTR shares, which peaked at 407p three years ago, ended the day up 11.5p, at £18p.

One analyst described Mr Bauman as a "big hitter" who would carry more weight in the City than Mr Eilledge, 62, who had previously been senior partner with accountants Ernst & Young. BTR's auditors, BAe's share price has soared during the three-year Bauman chairmanship as the group took a leading role in promoting the restructuring of the European aerospace and defence industries.

Mr Eilledge said Mr Bauman

was "a highly respected industrialist with an outstanding track record who is ideally qualified to guide BTR", adding that he would continue with the existing restructuring strategy of Ian Strachan, chief executive. BTR denied suggestions that Mr Eilledge's departure was a response to investor discontent after a succession of disappointing announcements.



Robert Bauman: Viewed in the City as a big hitter


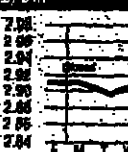
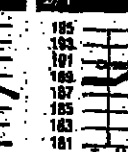
from the company. In May more than £1.5bn was wiped off its share price after the group issued its fourth profits warning in three years. Mr Strachan stunned investors by warning that the overvalued pound would knock £35m off the group's half-yearly profits, to be announced next month.

Last autumn he signalled the end of BTR's acquisition-led strategy with a radical restructuring plan.

STOCK MARKETS						
Index	Close	Day's change	Change (%)	1996/97 High	1996/97 Low	Yield (%)
FTSE 100	4845.40	-61.50	-1.3	5086.80	4056.80	3.41
FTSE 250	4821.40	-28.20	-0.6	4720.40	4388.20	3.59
FTSE 350	2340.50	-26.70	-1.1	2438.00	2017.80	3.45
FTSE SmallCap	2247.78	-4.98	-0.2	2374.20	2178.29	3.19
FTSE All-Share	2288.58	-24.73	-1.1	2378.39	1988.78	3.43
New York *	7894.43	-92.30	-1.2	8259.31	5032.94	1.96
Tokyo	18451.45	+9.51	+0.1	20881.07	17393.95	0.84
Hong Kong	14876.10	-857.85	-5.8	18873.27	12005.17	2.85
Frankfurt	3973.05	-22.01	-0.6	4438.93	2848.77	1.39

Statistics as of 29 August

INTEREST RATES						
Short sterling		UK medium gilt		US long bond		
<small>* 100% long average weighted</small>		<small>1 January 01, 2000</small>				
Money Market Rates		Bond Yields				
Index	1 Month	1 Year	Medium Bond (%)	Yr Ago	Long Bond	(%) Yr Ago
UK	7.09	7.83	7.07	7.88	7.10	8.00
US	5.59	5	6.33	6.75	6.61	6.97
Japan	0.56	0.56	2.02	3.02	-	-
Germany	3.16	3.89	5.67	6.37	6.37	-
* benchmark before						
MAIN PRICE CHANGES						
Rises	Price 01	Change 01	Change	Falls	Price 01	Change 01 % Change
T & N	183.5	16	10.8	Standard Chartered	874	108.5 10.8
Body Shop Int'l	168	15	9.8	Rolls-royce	235.5	19 7.5
Thistle Hotels	153	10.5	7.4	HSBC Holdings	1897	148 7.3

CURRENCIES							
£/\$	£/DM	£/¥					
1.61 1.60 1.59 1.58 1.57 1.56 1.55 1.54 1.53 1.52	2.80 2.79 2.78 2.77 2.76 2.75 2.74 2.73 2.72 2.71	192 191 190 189 188 187 186 185 184 183 182 181					
			F	M	T	W	
Pound							
Yesterday	Change	Year Ago		Yesterday	Change	Year Ago	
\$ (London)	1.6161	+0.38c	1.5693	\$ (London)	0.6192	-0.14	0.6413
\$ (New York)	1.6189	+0.64c	1.5695	\$ (New York)	0.6177	-0.21	0.6410
DM (London)	2.8014	-1.56p	2.3015	DM (London)	1.7964	-1.40p	1.4760
¥ (London)	191.395	-10.14	189.036	¥ (London)	118.495	-10.37	108.405
Index	101.5	-0.4	85.0	£ Index	105.2	-0.5	96.0
OTHER INDICATORS							
Yesterday	Day's chg	Year Ago	Index	Yr Chg	Yr Ago	Next Fig	
Oil Brent \$	18.40	-0.18	20.27	RM	157.5	+3.3p	152.4
Gold \$	325.55	+0.8	389.50	GDP	112.8	+3.4p	109.1
Gold £	201.57	+0.02	249.15	Base Rates	7.00p	-	5.75





JEREMY WARNER

One of the better rumours doing the rounds yesterday was that the reason Malaysia cancelled short selling was because so many of its politicians and businessmen have used sky-high equity values as collateral for further investment in the stock market and property. If true, this is a clear signal that there is much worse to come

## We may not be immune to this market contagion

Until very recently, the fortunes of the Malaysian ringgit, the Indonesian rupiah and the Thai baht would have been of little interest to anyone in Europe and the US outside those seeking sun, sand and sex in far off climes. Even now, with financial crisis engulfing the Pacific rim economies, there's a temptation to write it all off as a localised affair unlikely to have much effect on the rest of us.

Is this fair comment, or are we all being just a little bit complacent? My own view is that this is a much more serious crisis than any of us could have imagined a few weeks back, and that there is now a real danger of spillover into other markets and economies. I'm not saying that this is what will actually happen. The Mexican crisis of three years ago looked considerably worse at the time than this one does now, if only because the US economy was more intimately linked with that of Mexico than with the Pacific rim. However, the long term effects of the Mexican collapse seem to have been marginal.

There are some very good reasons for believing the same will be true of the latest wobble from the developing world. The tiger economies of South-east Asia are in my view much over-rated, their apparent achievements generating more publicity than they deserve. Why it is that so many western leaders, Tony Blair among them, seem to stand in awe of these countries is a persistent source of mystery to me. Our politicians are much too ready to ask: "Why can't we be like that?" Perhaps it's a cultural thing, but personally I'd much rather not have their command style of economic and workplace management.

Now undoubtedly these economies have shown some impressive growth rates in recent years. No quarrel there, even though it now appears that this has been achieved partly on the back of a dangerous speculative bubble. But they are actually not that big and GDP per head of population is still low in most of them by western standards. Even if they were to be wiped off the face of the earth, the impact on world trade would not be hugely significant.

For all that, containment may not be so easy this time round. Here's why. Small though they may be, these economies have been important export markets for more developed countries, particularly Japan, 40 per cent of whose exports are within the Asian continent. An awful lot of sizeable international companies will be badly affected by the collapse of these economies. Three of the constituents of our own FTSE 100 share index - HSBC, Standard Chartered and Cable & Wireless - depend crucially on the region for their wellbeing.

The grandiose public spending projects which have stoked the region's boom and helped sustain Japanese and other exporters are now a thing of the past. Growth rates, which have been running at 7 per cent and more in some parts of the region, are set to slow to near recessionary levels. More worrying still, however, is the effect on the international banking community. Japan's already over-stretched banks are highly exposed to the region's property boom, particularly in Hong Kong and Kuala Lumpur. There's growing evidence that bank lending has helped fund the stock market boom as well.

One of the better rumours doing the rounds yesterday was that the reason Malaysia cancelled short selling was because so many of its politicians and leading businessmen have used sky-high equity values as collateral for further investment in the stock market and property. Just a rumour, but eminently believable, and if true a clear signal that there is much worse to come in these markets. All the ingredients are there for what happened to the Japanese stock market in the early 1990s. Speculative boom followed by spectacular bust. I don't want to frighten any of you Far Eastern investors out there, but the Japanese market has yet to show any sign of recovering.

The real test is going to be Hong Kong, by far the largest stock market in the region outside Japan and also its most liquid. As such it has already been badly hit by the problems in Thailand and Malaysia. The natural tendency of foreign investors, now desperate to reduce their exposure to the region and unable to sell down their holdings in the smaller markets, is to sell Hong Kong, which is precisely what they are doing. Thus does the contagion spread between markets.

For Hong Kong, the effects of continuing to defend the US dollar parity of its currency might be as bad as giving into the hedge funds and speculators and abandoning the link, as others in the region have done. When all others around you are devaluing, sticking to a fixed exchange rate usually carries a heavy economic cost.

The whole region, then, not just its more speculative fringes, could be in for a prolonged period of austerity. At this stage it

seems unlikely that this of itself will be enough to cause the long-expected correction on Wall Street. However, the speculative stock market boom of Thailand and other Asian markets holds some parallels with what has been happening on Wall Street. It could be that in the problems of the Far East we are seeing a harbinger of things to come in our own markets.

Ephraim Margulies, former chairman of the S&W Berisford commodity trading empire, died sometime recently in relative obscurity. Secretive to the last, his death went unreported in Britain until this week, and even then it was actually quite difficult to establish that he actually was dead.

I only met Mr Margulies once, and I have to admit to taking rather a liking to the old rogue. He was the very caricature of the emigre, self-made businessman. Once asked what his business philosophy was, he said in his thick eastern European accent: "We buy a little, we sell a little, and with God's help we make a little." I haven't made this up, I kid you not. He really did say it. He was also as bent as a nine bob note. The City always suspected it, and in the Guinness affair it was finally confirmed. Mr Margulies was the fifth man in the scandal, but for reasons that are still hard to fathom he was never charged. Why it was that Mr Margulies escaped, when Gerald Ronson was jailed for similar participation, remains a mystery.

The most intriguing explanation of this is that "Marg", as he was known, was protected because of his M16 connections. It was said that his trading interests in eastern Europe

acted as a conduit for British intelligence, that he knew too much and threatened to spill the beans if the police touched him.

Regrettably, the real explanation is probably a rather less exciting and sinister one. It was that there really wasn't a great deal of evidence to link Mr Margulies directly to the conspiracy, other than the word of his stockbroker, Tony Parnes. Since Mr Parnes was himself a defendant, the laws of criminal justice dictated that he could not be used as a witness against Mr Margulies. Still, claims that Mr Margulies threatened Mr Parnes and tried to involve him in a cover-up made some good headlines during the trial, and Marg's name was damned as effectively as if he had actually been in the dock.

Amazingly, he continued to hold on at Berisford, which while he was there was run like a family fiefdom. It wasn't the Guinness revelations which finished him off, but disastrous losses on some Manhattan property developments. Marg was finally forced out, all his previous achievements forgotten in the nemesis of his demise. He retreated into the haven of his ultra-orthodox Jewish beliefs, never to emerge on the public scene again.

There's no getting away from it though. He had a certain ability. After his name emerged as a player in the Guinness shares fraud, he made a great show of handing back some of his ill-gotten gains by writing out a cheque for £2.4m over lunch with Sir Norman Macfarlane, then caretaker chairman of Guinness. What is not generally known is that he also emerged from the lunch with a £3m contract to help Guinness with its foreign exchange problems in Nigeria. Who said that fraud never pays?

## Spanish soccer clubs plan floats

Andrew Yates

Real Betis, the Spanish football club which has just pulled off the world record £22m transfer of Brazilian football ace Denilson, is believed to be hatching plans for a flotation on the London stock market. Spanish rival Real Club Deportivo Espanyol also announced yesterday that it was seeking a stock market listing through a public share offer to institutional and retail investors.

A representative of Real Betis recently came to London

to sound out fund managers about a flotation. Tony Fraher, manager of Singer & Friedlander's football fund, said: "Real Betis is considering a London flotation. A Spanish lawyer representing Real Betis came to see me in London several months ago concerning the flotation. He phoned again a few weeks ago about coming to see me again."

Mr Fraher added: "They are certainly more likely to seek a listing now that they have spent a lot of money on Denilson."

Real Betis is Seville's main team and is one of the most suc-

cessful clubs in Spain behind Real Madrid and Barcelona. Analysts believe it could fetch a value of more than £100m.

The acquisition of Denilson, the Brazilian winger, from Sao Paulo makes him the world's most expensive player, ahead of his international team-mate Ronaldo, who was bought recently by Inter Milan of Italy for £16.5m from Barcelona. Denilson will be paid a huge salary of £18m over his 11-year contract.

Deportivo is also one of Spain's leading clubs. Ignacio Mur, Deportivo's general sec-

retary to the board, said: "We're preparing to come to the market because we believe such a project would be positive." He said it would give the club a solid financial base.

Deportivo is now seeking a financial adviser to study the viability of such a share sale and value the business. The club is believed to be in negotiations with NatWest Markets, although a deal has not yet been finalised.

Mr Mur said the club's owners viewed a flotation positively, although a final decision

had not been made. The Lara Bosch family currently owns most of the club and a public offer would not involve the sale of a majority of club's shares.

Deportivo is expected to post earnings of 8.4bn pesetas (£36m) in the 1997-1998 season, compared to losses of 16m pesetas last year, with debts falling to 1bn pesetas from 11bn pesetas.

There is likely to be a flood of football flotations in London and Europe over the next few years as clubs seek new funds to pay for star players on the promise of greater television revenues in the future.

Many leading clubs in Spain, Italy, Holland and Portugal are seriously considering coming to the market.

Atletico Madrid, the Spanish club which paid Middlesbrough £12m for Juninho, announced last week that it was considering a flotation. Financial director Alvaro Gomez said it would allow the club to finance new players and reduce debts.

Vicenza is set to become the first Italian football club to float on the Milan stock exchange. Dutch club PSV Eindhoven, Portuguese clubs Benfica, Oporto and Sporting Lisbon, and Italian giants AC Milan, Inter Milan and Bologna are all eyeing up flotations.

## Southampton set for £50m move

Southampton Leisure, the owner of Southampton football club, said yesterday it was confident it would receive planning permission from local authorities in Hampshire to build a new £50m stadium by the end of the year, writes Andrew Yates.

Rupert Lowe, Southampton's chairman, said: "We are very optimistic that this scheme will go through. We have already got outline planning permission."

Southampton also said it would make money available to its new team manager, David Jones, to buy more players,

despite announcing a loss of £910,000 for the 14 months to May after splashing out nearly £1.5m on players last season.

"We have to balance the danger of relegation against the need to finance a new stadium. We have to defy gravity and compete with clubs that have a turnover five or six times bigger than ours," said Mr Lowe.

Analysts believe the loss of Graeme Souness, the former Liverpool and Scotland player who resigned as manager of the club earlier this year just 10 months into a three-year con-

tract, cost Southampton £600,000. It had to pay Stockport County compensation to secure the services of Mr Jones.

It has also had to make redundancy payments following a clear out of some of the staff that Mr Souness brought in to help him run the club. Mr Lowe is considering claiming compensation from Mr Souness but described legal action as "unlikely".

The new 25,000 all-seater stadium will include new conference facilities and hospitality boxes and is located next to the motorway, mainline station and

airport. The complex will also house a gymnasium and athletics track and probably a multiplex cinema and restaurants.

The club is seeking a grant from the National Lottery to help fund the project. Analysts say it will still probably have to issue more shares to pay for the new stadium.

The Dell, Southampton's existing ground, is likely to be developed into houses. The club also owns 41 acres of land nearby on which Bovis, the housebuilder, is looking to build a housing estate.

### IN BRIEF

#### C&W shakes up Far Eastern operations

Cable & Wireless is to reorganise the running of its Far Eastern and Pacific operations. Rod Olsen, deputy chief executive, is to move to Sydney to run a beefed-up head office in 1998, while a new chief executive has been appointed to run Optus, the Australian telecommunications and cable TV business in which C&W has a 49 per cent stake. Chris Anderson, chief executive of Television New Zealand, will take over at the helm of Optus. Peter Howell-Davies, the current chief executive who moved to Australia from Mercury earlier this year, is to relocate elsewhere with C&W.

#### Boss of troubled Azian quits

The chief executive of Azian, the troubled computer services group, has resigned from the board following the discovery of accounting irregularities at the company in June. Christian Martin has also waived his right for compensation though Azian said he was not personally implicated in the current investigation. Azian's shares were suspended in June following the discovery of the accounting problems.

#### Paradigm winding up order sought

The Department of Trade and Industry has applied for a winding up order against the Paradigm Organisation, a multi-level marketing business, saying the scheme was against the public interest. Paradigm operated a money circulation scheme under which members were invited to pay £200 and receive discounted products such as cosmetics and crockery. Paradigm had 2,800 members and had taken £640,000 in joining fees. The scheme was set up by distributors in Meridian America (UK), a similar multi-level marketing scheme wound up by the DTI in March.

#### Ivory & Sime casts around for growth

Edinburgh-based fund manager Ivory & Sime has hired DLJ Phoenix Securities to advise it on means to grow its business which could include an enlargement of the group. Ivory & Sime, which has seen funds under management fall by 30 per cent in the past year, will look to merge with or be acquired by a strategic partner, according to a source close to the situation who asked not to be named. The fund manager would consider an alliance with a life insurance company, a bank or a building society or potentially a US fund manager seeking an interest in Britain.

#### Marling agrees to £31m offer

Marling, the seatbelt webbing company has agreed to a £31m cash offer from its main customer and shareholder, Autoliv, the Swedish auto seatbelt and airbag giant. Autoliv, which owns 20 per cent of Marling, is offering to pay 17p a share, a 70 per cent premium to the group's pre-bid price. Shares in Marling, which have underperformed the market by over 30 per cent in the last 12 months, closed up ahead at 16p.

#### £39m bid for Sheriff accepted

Ashted Group, the plant hire group, made an agreed £39m bid for its rival, Sheriff. Ashted said its 153 profit centres would be combined with Sheriff's 51 depots, and that the enlarged group would demonstrate "substantial" performance improvements by eliminating overheads and other costs. Ashted said it expected to reduce Sheriff's cost base by at least £2m each year.

## Outbreak of peace boosts EMU

Magnus Grimond

This week's outbreak of peace and love between Chancellor Helmut Kohl and the new French prime minister, Lionel Jospin, has only marginally increased the likelihood of monetary union proceeding on time, according to our panel.

Eric Fishwick of Nikko Europe said Thursday's first meeting between the two political leaders, which led to new commitments to push the project forward, produced only platitudes. He still expected the Bundesbank to tighten monetary policy over the next month or two, given its concerns over inflation, but not enough to knock EMU off course.

That would require a 1 to 1.5 percentage point jump in rates, whereas he reckoned that the repo rate at which the central bank lends to other banks, currently 3 per cent, would rise by anywhere between 0.25 and 0.4 per cent by the year-end.

In fact, not much seems to have happened in the past week to separate the bulls from the more sceptical in our team. Bruce Kasman of JP Morgan continues to be one of the most optimistic members of the panel, suggesting not much is likely to knock EMU off course until the Italian budget due at the end of next month.

Negotiations between the government and trade unions over pension reform will be important in deciding the outcome there.

In fact, both Mr Kasman and Martin Brooks of Goldman Sachs suggested that things looked to be going pretty smoothly for EMU ahead of next month's meeting of European finance ministers.

### Who will be in EMU? The financial markets' view

The stronger other countries get to the dotted line (Germany) the more likely they are to join EMU.

Long term interest rates

Percentage points

42

Italy

UK

France

Spain

Portugal

Belgium

Netherlands

Austria

Finland

Greece

Ireland

Sweden

Denmark

Poland

Czech Republic

Slovakia

Slovenia

Hungary

Romania

Bulgaria

Greece

Turkey

Cyprus

Malta

Other

Probability EMU starts by 1999

Probability EMU delayed

Probability EMU never happens

(85% last week)

(20% last week)

(20% last week)

One of the few who has

upped his probability for EMU

keeping to its 1999 timetable

was Robert Lind of ABN Amro.

He pointed to the comments by

Hans Tietmeyer, the Bundes-

bank president, that the central

bank would have to take ac-

count of European considera-

tions in setting monetary policy.

Given his relative closeness to

Chancellor Kohl and the

French, Mr Lind said: "This tells

me clearly that Bundesbank

policy is not being driven by the

German economy but by the po-

litical dynamic of what would be

more acceptable to the French."

## DUNFERMLINE BUILDING SOCIETY

### INVESTMENT INTEREST RATES from 1 September 1997

Premium Plus* (Including Bonus Interest)	Interest payable annually GROSS RATES	NET RATES† (ILLUSTRATIVE)
£100,000 - £99,999	7.15%	5.72%
£50,000 - £49,999	6.95%	5.56%
£25,000 - £24,999	6.80%	5.28%
£5,000 - £4,999	6.20%	4.96%

Premium Shares	Interest payable annually GROSS RATES	NET RATES† (ILLUSTRATIVE)
£100,000 - £99,999	6.05%	4.84%
£50,000 - £49,999	5.85%	4.68%
£25,000 - £24,999	5.45%	4.36%
£10,000 - £9,999	4.95%	3.96%
£5,000 - £4,999	4.55%	3.64%
£500 - £499	4.05%	3.24%

Dunfermline Tessa (Sixth Issue)	Interest payable annually GROSS RATES	NET RATES† (ILLUSTRATIVE)
£9,000 - £8,999	7.20%	
£6,000 - £5,999	7.05%	
£3,000 - £2,999	6.85%	
£1,000 - £999	6.35%	

Dunfermline Tessa (Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth Issues)	Interest payable annually GROSS RATES	NET RATES† (ILLUSTRATIVE)
£3,000 - £2,999	7.60%	
£100 - £99	6.60%	

Dunfermline Gold	Interest payable annually GROSS RATES	NET RATES† (ILLUSTRATIVE)
£25,000 - £24,999	4.70%	3.76%
£10,000 - £9,999	4.40%	3.52%
£5,000 - £4,999	4.15%	3.32%
£2,500 - £2,499	3.90%	3.12%
£500 - £499	3.65%	2.92%
£100 - £99	0.75%	0.60%

Dunfermline Direct**	Interest payable annually GROSS RATES	NET RATES† (ILLUSTRATIVE)
£50,000 - £49,999	7.45%	5.96%
£25,000 - £24,999	7.25%	5.80%
£10,000 - £9,999	6.95%	5.56%
£5,000 - £4,999	6.25%	5.00%
£2,000 - £1,999	5.35%	4.28%

HeadStart Account	Interest payable annually GROSS RATES	NET RATES† (ILLUSTRATIVE)
£1 or more	3.70%	2.96%

Please note that all rates for all the accounts featured are variable.

**PREMIUM PLUS\***  
Interest rates for this account include bonus interest of 0.50% gross p.a. payable if no more than one withdrawal (not exceeding £10,000) is made in the year prior to the annual interest due date of 30 September.

**INTEREST PAYABLE OTHER THAN ANNUALLY**  
Where interest on Premium and Premium Plus Accounts is payable monthly (or on Premium Account half yearly) the above annual rates are reduced by 0.50% gross.

**OTHER INVESTMENT ACCOUNTS**  
The rates of interest payable on Gold Deposits, Treasurers Deposits and Special Deposits for Charities and Exempt Pension Funds follow the tiers and rates shown above for Dunfermline Gold, except for balances in excess of £50,000 where the rate will be 5.25% gross p.a. Taxpayer Accounts interest rates are equivalent to Dunfermline Gold across all tiers.

\*\*Dunfermline Direct Accounts only available by post from the Society's Head Office.

Dunfermline ScotGold Accounts for not ordinarily resident UK citizens only are available on application to the Society's Head Office.

Details of the rates of interest applicable to all other investment accounts (including closed issues) are available from any branch office.

**TAX ARRANGEMENTS**  
Interest will be paid or credited after deduction of income tax at the lower rate of 20% on, subject to the required certification, gross. Please note, you may be liable to pay tax at a higher rate depending on your tax position. Where the tax deducted exceeds an investor's tax liability (if any) a claim may be made to the Inland Revenue for repayment of tax. For details and a registration form for payment of interest gross, please see Inland Revenue leaflet IR110. (The net rates quoted are for illustrative purposes and assume a relevant rate of tax of 20%.)

For further information on the Society's investment services write to the Society at the address below or call in to any branch office.

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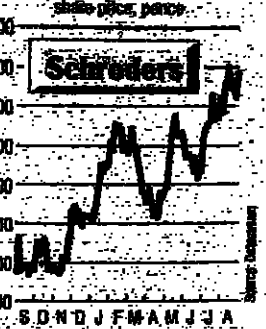


## market report / shares

## Data Bank

FTSE 100	4817.5 - 27.9
FTSE 250	4603.4 - 18.0
FTSE 350	2327.8 - 12.7
SEAO	697.4m
VOLUME	40,860
Index	N/A

## Share spotlight



## Utilities confirm status as a haven in time of trouble

Utilities, regarded as safe havens in times of stress and strain, featured as the rest of the market struggled to come to terms with the turmoil that has erupted in the Far East and more signs US interest rates will be forced higher.

At this time of year electricity and water shares can expect a joyous run as they move into their close season ahead of interim results which start to flow in October.

Yesterday utilities also received the benefit of their solid, unexciting but high-yield

status. Just the investment for what some see as the beginning of unsettled times.

National Power, up 11p at 568p, led the charge. Severn Trent, 5p to 877.5p, and South West Water, 10p to 811.5p, were others higher. So was British Energy with a 5p gain to 171.5p.

Even BG, which could announce a dividend next month together with a £1bn buy-back rose 4.5p to 270p, a peak.

Elsewhere the picture was much more subdued with Footsie off 27.9 points at 4817.5. At one time it was down 60.2.



## MARKET REPORT

## DEREK PAIN

stock market reporter of the year

Again HSBC and Standard Chartered took much of the Pacific risk. HSBC fell 47.5p to 836.5p. HSBC lost 40.5p to 1,920p. In two days Standard has fallen 150p; HSBC 191p.

Others under the Tiger whip included Foreign & Colonial Pacific, the investment group, off 8p at 142.5p.

Grandmet reached 625.5p and Guinness 621p.

Schroders, the investment group reporting on Friday, rose 10p to 1,892.5p. Interim profits of around £130m are expected against £115.9m last time.

BTR, the struggling conglomerate, was another in up-beat mood. The arrival of former SmithKline Beecham chief executive Bob Bauman as chairman designate spurred the shares 9.5p to 218p.

Marling, an industrial textile group, was another in takeover action. The shares rose 6p to 16p following an agreed £1m offer from a Swedish group, Autoliv.

Harvester International, the hotel chain, fell 4.5p to 128p on the takeover that never was. The company said an approach had been made which had not led to an offer and no talks were taking place. The potential bidder is thought to be Jarvis Hotels.

Still awaiting the signalled bid Boosey & Hawkes added 40p to 1,035p. TIG, the old Thorn Lighting, brightened 3p to 106.5p as shareholder Walsall conglomerate was said to be preparing to strike.

On-Demand Information, an online publisher, fell 2p to 8p; last year the shares were

217.5p. It said it would not hit its target of breaking even next year and chairman founder and majority shareholder Graham Poulter is to quit. The company may seek a bid.

Selector, an Israeli company lost 10.5p to 49.5p. It was floated last year at 66p. A profit warning did the damage. Its FOB-stop shut-off valve has been delayed. The device is aimed at saving pub landlords 1.5 litres of wasted beer when kegs are changed.

Photobition, supplying photographic and printing services, hardened 25p to 662.5p, a peak. The shares have come up from 293.5p since November. The group has acquired graphics business Scana-chrome for up to £3m.

Chairman Eddie Marchbanks said current year sales were running 40 per cent higher and margins were "significantly better".

## Taking Stock

□ Biotrace International, a small hygiene monitoring company, should provide evidence of a sharp turnaround in its fortunes next week. Mark Paddon at NatWest Securities is looking for interim profits of £200,000 against a £120,000 loss. For the year he expects a £650,000 profit, the first for a long while. Refocusing and cost-cutting by new management, plus strong demand as regulatory requirements tighten, are behind the revival. The shares held at 90p.

□ Po Na Na, the oddly-named late night bar chain traded on Oxfex, is set to roll out profits of £1m this year against £411,000 last time, believes Nigel Popham at stockbroker Teather & Greenwood. He looks for £2m next year. The shares fell 2p to 63p. At one time they were 15p.

## Share Price Data

Prices are in sterling except where stated. The yield is last year's dividend, grossed up by 20 per cent, as a percentage of the share price. The price/earnings (P/E) ratio is the share price divided by last year's earnings per share, excluding exceptional items.

Other details: Ex-dividend is £1 divided by 25p. For details of the FTSE 100, see page 233.

Printed once each year. To access the latest financial reports call 0800 123 333 followed by one of the two-digit codes below.

Source: FT Information

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01 FTSE 100 - Real-time 02 FTSE 250 - Real-time 03 FTSE 350 - Real-time

04 UK Company News 05 UK Company News 06 UK Company News

07 Foreign Exchange 08 Foreign Exchange 09 Foreign Exchange

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# Dragonada to fire for Cecil

**Racing**  
**GREG WOOD**

That old line about the "glorious uncertainty" of racing has been looking a little shaky over the past couple of days. First, on Thursday, Ladbrokes revealed that profits from its betting shops had risen again (by no less than 43 per cent), while yesterday, Frankel Dettori's appeal against a five-day suspension for irresponsible riding, arguably one of the most optimistic cases ever to be considered by the Jockey Club's Discipline Committee, was duly thrown out after a minimum of consideration.

Dettori will miss five days' racing from Monday, though it is anyone's guess whether he would have bothered to travel to Hamilton that day in any case, and will return to action at Haydock Park a week today, no doubt with a winner or two to make up on Kieren Fallon in the jockeys' title race.

Fallon has just four rides at Ripon today, while Dettori has a full book of seven at Sandown, but it is the Irishman who may profit, thanks to a series of large and fiercely competitive fields at the southern course.

Which rather brings us back to the ballooning profits from Ladbrokes' betting shops, since the three handicaps and single trappy conditions event televised by Channel 4 from Sandown are just the sort of races which draw punters in, regardless of the bookies' enormous profit margin and the relatively tiny chance that backers will escape unscathed. Ladbrokes claim that the 43 per cent rise in profits (up from £27.2m to £38.9m) is mainly due to the introduction of fruit machines and the Lottery-style 49s numbers game, but figures like these should still give punters cause to stop and think before risking their cash on a 20-1 runner handicap.

The place to start, then, is the Atalanta Stakes, a Listed event for fillies, although even here there are 14 runners to contend

with. Several are well exposed, however, and it will be a surprise if the prize does not fall to one of the lightly raced three-year-olds, with Hirasah and Egoli the two which catch the eye. Both have clearly been difficult to train, with Egoli making her debut just 16 days ago, while Hirasah was getting plenty of weight that day, though, and a line through Cape Cross gives DRAGONADA (nap 3.05) every chance of emerging victorious.

Henry Cecil's filly was beaten two and a half lengths by the same horse at Goodwood earlier this month in receipt of just 1lb, before failing to get home over 10 furlongs at Salisbury.

The sprint handicap is also relatively manageable, and with the stalls on the inside, the draw may play little part in the outcome. Dettori may have his best chance of a winner here, on the top weight Moon Strike, but it is the three-year-old Soviet Leader (next 3.40), at the other end of the handicap, who should find this stiff five furlongs ideal. Another improving runner from the same group, Royal Castle (4.10) makes some

appeal in the stayers' event, but the 10-furlong bookmaker-sponsored handicap which follows looks beyond solution. A bonus for amateur punters — and in particular for the winning owner — is coverage of the 'Internationals' Stakes at the Curragh. This is an event restricted to graduates of last September's yearling sale at Fairyhouse, with £150,000 in the purse, and an race, which has proved something of a benefit for British yards, with four wins in its first seven runnings.

Little wonder, then, that no fewer than a dozen British-trained juveniles will make the trip today, including four (Daunting Lady, Another Fantasy, Honey Storm and Stately Princess) from stables with previous wins in the race. Aidan O'Brien supplies six of the remaining 18 runners.

There is a strong British presence too in the Group Two Grand Prix de Deauville tomorrow, with just one French runner taking on three from the other side of the Channel. The best of them appears to be Lord Of Men, who could send Dettori into his five-day break with yet another Pattern race to his credit.

## Little Indian on Guineas trail

The Sean Woods-trained Little Indian earned a 33-1 quote for the 1996 2,000 Guineas after sweeping aside Tracking and Haami, representatives of the Henry Cecil and John Dunlop stables respectively, in yesterday's Solario Stakes at Sandown.

Haami had been third favourite for the Guineas but has since been removed from the betting after failing to match Little Indian's strong late run up the hill.

"Little Indian will have one more run this season, probably in the Racing Post Trophy," Woods said. "He needs racing and is still learning."

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**SANDOWN**  
3.05 EGOLI has had knee problems and her odds drifted badly before her debut here two weeks ago (7/1). But she was easily and this well-connected filly has a plenty of potential. Stablemate Apache Star must be a danger. She is capable of delivering a strong late challenge and is pursuing a last-race. Dragonada was beaten five lengths into second place by Dast Dancer at Salisbury last time, but the latter has since won a Group Three contest at Deauville.

**HYPERION**  
4.10 ROYAL CASTLE (nap) 4.45 Patriot Games 5.20 Khasinat El Dar

**GOING:** Good to Soft: round course — Good to places; 5 furlongs — Soft in places. Penetration rating 4.5.

**STALLS:** 5 furlongs — inside; 10 furlongs — outside; rest — inside.

**DRAW ADVANTAGE:** Good for 7/1 & 11/1.

**RIGHT-HEADED:** None. Separate stall for 4.10.

**CLIMATE:** 21-22°C, 14-15°C. Breeze: 10-12 mph. Rain: 0-1 mm. Visibility: 10-12 miles. Humidity: 60-70%.

**WEATHER:** Partly cloudy. Wind: 10-12 mph. Rain: 0-1 mm. Visibility: 10-12 miles. Humidity: 60-70%.

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# Smith points Kent in right direction

**Cricket**  
DAVID LLEWELLYN  
reports from Portsmouth  
Hampshire  
Kent

As worthy as Ed Smith's maiden Championship century might be, and as notable as was the opening stand of 170—the county's first century partnership for the first wicket in this Championship season—what Kent really needs is precious points if they are to maintain their challenge for the title, especially since they

failed to pick up maximum bowling points. They have to reach an agreement with Hampshire to have a chance of salvaging something out of this soggy game.

While the weather relented a little yesterday, there were still a few clouds surrounding the outcome of this match. There was not so much as a sniff of intrigue or connivance in the air. The situation developed because of time lost to rain and was exacerbated by an amiable pitch which allowed both sides to gather runs at will. That was certainly the case with Smith and his partner, David Fulton.

By the time Smith departed, caught and bowled by Simon Renshaw, no one was in any doubt about the burgeoning talent of this 20-year-old.

Smith and Fulton went to open for Sevenoaks Vine in the Kent League and certainly played well off each other. Smith, in particular, looked at ease. The Cambridge Blue, who led the national batting averages for a time this season, was in good touch, reaching his hundred off 157 balls, with the help of 16 sweetly struck fours. Fulton, who made his first-class debut five years ago, has yet

to score a Championship hundred so his caution was understandable, but the county's needs also had to be considered and he did seem to become rather bogged down towards the close.

Earlier, the Hampshire lower order had feasted. The Kent attack flogged away for much of the morning and a sizeable period of the afternoon trying for that elusive final bowling point, but they were past the 120-over mark before they picked off the last two wickets.

After the captain, John Stephenson, had spent 20 overs adding 22 to his overnight 54,

Kent met further resistance in an unlikely quarter. Shaun Udal plies his trade as an off-spinner and this summer he recorded his maiden first-class hundred. On the evidence here, a second century may not be far away.

It was not as if there was any joke bowling to contend with. Dean Headley, Mark Ealham and Paul Strang are all Test-class bowlers while Ben Phillips is a promising player and Matthew Fleming is perfectly capable of niggling and nudging out better batsmen.

Udal showed scant regard for reputations. If the odd edge flew

dangerously close to Kent hands, there were still enough genuine shots in front of the wicket, including a straight six off the spinner Strang, to suggest that Udal has plenty to offer with the bat.

His disappointment at falling nine runs short of three figures would have been short-lived; he had scored at virtually a run a ball and his tally also included a five (thanks to four overthrows) and 13 fours, and he helped put on 113 for the ninth wicket with Renshaw, who looks another useful looking wielder of the willow.

# Harrington putts way towards cup

**Golf**  
ANDY FARRELL  
reports from Munich

When the only certainty is that nothing is certain, the best policy is usually to carry on as normal. Padraig Harrington, one of those in the painful position of being on the cusp of Ryder Cup qualification, has tried to do exactly that at the BMW International here, and after two rounds found himself in the lead.

"I don't know what I have to do," said Harrington, a qualified accountant who has left his calculator at home. "A few people have tried to tell me but I just know I have to play well."

A second-round 64 took him to 14 under par, one ahead of the overnight leader, Fabrice Sanguet. The Irishman is 12th in the Ryder Cup points list and needs a top-five finish to overtake the injured Miguel Martin. But there are the others to consider. Of those holding positions in the top 10, Ignacio Garrido missed the cut, though he should be safe, Costantino Rocca came home in 31 to qualify on the five-under mark, and Thomas Bjorn scored a 65 to be 11 under.

The prime chaser, Jose Maria Olazabal, also only qualified at five under after a 72, which contained 34 putts. "It could not have been worse," he said of his day on the greens. "This is the third time a cut this low has been seen on the European Tour, after this event in 1992 at the same Munchen Nord course and the German Open last year."

Despite a 66, Sam Torrance was on his way home, and giving up the dream of a ninth match, along with Joakim Haeggman and David Gifford. But still in with a chance are Peter Baker, at 12 under, along with Colin Montgomerie, Mark

James, at 10 under after a 64, and Paul Broadhurst, one further back. "If Peter can win and Padraig come second, they will be assets to the team. Ollie will get a wildcard," Montgomerie said. "They are both very good putters and that is always dangerous in matchplay."

Harrington and Bjorn were playing together with James, who could not recall playing in a three-ball that was 23 under par for the day and 35 under for the first two rounds. James played his first nine in 30 while Bjorn, who has not dropped a stroke in two rounds, was lagging behind until he had birdies at the last four holes.

James, whose appearance at Oak Hill was his seventh in the Ryder Cup, enjoyed his round with two stars of the new generation. "Thomas is very solid," James said, "hits the ball a long way and chips and putts well. Padraig hits a few more bad shots, but when his short game is on, it is one of the best on tour—in the class of Langer and Ballesteros."

Harrington holed from outside 15 feet for five of his nine birdies and in all had 11 single putts greens. "It's going to sound strange but I didn't play as well as yesterday. I didn't feel great swing-wise and I was delighted to be three under after nine."

As a three-times Walker Cup player, Harrington has known this situation before. "With the Walker Cup selectors it was like waiting for a train," he said. "At least with the Ryder Cup you can see how you are doing in the points table. I haven't been happy with my game for two weeks and, with my coach here, I've been trying to think about my own game. That's all you can do." He added: "I'm making the effort to appear like I'm coping with it all well."

Source: Digest, page 27

# Puzzling Essex drop out of sight

**Henry Blofeld**  
Essex 178 & 101  
Warwickshire 237 & 43-2  
Warwick won by eight wickets

Inspector Frost would have sent this match to forensics, if not pathology. At the half-way stage of the season Essex seemed a better bet than most for the County Championship. Since then things have turned sour, but nothing has been worse than their second innings against Warwickshire, whom they play today week in the NatWest final.

Their first innings would have been bad enough and they were only brought back into the match by Peter Such, who took six for 94 in 30 overs. Warwickshire's lead of 59 looked useful rather than anything more, and yet in no time Essex were 42 for 6 in their second innings.

Certainly there was an uneven bounce and Allan Donald was decidedly sharp at the start. Nonetheless, the impetus for this collapse came from within. Essex would surely never have batted like this six weeks ago—but then maybe they would have done, and that is why they are no longer in the hunt.

There was a curious mixture of dismissals. In the third over Tim Hodgson tried to push Donald to extra cover and was caught behind. In the fourth, Darren Robinson played back and across the line to Dougie Brown and was lbw when he should have been forward.

The score was still only one when, two balls later, Stuart Law went back and, in trying to slash Brown square on the off-side, was caught behind. It became 13 for four when Nasser Hussain played half-forward to Donald, was hit low on the front pad and was lbw. Paul Grayson then gently drove a long hop from Neil Smith off the back foot to extra cover.

There was no reason for it all. Danny Law, who has had a most disappointing first season with Essex, straight drove Smith for six before being lbw swinging horrendously across the line at Ashley Giles. Ian Flanagan, who is only 17 and looked as composed as anyone, was bowled by Giles's quicker ball and on the point of tea Robert Rollins pulled Giles to wide mid-on.

The innings ended in the third over after tea, with Essex bowled out for their lowest score since the NatWest final last year, when Lancashire dismissed them for 57. It was hardly the build-up they would have wanted, either, for this year's final. Warwickshire were left to score 43 for victory.



Beyond the boundary: Spectators enjoy the sunshine during Harrogate's innings at Lord's yesterday

Photograph: David Ashdown

# Halsall's ale and hearty performance

A lusty blow away from the room where Michael Atherton was reconfirming his commitment to England's cause, Eastbourne Cricket Club were proving that there is more to the Sussex club scene than the main strip at Brighton.

Eastbourne made a confident Lord's debut yesterday when they defeated an outclassed Harrogate in the National Club Knock-out Final.

The team from Yorkshire were the marginal pre-match favourites and chose to bat after winning the toss. East-

bourne, who had won all eight qualifying rounds by batting second, accepted the invitation to field first and proceeded to tear into the Harrogate batting line-up.

A sparkling fielding performance dashed any Yorkshire hopes that the south-coast men would be either elderly or infirm. Eastbourne's Paul Hacker set the match on its subsequent course by trapping Harrogate's opener John Proud leg before. It was a major disappointment for Proud, who had scored 111 not out in his

**Matthew Slater raises a glass to Eastbourne's success at Lord's**

side's semi-final win, but he was soon joined under his dark sky by the majority of his teammates. The only Harrogate batsman who looked at all at ease was Simon Kippax, whose rapid 41 helped the Yorkshire side reach 158 all out.

The total never looked like being enough and this was con-

firmed by the forthright approach of Eastbourne's openers Richard Halsall and Paul Stevens. Both players completed fine half centuries, before Stevens, who had also kept wicket with some panache, fell for 63 with the score on 135.

The remaining 24 runs required for victory were rattled off in sprightly fashion with Halsall, unbeaten on 82 hitting the winning runs.

Mark Nicholas, the man of the match adjudicator and former Hampshire captain, was left the difficult task of picking one

performance from a host of worthy candidates. The player who he felt best deserved his weight in Abbot Ale was Halsall, but the 13st 7lb of beer probably got no further than the jubilant dressing-room.

As for Harrogate there was only the M1 and next year to look forward to. If it is any consolation to the travelling support their occupation of the Tavern pub forced the press corps to move out to the pub across the road.

**NATIONAL CLUB KNOCK-OUT FINAL** Harrogate 158; Eastbourne 169 for 1 (R Halsall 82, P Stevens 63). Eastbourne win by nine wickets.

# Century from Kallis boosts Middlesex

**ROUND-UP**  
Jacques Kallis scored his third century of the season as Middlesex took up Worcestershire's challenge to open up a rain-affected County Championship match at Kidderminster yesterday.

The South African opener made 115 not out and shared in an unbroken stand of 206 with Mark Ramprakash to take the visitors into a lead of 207 with nine second-innings wickets in hand. Bunting conditions tilted back in favour of batsmen with only two wickets falling in the day. Worcestershire added 161

before declaring at 251 for 5, and Middlesex progressed rapidly to 206 for 11 in 57 overs.

Initially the onus rested with Worcestershire, fifth in the table and hoping to close a 20-point gap on leaders Glamorgan. After crawling to 90 for 4 overnight, they were given new impetus by David Leatherdale's unbeaten 88.

Gavin Hastings (29) made only a limited contribution to a stand of 69, but Leatherdale hit 10 fours in topping 50 for the sixth time in his most successful summer for the county. Steve Rhodes was equally positive with a six off Phil Tufnell and five fours as he reached 59

not out in a partnership of 112 before skipper Tom Moody sacrificed bonus points in search of victory.

Middlesex lost Jason Pooley to the second ball—a 49th victim of the season for Alungr Sherryar—but the second wicket pair galloped along at nearly four runs an over. Kallis romped to 50 in 67 balls and reached three figures in 160 minutes with 20 fours, the last an edge through the slips of Sherryar. Ramprakash played the secondary role for an unbeaten 72 in 163 balls.

Yorkshire's hopes of closing in on their first Championship since 1968 were lifted yesterday

by the possible return of veteran seamer Peter Hartley for the title run-in.

The 37-year-old has been out of action since undergoing a hernia operation after playing in the NatWest quarter-final defeat against Glamorgan at Cardiff on 29 July, and he was not expected to figure again this season.

He has made a rapid recovery, however, and could return in tomorrow's AXA Life League Roses match against Lancashire at Old Trafford after coming successfully through a net session this week.

"I wanted to play for the second team at Bradford this week

but it was felt that it might be too soon," said Hartley, who has claimed 23 Championship wickets this season.

"I am feeling good and so far there has been no sign of any reaction. It is possible that I will be available for Sunday, but if not, I would certainly hope to be ready for the Championship game against Worcestershire next week."

Hartley's return would be a major fillip for Yorkshire, since he was struck down after an inflamed left knee against Northamptonshire at the beginning of the month.

# Germans extend their domination

**Equestrianism**  
GENEVIEVE MURPHY  
reports from Mannheim

Germany were convincing winners of the team title at the European Show Jumping Championships here yesterday, with Britain dropping back to third place after being overtaken by the Netherlands.

The Germans now hold virtually all the major honours the sport has to offer, having taken both team and individual gold medals at the last Olympics and the World Equestrian Games. Ludger Beerbaum, now in the lead for the individual championship to be decided here tomorrow, could add another European title to give Germany a monopoly of current honours.

Ludger Beerbaum and his younger brother, Markus, were the architects of yesterday's win in which both contributed double clear rounds. The Dutch riders, third overnight, mounted a strong challenge with three clear rounds at their first attempt over a big course, but they were unable to catch the home team.

British riders had dropped back in the first round, with one mistake from Geoff Billington on Virtual Village 1's Otto and

Robert Smith on Senator Tees Hanauer, plus two each from the Whitaker brothers—Michael on Ashley and John on Welham.

Billington and Smith were clear at their second attempts, but Michael Whitaker had another fence down on Ashley while his elder brother, John, had a refusal at the last of the 14 fences on Welham.

John had accelerated to the water, the 13th obstacle, and he therefore took a pull to regain control as he came to the last. But Welham over-reacted and stopped. Though he cleared the fence at the second attempt, he added two time faults to the three incurred for the refusal which gave him the discard score.

Smith, who is riding on a senior championship team for the first time, is now best of the British in eighth place individually, but his chances of gaining a medal in tomorrow's final leg of the championships look slender.

Ludger Beerbaum is not clearing his children, especially with Hugo Simon, a behind him on E.T. But the German does have more than four faults (the cost of one error) in hand over the Austrian and his mount, the mare Sprehe Ratina, has not put a foot wrong so far.

Results, Digest, page 27

# British Assurance County Championship

Derbyshire v Somerset

Derbyshire (21st) won by 10 wickets. Somerset won toss. Derbyshire 218 & 101; Somerset 237 & 43-2. Derbyshire won by eight wickets.

Derbyshire's first innings 218 (M Cresswell 78, P A J Deane 53, S J Lacey 52, A R Cresswell 4-80). Somerset's first innings 101 (M Cresswell 4-80). Derbyshire's second innings 101 (M Cresswell 4-80). Somerset's second innings 43-2 (M Cresswell 4-80).

# Gloucestershire v Nottinghamshire

Gloucestershire (21st) won by 10 wickets.

Gloucestershire's first innings 218 (M Cresswell 78, P A J Deane 53, S J Lacey 52, A R Cresswell 4-80). Nottinghamshire's first innings 101 (M Cresswell 4-80). Gloucestershire's second innings 101 (M Cresswell 4-80). Nottinghamshire's second innings 43-2 (M Cresswell 4-80).

# Essex v Warwickshire

Essex (21st) won by 10 wickets.

Essex's first innings 178 (S Lacey 54, A A Donald 5-50). Warwickshire's first innings 237 (M Cresswell 78, P A J Deane 53, S J Lacey 52, A R Cresswell 4-80). Essex's second innings 101 (M Cresswell 4-80). Warwickshire's second innings 43-2 (M Cresswell 4-80).

# Leicestershire v Lancashire

Leicestershire (21st) won by 10 wickets.

Leicestershire's first innings 218 (M Cresswell 78, P A J Deane 53, S J Lacey 52, A R Cresswell 4-80). Lancashire's first innings 101 (M Cresswell 4-80). Leicestershire's second innings 101 (M Cresswell 4-80). Lancashire's second innings 43-2 (M Cresswell 4-80).

# Northamptonshire v Durham

Northamptonshire (21st) won by 10 wickets.

Northamptonshire's first innings 218 (M Cresswell 78, P A J Deane 53, S J Lacey 52, A R Cresswell 4-80). Durham's first innings 101 (M Cresswell 4-80). Northamptonshire's second innings 101 (M Cresswell 4-80). Durham's second innings 43-2 (M Cresswell 4-80).

# Worcestershire v Middlesex

Worcestershire (21st) won by 10 wickets.

Worcestershire's first innings 218 (M Cresswell 78, P A J Deane 53, S J Lacey 52, A R Cresswell 4-80). Middlesex's first innings 101 (M Cresswell 4-80). Worcestershire's second innings 101 (M Cresswell 4-80). Middlesex's second innings 43-2 (M Cresswell 4-80).

# Yorkshire v Kent

Yorkshire (21st) won by 10 wickets.

Yorkshire's first innings 218 (M Cresswell 78, P A J Deane 53, S J Lacey 52, A R Cresswell 4-80). Kent's first innings 101 (M Cresswell 4-80). Yorkshire's second innings 101 (M Cresswell 4-80). Kent's second innings 43-2 (M Cresswell 4-80).

# Derbyshire v Somerset

Derbyshire (21st) won by 10 wickets.

Derbyshire's first innings 218 (M Cresswell 78, P A J Deane 53, S J Lacey 52, A R Cresswell 4-80). Somerset's first innings 101 (M Cresswell 4-80). Derbyshire's second innings 101 (M Cresswell 4-80). Somerset's second innings 43-2 (M Cresswell 4-80).

# Gloucestershire v Nottinghamshire

Gloucestershire (21st) won by 10 wickets.

Gloucestershire's first innings 218 (M Cresswell 78, P A J Deane 53, S J Lacey 52, A R Cresswell 4-80). Nottinghamshire's first innings 101 (M Cresswell 4-80). Gloucestershire's second innings 101 (M Cresswell 4-80). Nottinghamshire's second innings 43-2 (M Cresswell 4-80).

# Essex v Warwickshire

Essex (21st) won by 10 wickets.

Essex's first innings 178 (S Lacey 54, A A Donald 5-50). Warwickshire's first innings 237 (M Cresswell 78, P A J Deane 53, S J Lacey 52, A R Cresswell 4-80). Essex's second innings 101 (M Cresswell 4-80). Warwickshire's second innings 43-2 (M Cresswell 4-80).

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# Northamptonshire v Durham

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# Freeze the action, silence the crowd, single out one player and give him time to think – and the pressure can prove too much

Three weeks into the season, several aggravations already; in particular, the haphazard nature of the fixture list due to international matches that cause nothing whatsoever to do with English football, and the ridiculous new rule that allows keepers to perform the equivalent of *Riverdance* on their line during penalty kicks.

Peter Schmeichel was the first to profit from the latter during the Charity Shield shoot-out, while Ian Walker did his best to spoil Teddy Sheringham's return to White Hart Lane. But if this new "initiative" gives a rare advantage to keepers (new directives are usually designed to make their game more difficult) then surely it penalises the team who've actually been wronged in the first place?

Bob Wilson thinks so. The former

Arsenal keeper says Fifa has "got it wrong; they're penalising those who should be rewarded. Anyway, it's only help keepers if the kicker takes a long run-up, because if the kicker just turns and hits it, the keeper won't have time to regain his balance".

As if taking a penalty wasn't hard enough already... even if you'd expect highly paid professional footballers to at least hit the target from 12 yards. But you can't, for instance, liken a penalty miss to a golfer failing to sink a three-foot putt at the final hole; golf is played to a silent gallery at a leisurely pace by one man with time to think, whereas football is a fluent sport played in front of the rowdy masses by 11 men, most of whom do things instinctively. Freeze the action, silence the crowd, single out one player and give him

time to think – and the pressure can prove too much.

Just ask Lee Bradbury. Manchester City's new £3m striker seems to have become infatuated by the same inferiority complex as the rest of the City players since arriving at Maine Road. He'd been firing blanks in Tuesday's Coca-Cola Cup tie against Blackpool before he was called on during the shoot-out, and looked a bag of nerves as he skied his kick. Mind you, it probably didn't help that he was facing a keeper called Banks who'd been performing heroics all night.

Some players thrive on the pressure. Alan Shearer, who says pressure is when his daughters can't sleep at night, wanted assurances from Manchester United that he could take the penalties if he joined them; now Eric



ON SATURDAY

Campana's mantle has passed to Sheringham, whose miss for United against Spurs wasn't the first penalty he's missed at White Hart Lane. Campana's accuracy from the spot was such that his only miss, against Leeds

last season, caused a huge stir among the football fraternity.

For all his apparent arrogance, Sheringham never fills me with the same conviction when he places the ball on the spot. Not like Francis Lee, whose record of scoring 13 penalties during one season (1972) still stands, or Burnley's Peter Noble, who scored 27 consecutive penalties between 1974 and 1979. Liverpool's Phil Neal was another clinical penalty-taker, as was Ray Stewart, who scored 76 for West Ham in the 1980s.

Stewart says he used to think about the keeper's strengths and weaknesses and practise in an empty net, which suggests he blanked the keeper. "I knew what I was up to," he concurs, "and whatever the keeper did wouldn't change my mind."

Stewart tended to opt for power, although he did place his most crucial penalty – West Ham's late equaliser against Liverpool in the 1981 League Cup final – and consequently remembers the ball as bouncing "at least 400 times".

His successor as West Ham's penalty king, Julian "Burst the Net" Dicks, but there are fewer specialists around today since teams seem to change their penalty-taker on the basis of one hit or miss. That Matt Le Tissier is among the most competent is ironic, since I wouldn't have described him as having the necessary characteristics: single-mindedness, focus and total self-confidence.

Millwall and Northampton missed seven consecutive kicks in their Coca-Cola shoot-out on Wednesday (which Millwall eventually won 2-0). "At that

stage in a game you just get your head down, and they either go in or they don't," Ian Aikins, the Northampton manager, said. "It just wasn't our day."

Unfortunately, certain players have paid the penalty for highly profile misses. "Not for the penalty," said Chris Waddle when asked how he'd like to be remembered. But perhaps Waddle just wasn't cut out to take penalties, and would be cheered by Pele's theory, that a penalty is "a cowardly way to score".

Johan Cruyff, who wouldn't have been fazed by the antics of any keeper, obviously did. I recall watching the footage of Cruyff passing the ball to a team-mate instead of shooting directly from the spot when Ajax won a penalty against Helmond Sport in 1982. Talk about making the easy things look difficult.

## Repeat show for 'Battle of Britain'

Football  
PHIL SHAW

The primordial passions stirred by meetings of major English and Scottish clubs are such that even a Champions' League draw which pairs Manchester United with Juventus, not to mention Newcastle with Barcelona, was overshadowed yesterday by the UEFA Cup collision of Celtic and Liverpool.

The tie was immediately, and predictably, dubbed the Battle of Britain, recalling epic European Cup victories by Celtic and Rangers over Leeds in 1970 and '92 respectively. But Celtic and Liverpool have their own history, dating back to a Cup-Winners' Cup semi-final that pitted Jock Stein's managerial wife against those of Bill Shankly in 1965.

As they will be next month, Celtic were at home in the first leg, winning 1-0 before 80,000 spectators. Five days later, thousands of Scots descended on Anfield, some reportedly bowing down in the streets before the green and white buses.

Liverpool won 2-0, but a disallowed "goal" sparked bottle-throwing from Celtic's fans in a 34,000 crowd. Tommy Lawrence, Shankly's goalkeeper, was said to have made £200 on the empty. This time, Liver-

pool may be unable to accommodate Celtic's supporters due to construction work on the Anfield Road End.

It was from Celtic, of course, that Liverpool prized Kenny Dalglish. And it was to Parkhead, for a match in aid of the victims of Hillsborough, that Dalglish took Liverpool two weeks after the disaster of 1989.

Now, in what traditionalists may regard as an excessive reward for guiding Newcastle to the runners-up spot, he can anticipate Champions' League group games against Barcelona, PSV Eindhoven and Dynamo Kiev. The meeting of Geordie and Catalan nations, as Sir John Hall would have it, is first up at St James' Park.

Newcastle's chief executive, Freddie Fletcher, spoke for Tyneside when he said: "Barcelona have that special, sexy reputation. When you think that we were fighting relegation [to the old Third Division] five years ago, this is all very exceptional."

For Manchester United, a double re-match with Juventus, who beat them 1-1 at home and away last autumn, offers the opportunity to show what they have learned in Europe.

"Our performance against Juventus at Old Trafford was very good and in the second half we were exceptional," Ferguson

said. "If the luck goes for us, who knows? But the whole thing could come down to when we go to Turin."

"We've got Juventus at home in the second game this time and if we get a result, that will breed confidence. We know now that we don't have to be afraid of them."

The trip to Feyenoord takes United back to Rotterdam, where they lifted the Cup-Winners' Cup in 1991. But given the reputation for violence of the Dutch club's followers, and the fact that England and Tottenham fans have rioted at the stadium, the fixture also raises security concerns.

First, though, United head into what for Ferguson is uncharted territory, Slovakia, to tackle a Kosice side beaten by a single, late Celtic goal over two legs a year ago.

In the UEFA Cup, where the English quartet are all at home in the second leg, Leicester's tussle with Atletico Madrid also provides a chance to settle a score from the Sixties. The tie brings Juninho back to Filbert Street, where the Brazilian scored for Middlesbrough in March.

In Leicester's only previous Continental campaign, 36 years ago, they lost 3-1 on aggregate to Atletico. This time, Martin O'Neill's managerial rival will be Raddy Antic, who was once with Luton but now works on a somewhat larger transfer budget than the Coca-Cola Cup winners.

Apart from Juninho, who cost £11m, the Yugoslav striker Christian Vieri. O'Neill is constantly seeking to lower expectations; in contrast, Antic's notoriously intolerant personality, Jesus Gil, expects Atletico to be closer to the double-winning standards of '96 than to last season's fifth place.

Arsenal's main problem against PAOK Salonika is likely to be how they transport Dennis Bergkamp – who has a phobia about flying – to Greece. Aston Villa play Bordeaux, who signed a two-year contract, Townsend, who is available for today's game at Tranmere, trained with his new team-mates yesterday.

"Andy is an experienced international footballer with exceptional qualities," Middlesbrough's manager, Bryan Robson, said. "We are very fortunate to have acquired someone of Andy's talent and status. Signing him shows our ambition and ability to attract top players."

Townsend, who has 70 caps, was a regular for Aston Villa last season, joins another surprising Boro capture, Paul Merson, who left Arsenal to go north during the summer.



Roy Hodgson, the Blackburn manager, remains calm

Photograph: Empics

## Townsend joins Middlesbrough

Andy Townsend has joined Middlesbrough in a £500,000 transfer from Aston Villa. The 34-year-old Republic of Ireland international has signed a two-year contract. Townsend, who is available for today's game at Tranmere, trained with his new team-mates yesterday.

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"I might be 34 but this is a great new challenge for me," Townsend said. "The North-east is an exciting place to be playing football just now."

Townsend's working group is to be filled by Robbie Earle, the Wembley midfielder. The group is taking evidence, analysing it and forming preliminary conclusions which will be presented to the full Task Force for subsequent submission to the Minister for Sport.

"I am delighted Robbie is in our line-up," the Task Force's head, David Mellor, said. "He is a fine footballer and a very fluid thinker. Working on the Task Force will broaden his horizons and he will certainly broaden ours."

Mark Robins, Leicester City's

27-year-old striker, had dropped down to the First Division, joining Reading on a month's loan. He cost Leicester £1m when he joined them from Norwich in January 1995.

Brighton's chairman-elect, Dick Knight, said yesterday that he plans to continue the search for a new home for the Third Division club after the Football League rejected plans to switch their headquarters from Gillingham to Millwall.

Portsmouth yesterday won the first leg of their High Court attempt to solve their goalkeeper problems. Mr Justice Ognall granted them leave to bring judicial review proceedings concerning the Department of Employment's decision to deny Australian keeper Zeljko Kalac a work permit.

## Hot Rovers reach for the coolant

Guy Hodgson looks ahead to a heated Premiership programme this weekend

One side effect of the stop-go start to the season has been the imbalance it has brought to the fledgling Premiership table. Chelsea have not played at home. Everton have not appeared away, while Derby County have yet to be seen in a good light.

All this has made the season's start more misleading than usual, but it has not stopped supporters of Blackburn Rovers beginning to shed the mourning cloth that has been the club's unofficial colours for two seasons. Suddenly the word "title" is being mentioned in East Lancashire without accompanying nostalgic sighs.

This is the consequence of a four-match unbeaten start that has taken them to the top of the Premiership and was last achieved in 1994-5, the year they won the championship. Compare that to 12 months ago when it was not until 3 November that they got a win and it is not surprising there has been a mood swing.

It has coincided with Roy Hodgson's appointment in the summer and the former Internazionale and Switzerland manager, while delighted, seems almost embarrassed at the praise being laid at his door.

"It's another three points towards getting away from the relegation trouble we suffered last year," he said after Monday's 7-2 rout of Sheffield Wednesday. Yesterday he was appealing for calm.

"It's very nice to be top of the table," he said, "but it's still early days. We mustn't get carried away and we have a very tough game at the weekend."

That will be provided by Crystal Palace who have been the great enigmas of the opening weeks. Wins at Everton and Leeds have promised much, defeats by Barnsley and Southampton suggested little.

Although their manager, Steve Coppell, was plighted after losing at The Dell on Wednesday. "As a coach you have to look at the performance as well as the results," he said, "and there was nothing wrong with the performance."

Coppell is likely to stick with the same side, which means Paul Warhurst will play against his old club for the first time since his £1.25m move.

Chasing Blackburn, just as they did in the championship year, are Manchester United whose priority this season is made apparent by the appearance of Andy Cole. Most man-

agers would have stuck with what they had after a 2-0 mid-week win over Everton that Alex Ferguson described as the best performance of the season. The first match in the Champions' League looms, however, so the United manager will give his fit-again striker a full game against Coventry City at Old Trafford. Paul Scholes will probably make way with the scant consolation of learning that Ferguson regarded dropping anyone as "a horrible decision".

Aston Villa's pre-season billing as title possibilities looks a sad joke after four successive defeats. "It's easy to see doom and gloom," their assistant manager, Allan Evans, said, describing precisely the view stretching before supporters. "But it's up to the backroom staff to make sure the players are lively and bubbly." Perhaps he can give any left over to today's opponents, Leeds United, who have suffered consecutive 2-0 home defeats.

Derby return to Pride Park today hoping they can finish what they start against Barnsley. Their Premiership record reads played two, lost two but hidden behind that depressing statistic is the game against Wimbledon, the stadium's first, which was abandoned due to floodlight failure. The only saving grace that evening was that one shared the pretensions of Sunderland and called the new ground the Stadium of Light.

Tony Cottee, 31, is pressing for a starting place in Leicester City's line-up at Sheffield Wednesday after impressing as a substitute against Arsenal, while another 31-year-old striker, Gianfranco Zola will return for Chelsea for their first home appearance of the season against Southampton.

Most attention today will be on another ageing forward, Ian Wright, who, at 33, going on 34, will attempt to become Arsenal's greatest goalscorer while knowing a lengthy ban looms if he is found guilty of a misconduct after the match at Leicester. In his dreams he would have liked to pass CUE's Bastian's 50-year-old record in his against Tottenham. And the opponents at Highbury today are

## EUROPEAN DRAWS

**Champions' League**  
Group winners play last 16 runners-up qualify for quarter-finals.  
Group A: Bayern Munich (GER), Ajax (NED), PSV Eindhoven (NED), Borussia Dortmund (GER).  
Group B: Real Madrid (ESP), Juventus (ITA), FC Barcelona (ESP), Borussia Dortmund (GER).  
Group C: Arsenal (ENG), AC Milan (ITA), FC Barcelona (ESP), Borussia Dortmund (GER).  
Group D: Liverpool (ENG), FC Barcelona (ESP), Borussia Dortmund (GER), Bayern Munich (GER).  
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Group G: Liverpool (ENG), FC Barcelona (ESP), Borussia Dortmund (GER), Bayern Munich (GER).  
Group H: Juventus (ITA), FC Barcelona (ESP), Borussia Dortmund (GER), Bayern Munich (GER).

**Cup-Winners' Cup**  
Group winners play last 16 runners-up qualify for quarter-finals.  
Group A: Bayern Munich (GER), Ajax (NED), PSV Eindhoven (NED), Borussia Dortmund (GER).  
Group B: Real Madrid (ESP), Juventus (ITA), FC Barcelona (ESP), Borussia Dortmund (GER).  
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**UEFA Cup**  
Group winners play last 16 runners-up qualify for quarter-finals.  
Group A: Bayern Munich (GER), Ajax (NED), PSV Eindhoven (NED), Borussia Dortmund (GER).  
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**Football**  
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**IMAGE OF THE WEEK** An apple hangs in the late summer rain. Pessimistic farmers are forecasting a bad year for the apple harvest after a confusing season of unrelenting heat and dramatic storms. Some suggest that the yield could be the worst for 60 years. Photograph by Brian Harris using a 180mm lens at 125th of a second.  
To order a copy of this picture, for £15, phone 0171-293 2534

# the long weekend

THE INDEPENDENT • SATURDAY 30 AUGUST 1997

## WORDS OF THE WEEK

### Nations

The English have an extraordinary ability for flying into a great calm. *Alexander Woolcott*  
Nobody can simply bring together a country that has 365 kinds of cheeses. *Charles de Gaulle on France*  
In America sex is an obsession, in other parts of the world it is a fact. *Marlene Dietrich*  
The English think incompetence is the same thing as sincerity. *Quentin Crisp*  
I mean, who would want to live in a place where the only cultural advantage is that you can turn right on a red light? *Woody Allen on London*  
If you stay in Beverly Hills too long you become a Mercedes. *Robert Redford*

### Relationships

I like men to behave like men - strong and childish. *Françoise Sagan*  
My husband's mind is like a Welsh railway - one track and dirty. *Anon*  
Woman would be more charming if one could fall into her arms without falling into her hands. *Ambrose Bierce*  
Men fantasise about being in bed with two women. Women fantasise about it too because at least they'll have someone to talk to when he falls asleep. *Anon*  
Most women are not so young as they are painted. *Max Beerhohn*

### Religion

There is only one race greater than the Jews - and that is the Derby. *Victor Sassoon*  
The trouble with born-again Christians is that they are an even bigger pain the second time around. *Herb Caen*  
People may say what they like about the decay of Christianity; the religious system that produced green Chartreuse can never really die. *Saki*  
I do not believe in God. I believe in cashmere. *Fran Leibowitz*

**Working with her was like being bombed by watermelons...**  
It's what Alan Ladd thought about Sophia Loren, right, and is one of a new collection of insults

### Politics

A Conservative is a man who is too cowardly to fight and too fat to run. *Albert Hubbard*  
John Major is to leadership what Cyril Smith is to hang gliding. *John Prescott*  
The Prime Minister tells us that she has given the French president a piece of her mind - not a gift I would receive with alacrity. *Dennis Healey on Margaret Thatcher*  
All politics are based on the indifference of the majority. *James Reston*  
You couldn't knock the skin off a rice pudding. *Roy Hattersley to Michael Foot*  
The Bertie Wooster of Marxism. *Anon on Tony Benn*  
The dismal-voiced, dough-faced and discredited twister. *Andrew Marr, editor of 'The Independent', on Harold Wilson*

### Music

Why does Courtney Pine always look like a startled dingo? *Robert Mapplethorpe*  
Once upon a time, rock music was sung by the young to disgust the old. Now, it seems, it is sung by the old to embarrass the young. *Craig Brown, 'The Sunday Times'*



I love his work but I couldn't warm to him even if I was cremated next to him. *Keith Richards on Chuck Berry*  
Michael Jackson's album was only called *Bad* because there wasn't enough room on the sleeve for "Pathetic". *The Artist Formerly Known as Prince*

### Show business

The Russians love Brooke Shields because her eyebrows remind them of Leonid Brezhnev. *Robin Williams*  
Working with her was like being bombed by water melons. *Alan Ladd on Sophia Loren*  
Elizabeth Taylor's so fat, she puts mayonnaise on an aspirin. *Joan Rivers*  
Q. What's the difference between Madonna and a Rotweiler? A lipstick. *'Bitch' magazine*  
Copulation was, I'm sure, Mari-

lyn's uncomplicated way of saying thank you. *Nunnally Johnson*  
I am neither a movie star nor a singer and really these days not much other than an inflated swimsuit. *Samantha Fox*  
I'm writing Kylie Minogue's biography. It's called *'Superstar: Jesus Christ! Barry Coyer'*  
Glenda Jackson has a face to launch 1,000 dredgers. *Jack de Manio*  
Alan Ladd had only two expressions: hat on and hat off. *Anon*  
Chevy Chase couldn't ad-lib a fart after a baked-bean dinner. *Johnny Carson*

The man was a major comedian, which is to say that he had the compassion of an icicle, the effrontery of a carnival shill, and the generosity of a pawn broker. *SJ Perelman on Groucho Marx*  
He acts like he's got a Mix-master up his ass and doesn't want anyone to know it. *Marlon Brando on Montgomery Clift*  
Charlotte Rampling - a poor actress who mistakes creepiness for sensuality. *John Simon*



*The Ultimate Insult* by Maria Leach, 1996 (Michael O'Mara, £5.99). To order, call 01403 710831.

## INSIDE

**George Melly meets artist Gerald Morgan 3**  
**The cat that creamed the stockmarket 26**  
**Travel & outdoors**



Beguiled by Greenland ..... 9  
Home from home ..... 10, 11  
Decayed but delightful: day out ..... 13  
Gardens ..... 14  
Country ..... 15

## PLUS

Games, crossword ..... 2  
Arts, reviews ..... 4&5  
Books ..... 6, 7, 8  
All consuming ..... 17, 18, 19  
Motoring ..... 20  
Money, property ..... 21-26  
TV, radio reviews ..... 27  
Today's TV ..... Back page

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## How to cheat at sandcastles

There is a corner of a foreign beach that is forever England. And you can be fairly sure it has a sandcastle on it. Look around you when you're on holiday abroad and you will discover that making sandcastles is a curiously British thing to do. The Germans will sunbathe, swim and towel-drape, but they don't make sandcastles. Which makes it all the more surprising to hear that Europe's biggest sandcastle, pictured above, has been constructed by more than 50 sand sculptors from Denmark, Ireland, the United States, Belgium and the Netherlands. It is 13 metres high and 51 metres wide, used 10,000 tonnes of sand and took them 10 days to complete.

"By the time we have finished," said the Dutch project leader, Eppo Vogel, half-way through the project, "it will have taken 10 man years to sculpt it, and in a month it will have worn away." Others described the whole project enthusiastically as a "monument to disposable art".

But are all those intricate carvings really made of unadulterated sand? After a little chat with our architecture correspondent, Nonie Niesewand, I have my suspicions that the sandmen in Zeebrugge may not have played totally fair. Ms Niesewand remembers taking a party of British architects in

Europe's biggest sandcastle, depicting the Bruges skyline, has been built at Zeebrugge in Belgium, but did the sculptors do it all with buckets and spades? William Hartston has his doubts

the late Eighties to make sandcastles on Cumber sands for a feature in *Vogue* magazine. It was the depth of the recession and the poor chaps didn't have anything better to do, it seems. Lord Snowdon tagged along too, to take some seaside snaps.

Each of the architects was allowed one assistant, one extra prop of his own choosing, and a bucket and spade, and their choices and subsequent methods of castle construction throw a good deal of light on the techniques that may have been used in Belgium.

John Poulson had the right idea from the start. He asked for some quick-drying cement to add to the sand. David Chipperfield preferred builder's glue so that he could make his castle as a cardboard cut-out, then glue sand on it at the end to create that genuine sandcastle effect. "Pure facadism," says Ms Niesewand.

Ron Arad found a trick the Belgians clearly missed - he used one of those compressors road-builders use to drive jackhammers, then built a splendid volcanic construction that used com-

pressed air to spew out sand. The only trouble was that local council regulations forced them to use it near the road, where the sand was rather coarse, leaving the whole extravaganza liable to shower bystanders with pebbles.

Combining their methods, and those of the other architects who participated in the project, we can make the following recommendations for any serious about their sandcastles.

1. Have a survey done. It is vital to choose the right type of sand - alluvial sand with high clay content makes the best castles. You must also select the correct place on the beach, to ensure that the sand is wet enough, yet not so close to the sea that it will be washed away too quickly. Consult the local coastguard and tide tables to assess the likely effect of waves on your construction. If in doubt, employ a surveyor. One architect on the project spent so long surveying the beach that he did not leave himself with enough time to build the castle.

2. Practise beforehand. Any time

you can spare at a local builder's merchants playing with their sand will be well spent. It is essential to gain familiarity with your materials before embarking on a task of this nature.

3. Choose a photographer with care. The sort of fine sand that makes the best castles can be very damaging to a good camera. Ensure that your photographer has had sufficient experience working in these conditions. On balance, several of the architects thought that a *Gulf War* cameraman might have been easier to deal with than Lord Snowdon.

4. Consult the scientific literature. The relevant paper was published earlier this year in *Nature*. Until recently, scientists had been unable to explain why sandcastles stay up after the sun has dried them. After all, as every child knows, you cannot make a sandcastle with dry sand, yet if you make it with wet sand it does not collapse after drying out. The answer, as discovered by physicists at the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, lies in what they call the "wet sandcastle effect", a phe-

nomenon that affects granular material coated with liquid. Experiments with minute polystyrene balls coated in thin films of oil showed that the liquid forms tiny bridges between the grains, holding them together like mortar gripping bricks. A minute amount of oil added to the polystyrene greatly increased the "angle of repose" - the steepest stable slope the grains could form. "Our results indicate that interstitial liquids can alter many aspects of pattern formation, self-organisation and segregation in granular material," the paper concludes. And without it, they might well have continued, sandcastles would all fall down.

Finally, two practical recommendations for anyone who feels they lack the necessary artistic skills. First, and the most practical application of the research in *Nature*, is the sludge castle. You build this simply by dribbling very wet sand in a steady trickle from your hand. You will find it makes wonderfully Disneyesque gothic turrets quite effortlessly. Second, forget sandcastles, try sand sculpture. Sand is the easiest stuff to sculpt. Any errors, and you can fill in the holes immediately. It's a child's play to build your own crocodile crawling out of the sand. And from personal experience I can tell you it scares the hell out of the Germans.

## Games people play

Pandora Melly learns about communicating with horses at high speed

Julian Hipwood, 51, polo player and coach

At school I was very keen on athletics. I ran, and played football for my county, but I eventually chose polo, because the old knees and ankles were a bit worse for wear after playing semi-professionally for Bristol Rovers.

I learned to play with the Pony Club in about 1963, when Pony Club polo was first introduced. Polo really is the most wonderful game, and it's not just about hitting the ball. There's the communication with the horse, the air around you and the speed at which you're travelling.

Some people have criticised me for playing faster than the game really is. The majority of my ponies are thoroughbreds: they do go some, which probably explains it. But even in my football days, I was never an individualist, always a team player.

I can understand why businessmen like playing polo. It's an escape from their office worries. There's the excitement, the look in their eyes that says, "My God, this is incredible!" even if they haven't done anything. They get to the first stage and they're hooked.

Maybe they haven't even hit the ball, but it's the cantering around, the riding-off, the booking of the stick. One doesn't actually have to be a high-goal or top-rated player to enjoy this game.

As a coach, I never stop learning. Sometimes I realise I'm teaching something that I've actually just learnt myself. I especially like beginners. You see the smiles on their faces after they've played probably a pathetic chuckka, but it's a real thrill to see how much they've enjoyed even such a minor aspect of the game.

There's also the thrill of danger. You have to be alert, because you can get hurt if you're not doing the right thing. The players use the old Florida saying: "Arrive alive".

## Letter to the games page

Sir: So William Hartston wonders why fine minds at the Mind Sports Olympiad do not offer their services to the London Underground ("No Rest From Mental Fight", 23 August). Is he suggesting that this or any other institution would welcome the intrusion of intellect?

Applied brain-power would subvert the great British conspiracy of mediocrity, upsetting, quite dreadfully, the tribe of self-serving fools, liars, villains, incompetents and heads of water companies who preserve both status and salary by never employing anyone more intelligent than themselves.

Playing silly games is an excellent antidote to the chronic disbelief, frustration and low achievement we wisely visit upon the truly clever. Furthermore, such pointless activity renders them harmless and slightly ridiculous.

I, though no Einstein, began memorising the Bible backwards and in Sanskrit when Margaret Thatcher, fresh from her first victory, declared overt brains to be dangerously unpatriotic. How wonderful to know that there are people out there just like me. It's life, Will, but not as you know it.

MEGAN HEATHER

Dundee

## Mind sports

The first Mind Sports Olympiad finished last week with England claiming the majority of the medals - but they did have the advantage of having the vast majority of the 2,000 competitors. England took 78 medals in all (22 gold, 26 silver, 30 bronze) leaving the Netherlands (7 gold, 3 silver, 3 bronze) well behind in second place.

In the chess events, Michael Adams won the main quickplay event for England, E Cheymol won the Shogi (Japanese Chess) for France and WW Cheung won the Chinese Chess for France.

The three-legged intellectual soft-shoe shuffle was won by Wilson, Keppel and Betty.

The games page is edited by William Hartston

## Chess William Hartston

We have listened to Schubert's music; we have visited the Hiroshima exhibition at the Royal Academy; but there is another man whose bicentenary falls this year who has not been properly celebrated yet.

Louis Charles de la Bourdonnais was the strongest chess player in the world from 1821 until his death in 1840. He established himself as the unofficial world champion in a series of matches with Louis Deschapelles and John Cochrane - the best players in France and England. Deschapelles, as the acknowledged champion, gave the other two men odds of a pawn, but Bourdonnais beat him 6-1 while defeating Cochrane 7-0.

Those matches caused Deschapelles to retire from chess, leaving Bourdonnais unchallenged as the best player in the world. He confirmed his supremacy in 1834 in a long series of matches against the great Irish player Alexander McDonnell. They played 85 games, of which the Frenchman won 45, drew 13 and lost 27. It was the first formal match in which a record of the moves of all the games was kept.

They began play each day at noon, and the absence of chess clocks meant that play was liable to go on for six hours or more. During the games

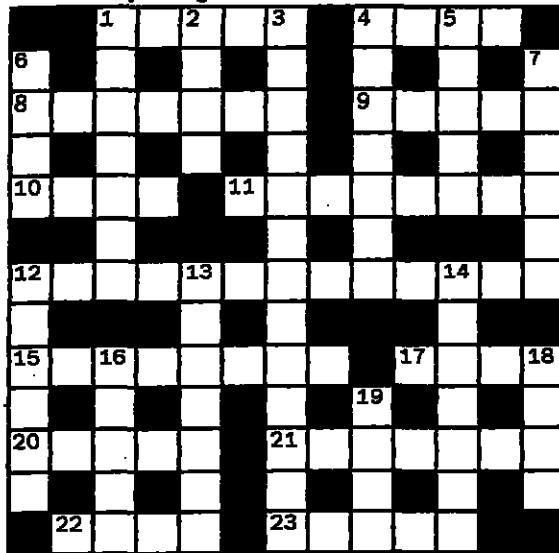
Bourdonnais, according to a contemporary account, "talked and laughed a good deal at intervals and swore tolerably round oaths when fate ran counter to his schemes." After each game, Bourdonnais would dine, then return to the board to drink large amounts of Burton Ale Beer while taking on all comers for half-a-crown a game.

Here is his finest victory from the match, which offers a good example of his strategic superiority. White's 5.Nxc6 would have seemed natural at the time, exchanging rather than waste time retreating the knight. Yet the move gives Black a permanent advantage in the centre. Just admire the final position to see the ultimate effect of that!

**White: A McDonnell**  
**Black: L de la Bourdonnais**  
 1 e4 c5 20 Rac1 f5  
 2 Nf3 Nc6 21 Qc4+ Kh8  
 3 d4 cxd4 22 Ba4 Qh6  
 4 Nxd4 c5 23 Bxe8 fxe4  
 5 Nxc6 bxc6 24 c6 exd3  
 6 Bc4 Nf6 25 Re2 Qe3+  
 7 Bg5 Be7 26 Kx1 Bc8  
 8 Qc2 d5 27 Bd7 d2  
 9 Bxf6 Bxf6 28 Rf1 d3  
 10 Bb3 0-0 29 Re3 Bxd7  
 11 0-0 a5 30 cxd7 e4  
 12 exd5 cxd5 31 Qc8 Bd8  
 13 Rd1 d4 32 Qc4 d2  
 14 c4 Qb6 33 Rcl d2  
 15 Bc2 Bb7 34 Qc5 Rg8  
 16 Nd2 Ra8 35 Rd1 e3  
 17 Ne4 Bd8 36 Qc3 Qxd1  
 18 c5 Qc6 37 Rxd1 e2  
 19 Bc7 White resigned

## Concise crossword

No. 3391 Saturday 30 August



### ACROSS

- 1 Passenger ship (5)
- 2 Funeral party (4)
- 3 Great Spirit (N American) (7)
- 4 Bias (5)
- 5 Accurate (4)
- 6 Speculate (8)
- 7 Interconnection offering advantages to the privileged? (3-3, 7)
- 8 Consignment of goods (8)
- 9 Spoken (4)
- 10 Scene of Texan siege in 1836 (5)
- 11 Belly (7)
- 12 Exam success (4)
- 13 Long (5)

### DOWN

- 1 Without enthusiasm (7)
- 2 Fishing gear (4)
- 3 Hastily prepared (5-3-5)
- 4 Total failure (7)
- 5 Uniform colour (5)
- 6 Give out (4)
- 7 Long, thin mark (6)
- 8 Trying experience (6)
- 9 Plain to see (7)
- 10 Rowing type (7)
- 11 Jungle creeper (5)
- 12 Country road (4)
- 13 Notion (4)

Solution to yesterday's Concise Crossword:

ACROSS: 1 Mattress, 5 Hide (Matricide), 9 Nears, 10 Aprisole, 11 Reservists, 14 Vacuum cleaner, 16 Tambourine, 20 Pangloss, 21 Tazewell, 22 Type, 23 Steadily, DOWN: 1 Mangrove, 2 Transact, 3 Riser, 4 Shadow Cabinet, 5 Lota, 7 Ewer, 8 Course, 12 Incident, 13 Greenery, 15 Uranus, 17 Ultra, 18 Spot, 19 Snip.

## Bridge Alan Hiron

East-West game; dealer West

North  
 ♠ A Q J 9  
 ♥ J  
 ♦ 10 8 7 3  
 ♣ 8 4 3

West  
 ♠ 10 8 7 5 2  
 ♥ 6  
 ♦ A Q 6 5  
 ♣ J 10 9

East  
 ♠ K 3  
 ♥ 9 8 7 2  
 ♦ K J 9 4  
 ♣ A 5 2

South  
 ♠ 6 4  
 ♥ A K Q 10 5 4 3  
 ♦ 2  
 ♣ K 7 6

Although not at the table, I have a proprietary interest in this deal from the Generali European Championships in June in as much as I spotted the winning line of play which was not found at many, if any, of the 39 tables in play.

When I watched on Bridgerama, East opened 1♠ after two passes and South overcalled with 4♥. West tried

## Perplexity

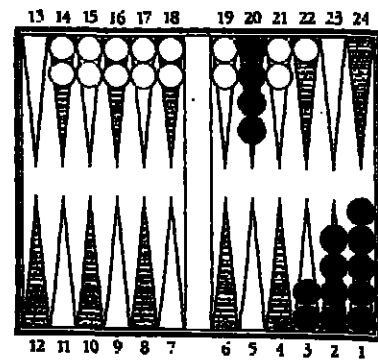
Losswords: Our on-line, state-of-the-art dictionary has been malfunctioning again, omitting the letters of each defined word, in the correct order, from the definition. It does, however, have the decency to note, in brackets, the length of the missing word. So, for example, "puzzle", defined as "purely quizzical game" appears only as: "relyquizzicagm (6)". But what are these three?

ustceaneast (4)  
 perickr (5)  
 ackscosumethum (10)

A prize of the *Chambers 21st Dictionary* will be awarded to the sender of the first correct answer we open on 31 July. Answers to: Perplexity, *The Independent*, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL.

9 August answers:  
 John Galsworthy, The Forsyte Saga. Winner: A D Gaines (Colyton, Devon)  
 16 August answers:  
 Martin Clunes, Neil Morrissey, Men Behaving Badly. Winner: T Schmoller (Sheffield)

## Backgammon Chris Bray



An outside prime is one which is built in the outer boards, and they are very rare beasts. In the above position, White has a full six-prime stretching from his 6-pt to his 11-pt. An inner board prime is mainly used to constrain your opponent's back men or, in the extreme case where the prime is actually the home board, to stop him from entering from the bar.

Outside primes typically arise in complex holding games or back games. In the diagram position Black finds himself with four men behind a full prime and a useless home board - if he is lucky enough to hit a late shot he won't be able to contain the hit man.

If White redoubles, can Black accept the cube? He leads in the race by 91 to 113 but in reality he is a long way from a take. On each roll he will probably not be able to play some of his numbers. White can keep his 10 and 11-pt and build his board using the men from the 7, 8 and 9-pt. All the time he does this Black will not be able to play fives or sixes.

Also, when evaluating races be careful when you have more than two men on the 1-pt as this will create wastage - you will probably end up bearing off some of those men with 4s, 5s and 6s instead of 1s and 2s. The rule of thumb is to add two extra pips for each man (above 2) on your 1-pt and one extra pip for each man over 2 on your 2-pt. So in this position Black is at least 8 pips worse off than his actual count of 91 and things are likely to get worse.

Occasionally, Black will release a man only for it to be hit when White has a strong board. Jellyfish does not play outside primes particularly well so I treat its results with caution, but it has White winning 30 per cent of games with 14 per cent of them gammons. Even if it is slightly off this is still a very big drop.



GERALD MORGAN

A profile  
by George Melly

I could see him at the window of the terraced house in the steep street as I was paying off the taxi. Gerald Morgan, described in my brief as "This unjustly forgotten octogenarian Welsh abstract expressionist".

"Unjustly forgotten" and "Welsh" is true, but he is in fact only 76 while "abstract expressionist" is, as we shall find out, an equivocal description at best.

As I climbed the steep steps, he opened the slightly shabby front door with a deep bellow suggesting great events in the offing. Having met him several times before, I'd expected this, not to mention the ensuing monologue on the injustice of the world delivered with all the "hwy!" of a Welsh Methodist preacher, punctuated by muttered asides and growls of appreciation.

In comparative old age, Gerald is remarkable in appearance. He has a formidable profile like that of a Venetian carnival mask or a heron and his eyes too, behind his mended glasses, have an avian intensity. There is nothing senile about him either physically or mentally. He crackles with energy and looks both spare and strong. Nor is he in any way bohemian. He wears his neat practical clothes with the workmanlike air of Braque or Léger. Once the photographer had done his job and gone, Gerald and I sat down in the predominantly beige front-room (not the best colour for abstract art) for a short, preliminary chat before taking a serious look at his pictures.

It is an interesting, if at times disconcerting, exercise to engage in conversation with Gerald Morgan. Life has made him wary yet at the same time he remains ingenuously optimistic. He weaves and ducks like a boxer so you find yourself constantly off-balance, yet it is obvious his purpose is defensive, not aggressive. What is more confusing, however, is the mixture of naïveté and sophistication. For example, as we sat down, I told him how charming I found Mumbles, a hill-side village climbing up from the bay a few miles along the coast from Swansea.

"You can be sure of meeting me in Mumbles," he said. "Towards the end of the afternoon in Westbourne Place..." After a moment's disorientation, I realised he was paraphrasing a sentence from André Breton, the inventor of surrealism, and just as I had quoted it in my book *Paris and the Surrealists*, which he had probably read prior to my arrival. This was a subtle ploy and in absolute contrast to the odd burst of outrageous flattery based erroneously on the belief that I have much more influence in the art world than I have, and that, if I chose to give a thumbs-up, he would be famous worldwide within the week. I have always tried to disabuse him of this belief but nothing can shake him. He tends, too, to build one dream on another. For example, a show was recently on offer in London. "We have contacts in America," he'd written to me and he felt that a New York show would automatically follow on from London and he imagined me controlling and organising the whole operation, with the two of us sharing the "glory and financial rewards" together. In the interim, the gallery in London had shut down. As so often in Gerald's career, a mirage had dissolved, something concrete had crumbled. He remains sanguine, however, putting it all down to what he calls "the flicking fanciful fickle fucking finger of fate". Like many Welsh people, he is a master of alliteration.

Before we became entangled in aesthetic theory, and a life of modest successes always undermined by ill luck, I suggested we looked at the pictures, hung and framed in the neat front room and on the stairs, but elsewhere stacked against the walls and furniture.

Apart from a few early works, the paintings fall into two categories: the precise "stripe" pictures, chromatic and executed with masking tape, and what I think of as the "lozenge" series, white shapes on a black background, like stones on the bottom of a stream. You may be wondering what either of these have to do with abstract expressionism, that wild,



George Melly with Gerald Morgan: "When - arguably - the original stripe man is shown, people say 'Morgan? Morgan who?'"

PHOTOGRAPH: DRAGON NEWS

# Great stripes forward

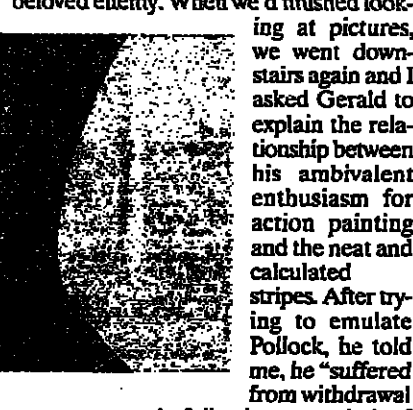
romantic, risk-taking outburst of the Forties. There is a link, though.

"Over 40 years ago," he had written to me, "having abandoned a career in pharmacy, I was plodding along, turning out competent mediocre trad paintings when, during a visit to the West End - WHAM! I had suffered a head-on collision with a Jackson Pollock action painting. I never fully recovered from the crash..."

And so he returned home, he told me, "in a state of shock, and dabbled in action painting for a while..."

On the stairs was a rather strong monochromatic work of a kind of explosion, as if a mine had gone off deep underground throwing up columns of soil and rocks high into the air. "That's my farewell to Pollock," growled Gerald, and it was my first clue that most of his life had been darkened by a love-hate relationship with that great artist. He could, and did, mention the rest of that extraordinary generation - Motherwell, Rothko, De Kooning, et al - and always with unstinting admiration. But only Pol-

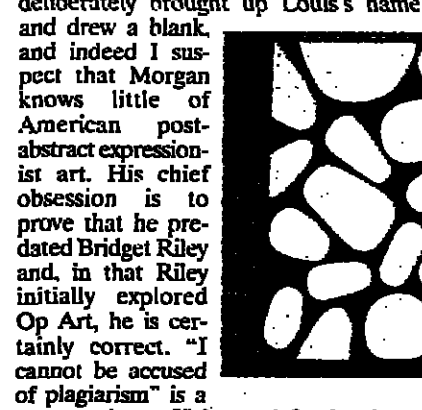
lock surfaced over and over again in his conversation, sometimes as a god or king, more often as if he were playing Mozart to Gerald's Salieri. At one point, I referred to the painter as "Jack the Dripper", an old joke that Gerald hadn't heard. He gave a short snort of laughter - he was as delighted as if I'd handed him a new and lethal weapon in his fight against his beloved enemy. When we'd finished looking at pictures, we went downstairs again and I asked Gerald to explain the relationship between his ambivalent enthusiasm for action painting and the neat and calculated stripes. After trying to emulate Pollock, he told me, he "suffered from withdrawal



symptoms, and, following a period of anguished mental constipation, began in the late Fifties and early Sixties to regurgitate the assimilated Pollock - hence the birth of the vertical stripe paintings..."

What is convincing about this somewhat cloacal metaphor is that, in America, there was indeed a new generation of artists who, equally intimidated by the reckless

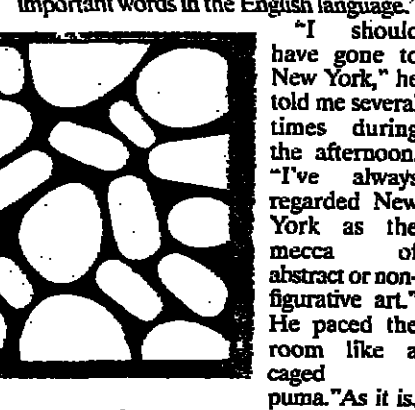
gamble of abstract expressionism, turned to hard-edged abstraction. In the lofts of uptown Manhattan, they replaced the gesture with a planned return to order - in Westbourne Place, Mumbles, Gerald did the same. Yet, in America, horizontal stripes were not initially much in evidence, or at least only in the loosely stained deckchair-like works of Morris Louis. I deliberately brought up Louis's name



and drew a blank, and indeed I suspect that Morgan knows little of American post-abstract expressionist art. His chief obsession is to prove that he predated Bridget Riley and, in that Riley initially explored Op Art, he is certainly correct. "I cannot be accused of plagiarism" is a constant theme. He's very defensive about it.

As to the lozenge pictures, he calls them "block paintings". He told me that they had been "kick-started" by the geometric compositions of Piero della Francesca. "As soon as I saw his work," he said, "they screamed 'block paintings' at me!"

As Piero is one of the calmest painters in art history, it is difficult to imagine his work screaming at anyone, but whereas Gerald's own work is meditative and controlled, his behaviour is excitable and at times almost hysterical. I asked him the title of one beautiful black-and-white diptych. "It's about freedom and relationship," he told me. "The two most important words in the English language."



I had to paint my whole work here..." and he indicated the pretty street outside. "In this hole, this ass hole..."

At about this point, his second wife, whom he married in 1948, a quiet and pretty woman he clearly worships, brought in tea and biscuits and sat in for a time to listen. Gerald was immediately much calmer. At my request, she showed

me her husband's scrapbook and it was quite impressive, with excellent reviews of both mixed and one-man shows, in some cases by distinguished critics - only, as Gerald maintained, there was no feeling of continuity, of build-up. It can't be easy being married to so frustrated a man, but sometimes his wife challenged some of his more flamboyant assertions. For example, his most often retold moment of glory was when Graham, brother of Richard Burton, bought two of Gerald's paintings and presented them to the star and his wife to celebrate "some anniversary". "So," Gerald told me with dramatic emphasis, and several times over, "two of my works are hanging in Elizabeth's Bel Air home in LA." His wife didn't deny this story, but she modified it slightly: "They may not still be hanging" - it was a long, long time ago.

I was a long, long time ago too since hard-edged abstraction ruled the roost, although there does seem to be a revival of interest (Ellsworth Kelly, for example, is currently on show, although ill-attended, at the Tate). So there is some truth, despite the exaggeration, in Morgan's claim. "Stripe painters like Bridget Riley, Davenport, Sean Scully," he wrote to me, "in recent years are striding like colossi across the London-New York scene, winning awards, commanding large prices, when - arguably - the original 'stripe' man is shown, people say 'Morgan? Morgan who?'"

To underline the injustice of it all, he told me that recently "an ancient abstract expressionist called Harold Shapinsky (unknown to me) had been rediscovered and gone to fame and fortune." We were back in the world of pantomime with the good fairy and the demon king, yet Morgan is a fine and honest artist and does deserve consideration, and especially in Wales, a country of poets and musicians but with few painters of note or merit. An official retrospective in Cardiff wouldn't come amiss, and could indeed lead to wider recognition. Perhaps, though, some of his obscurity may be his own fault. He himself told me that he often got cold feet before an exhibition, and an admirer wrote, "In common with many Welsh people, the publicity and bright lights frightened off the artist..." - not only Welsh people either. I have known many provincial painters who have turned back on the threshold of success, the Liverpool Arthur Ballard for one, and he was almost there.

Although we spent over three hours together, Gerald told me very little about his early life. He was born in Merthyr Tydfil, where his father had been a successful scrap-iron dealer. In the war, he had trained for an RAF air crew, but his health wasn't up to it and he became a "Bevan boy", working down the mines.

Like his brother, he studied to be a pharmacist, but gave it up to paint. He spent only two months at art school, and later sold insurance to support himself. He'd been a part-time crooner with a dance band. While he was earning, he and his wife went up quite often to London to see the shows, but not now - they had only their pensions.

Ever since I'd arrived, he'd complained at the brevity of my visit, and had become more and more insistent that I prolong my stay. "We can play jazz," he told me frantically. "We can play 'The Hawk' [Coleman Hawkins]. Have another whisky" (he had bought me a whole bottle, although he himself only drinks lager). "At least send away the taxi for an hour." But I couldn't and didn't. I'd a gig to do in Cardiff. He couldn't bear me going - he desperately needed confirmation, attention, an interest in his life of effort.

Gerald Morgan is a mysterious, admirable old man and a dedicated artist. Just as I was leaving, he mentioned that he wished he could afford to go and live on a Greek island. There he could paint the 30 or 40 decent pictures that were still inside him.

Gerald Morgan is represented by Abulafia Gallery, 1 King St, Llandelfo, Carmarthen, SA19 6AA. Access on the internet: [WWW.shopwales.co.uk/abulafia](http://WWW.shopwales.co.uk/abulafia)

## 'Some very bad luck has to come my way'

A gamine figure in a skimpy top, Victoria Hamilton, full-lipped, vivacious and spiky-haired, takes another hefty puff of her cigarette. The combination produces a startling effect - sort of Audrey Hepburn meets the Spice Girls. It's hardly surprising that the young actress has already had a taste of the "Show us a bit more, darling" spiel of one insistent photographer during a recent magazine photo-shoot. "He suddenly said, 'How do you feel about doing this toposes?'" she recalls in disbelief. "If you're female and of a certain age, it seems to be expected that you're fine about that but I have no time for it."

Few outside the theatrical cognoscenti will have heard of Hamilton - a name plucked at random out of a telephone directory when Equity informed her she already had a namesake. "I could have been Vicky Spring - my mother's name - but then I'd have been doing panto work forever." Those in the know say that will soon change. Critics have been tripping over themselves to lavish praise. On a tag break between rehearsals, she contemplates her latest role as Cordelia in the forthcoming Old Vic production of *King Lear*. "I'll be on a stage that Laurence Olivier has carried his Cordelia on to," she bubbles in the awestruck tones of one still coming to terms with her good fortune. Bagging one meaty role could be considered fortuitous but this

26-year-old actress's CV reads like a shopping list of the most desirable female theatrical roles - Cressida, Phoebe, Nina and now Cordelia.

So far it's been a gilded career path. While some of Victoria's former drama school classmates are still waiting to land their first professional job, she has moved seamlessly from the RSC to the Old Vic. "Some very bad luck has to come my way soon. I've been extraordinarily lucky because of Peter."

Sir Peter Hall first saw her perform when, barely out of drama school, she started in the two-hander, *Retreat*, by playwright James Saunders opposite Tim Pigott-Smith. Hall, who was casting *The Master Builder*, rolled up to the Orange Tree in Richmond with the male lead, Alan Bates. "I knew they were in because it's such a tiny little theatre. It was hysterical because nobody watched the play. Every time Alan moved, so did 17 women in the front row. Tim and I got the giggles because it was so ridiculous." Evidently this didn't deter Hall and she was promptly cast as Hilde Wangel in the West End production.

Told by Hall that he wanted her to play Nina for his planned production of Chekhov's *The Seagull*, she didn't take it too seriously. "I thought 'That's a fantastic compliment but it ain't gonna happen.'" Where perhaps Victoria has the edge over some of her contemporaries is that, unlike many young actresses who are lost with-

out a script, she is naturally articulate, equally at home dissecting the text she performs.

"When you're handed a role like Nina, where God knows who has played it before you - and better than you ever could - you have to go through a certain process of making it your own. There's this big traditional convention that in the fourth act she is a broken woman. Peter and I agreed very early on that she survives."

The daughter of a Surrey advertising agent father and nursery teacher mother, the original plan was that this process of analysis would be put to good use reading English at Bristol University. Three weeks before she was due to go, she changed her mind. "I thought 'I'll spend my life reading books and I don't want to wait three years to train vocationally.'" She began the rounds of auditions for all the major drama schools and was unceremoniously rejected by each and every one. "They all said, 'Go away, you're dreadful, which I was. I was completely unprepared and probably horribly arrogant.'" A year later she was accepted by LAMDA. Did she win any prizes? "I did, but I can't remember what it was - for imagination I think."

It's the only outward sign of dotiness. Since *The Master Builder*, there's been the Master Plan. Being asked to join Sir Peter Hall's new rep company and work with established performers like Alison Steadman and Felicity Kendal meant she

had to turn down the offer of a film role. "I had people telling me that I was insane but I would never have had the opportunity to play these parts again. There won't be another West End production of *The Seagull* for three or four years and by then I'll be too old to play it. Or there'll be five girls coming up behind me who could play it just as well."

She has also managed to squeeze in a couple of TV roles, as Mrs Forster in *Pride and Prejudice* - "Blink and you'll miss me" - and Henrietta in *Persuasion*, with Ciaran Hinds. "I was two stone heavier at the time and very pink in the face." She reels off some other names she's worked with - Ralph Fiennes, Judi Dench, Jack Davenport. Excuse me, Jack Davenport?

"Jack and I were not meant to be," she says of the man who has attained cult status as Miles in *This Life*. "He's a very sweet man and we had a couple of very nice dinners but that's it." At the moment, Victoria's romantic life isn't matching up to her theatrical success. "Not that I wouldn't like to be in love. I haven't forgotten how it feels although it's fading and I'd quite like someone to come along to remind me." Perhaps it's time she got "Peter" on the case.

*King Lear* opens 5 Sept; *The Seagull* and *The Provok'd Wife* to Dec, Old Vic, London SE1 (0171-928 7616)

Janie Lawrence



Victoria Hamilton: awaiting bad luck PHOTO: NICOLA KURTZ



# arts & books

Laugh? He really died... Michael Bywater on Peter Cook, the comic revolutionary

## Everything's coming up Roses

Pop Tim Rose  
12 Bar Club, London

Tim Rose has a penchant for songs about men murdering their wives. Or, in his own words, "murder as it should be". Take "Long Time Man," for example, a loping blues composition that includes the words: "They're gonna keep me here for the rest of my life, but I don't care 'cos I shot my wife." Not a million miles away from "Hey Joe, where you goin' with that gun in your hand?" Except that Tim Rose doesn't just call it a gun. He manages to fit a description of the weapon into the same line (it's a blue steel .44 for anyone who's interested). He's fully entitled to improvise in this way, of course. His treatment of the song is the definitive one and, after all, there aren't many other people who can say that they've had their version covered by Jimi Hendrix.

"Who wrote it?" shouted somebody in the crowd at the 12 Bar Club.

"Who cares?" replied Tim Rose. "What are you? My publicist?"

The guy from Greenwich Village had a little trouble at first from the odd heckler in the audience, but he soon settled in once he recognised it as friendly fire. People had come to listen to a musician who started out in the same band as Mama Cass Elliot, and who once turned down a song offered by an unknown Bob Dylan. Accompanied by Michael Winn on electric guitar, Tim Rose performed tunes such as "Come Away Melinda", and "Eat, Drink and be Merry", silencing the 120 or so people packed into this tiny venue. A bit of blues and a bit of country.

But the song they wanted to hear most was "Morning Dew". Since he made his original recording in 1967 there have been over 60 other versions of this classic, including one by the Jeff Beck Group with Rod Stewart on vocals. Yet Tim Rose set the benchmark. Clocking in at a mere two minutes 46 seconds, "Morning Dew" received extensive airplay on the infant Radio 1 at the time but, in spite of this, CBS decided never to release the single in Britain. Instead, it developed a cult following. People who don't know this song should seek it out and have a listen. That early recording featured a subtle slide guitar signature as well as some portentous drumming by Bernard Purdie. On Thursday night, however, Tim Rose and Michael Winn performed the song without embellishments, Rose's soaring voice underpinned by two acoustic guitars and nothing else. A lot of people had waited a long time to hear the man himself sing "Walk me out in the morning dew". He saved it until last, said goodnight, and played no encore.

Magnus Mills



Gnashing of teeth: Andy Serkis and Rupert Graves get to grips with the concept of maleness in 'Hurlyburly'. Photograph: Sheila Burnett

## Sound and fury

Theatre Hurlyburly Queen's Theatre, London

One thing that has to be said about *Hurlyburly*: it lives up to its title about as thoroughly as any play I've seen. It sets a murderous pace with the opening tableau, when we see a wired, drunken Eddie screaming blue murder at the back of the stage while a TV blares out a breathless MTV stew of noise, and barely slows down for the next two and half hours.

The action of David Rabe's play takes place in the house in the Hollywood Hills that Eddie shares with his friend Mickey. Here, they and their associates Phil and Artie drink, snort lines of coke, take up, idealise or mistreat women, and shout at each other a lot. There are occasional bursts of actual violence, mostly from Phil, a borderline psychotic; but mostly, what hits you is the force of language - torrents of justified paranoia and frenzied, bullshit eloquence spew out, mostly from Rupert Graves's brilliant, viciously self-pitying Eddie, "hardly a viable social entity", a loser caught up in a self-destructive struggle to bring "clarity" to his life.

The effect is, a lot of the time, hilarious, frightening and

fascinating. There are marvellous non sequiturs (asked what qualifies him to talk about Freud, Phil answers "I've been in prison," as if it's so obvious he can't believe anybody asked the question), berserker assaults on each other's egos, offhandedly virtuoso riffs of misogyny. And the performances are mostly excellent: David Tennant's self-controlled, empty Mickey. Andy Serkis's whingeing, macho Phil. Susannah Doyle's hard-as-nails balloon dancer.

But at times, it all gets too much; the words dissolve into one another, meaning and direction vanish, and you start to wonder when the interval's coming up. Possibly this is intentional, a demonstration of how language masks meaning ("I know what I'm saying," Eddie says. "I don't know what I mean, but I know what I'm saying"). There's a fundamental philosophical coherence underpinning the play.

It's no accident that this is set in Hollywood, the place where the concern with externals is taken to extremes - no accident, either, that Eddie and Mickey are casting directors, paid to judge people purely as bundles

of characteristics, or that they are separated from their wives and children. (It's worth noting that *Hurlyburly* dates from 1984, the same year as Jay McInerney's *Bright Lights, Big City*, which covered much the same ground: clever, directionless young men with jobs in the media, broken marriages at their backs and bad drug habits.)

Rabe's concern seems to be to take men in *extremis* and to use them to demonstrate the fundamental human failure to take account of other people's feelings. Trying to piece together a row with his wife, Phil says that all he could see was a cloud that looked like her - when he hit it, he didn't expect it to really hurt. Later, Eddie observes: "We're all just background in each other's life."

Whether this is enough to justify the periods of dislocation and tedium, or Eddie's drab attempts at self-justification is a moot point. But at least all this sound and fury signifies something.

*Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, London W1 (0171-494 5040). Mon-Sat 8pm; Wed mat 3pm; Sat mat 4pm*

Robert Hanks

## Revealed: the simple joys of maidenhood

Theatre  
The Maid's Tragedy / A Chaste Maid in Cheapside  
The Globe, London

Things are looking up. Until now, it has been hard to see the Globe theatre as anything other than a fascinating experiment. Audiences have egged themselves on with reasons ranging from curiosity and tourism to (dread term) cultural duty but the first two productions were frankly uneven. Happily, both *The Maid's Tragedy* and *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside* offer juicy, if contrary, incentives to go.

If current performance practice is to be believed, Beaumont and Fletcher were the Tony Orlando and Dawn of their day. True, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* has little in common with "Tie a Yellow Ribbon Round the Old Oak Tree" but both partnerships appear to be masters of the one-hit-wonder. Not so. On this showing, *The Maid's Tragedy* proves to be, if not exactly an undiscovered masterpiece, then severely unjustly neglected.

Although the central action is confined to a tight-knit quintet of characters, the emotional range is extremely wide, encompassing heartfelt avowals of eternal love, rampant lust, deceit and murderous betrayal. Amintor breaks his engagement to the distraught Aspatia at the king's behest and marries Evadne. On their wedding night, Evadne disdainfully reveals that she only consented so as to disguise the fact that she is the king's mistress. When Aspatia's brother Melantius discovers the foul truth, he persuades Evadne to murder the king.

The heightened mood swings make for passionate drama but create problems for the director which Lucy Bailey doesn't manage to solve. The opening scenes lack dramatic weight thus robbing the play of its gravitas. Several stranded members of the cast appear isolated as they struggle with the enormous demands this theatre makes rather than playing a coherent through-line. That explains why, on the opening night, members of a packed audience were laughing nervously at moments of profound pathos. Anna-Livia Ryan as Aspatia delivers the play's famous lament for her grief-stricken state (used as an epigraph by TS Eliot), but it is not her fault that she comes across as self-indulgently glad to be unhappy. Bailey invests scenes with scattershot energy but the play is crying out for clarity of purpose and a clear directorial thrust. The

cohesion that exists comes from Jane Gardner's excellent score for five brass players (notably in Angela Davies's wittily designed masque) and Geraldine Alexander's tremendous Evadne. Although physically shorter than Amintor (Jonathan Slinger), she is so in command both physically and in terms of character development that she appears to tower over him effortlessly.

Admittedly, Malcolm McKay has an easier task with *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*. Thomas Middleton's bawdy romp inhabits a simpler world of young love, whoring and mercenary marriages. The perfectly matched Matthew Scurlfield and Amelida Brown (all bustling avarice in apricot) have more than the measure of the tawdry, conniving parents who yearn to up their station by marrying off their daughter Moll to cock of the walk, the wicked Sir Walter Whorehound.

Most of the cast double-up to great comic effect. There's a particularly glorious scene with a Puritan

version of a baby shower peopled by most of the cast in Puritan drag (courtesy of Jenny Tiramani's excellent costumes) but winningly, McKay never lets the scene topple over into caricature.

Bill Stewart is marvellously funny as grumpy, frumpy Mistress Jugg, resisting the temptation to opt for the full Les Dawson option and all the funnier for it. Mark Ryland puts in a deliciously droll appearance as Sir Walter's dimwitted whoremaster, cutting capers and turning the space into the most intimate studio theatre. McKay, too, is alive to its possibilities, reducing the audience to hysterics with a chase right up to the roof and down again or driving the comedy along at full-throttle.

This unique venue ruthlessly exposes vocal and physical limitations. *The Maid's Tragedy* is unquestionably the finer play and productions of it are rarer than hen's teeth, but the cast and production have yet to relax and match the play. By contrast, *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside* is rougher in every sense but the production turns that to its advantage. McKay takes a crude play in what seems like a crude theatre and translates it into a treasureable event. To 20 Sept. Booking: 0171-344 4444

David Benedict

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### CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING

by Arnold Wesker

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### WEEK IN REVIEW

By David Benedict

EXCELLENT  
GOOD  
OK  
POOR  
DREADFUL

KEY

THE PLAY	THE FILM	THE MERCURY PRIZE WINNERS
<b>Blue Heart</b>	<b>The Full Monty</b>	<b>Roni Size / Reprazent</b>
New writing specialists Out of Joint, already touring <i>Shopping and Fucking</i> , present the world premiere of a double-bill by Caryl Churchill. <i>Heart's Desire</i> concerns a family waiting for a daughter to return from Australia; <i>Blue Kettle</i> is about a man who cons women into believing he is their long-lost son. The cast includes Valerie Lilley, Mary Macleod, Bernard Gallagher, Jason Watkins and Anna Wing. Julian McGowan designs and Max Stafford-Clark directs.	Robert Carlyle abandons his <i>Hamish Macbeth</i> cuties and <i>Trainspotting</i> terrors to play an unemployed steelworker who teams up with his mates to become Sheffield's answer to The Chippendales. Written by Simon Beaufoy and directed by Peter Cattaneo, this British film also stars Mark Addy, Tom Wilkinson (as the choreographer) and the British film staple Lesley Sharp.	Late on Thursday night, the judges awarded the sixth £25,000 Mercury music prize to the Bristol-based drum'n'bass collective Roni Size with Reprazent for their album <i>New Form</i> . "An album of inspirational brilliance ... music that transcends the limitations of the genre," crowed <i>The Times</i> . "The fusion's novelty palls over the full 134 minutes, but at times the effect is mesmerising," admitted <i>The Telegraph</i> . "Refreshingly spring-heeled ... drum'n'bass has been running a bit low on evolutionary momentum lately, and it's good to see someone doing their bit to cut the deficit," affirmed the <i>Independent</i> on <i>Sunday</i> . "Great music, irrespective of the form ... it deserves to reach at least some of the as-yet-unconverted ... stands as a benchmark album for the genre," declared <i>The Sunday Times</i> .
David Benedict hailed "an exceedingly rare theatrical coup ... bursting with delights and surprises, doubts and terrors, hopes and dreams ... extraordinarily emotional." "Churchill has a major hit on her hands ... an unsettling mixture of wild laughter and profound unease," cheered <i>The Telegraph</i> . "A stylish though sometimes over-emphatic demonstration of theatrical virtuosity," smiled <i>The Observer</i> . "Furiously witty ... the distorting effect of a poltergeist loose in the house, laying bare the chaos lurking beneath ... exquisitely acted," nodded <i>The Guardian</i> . "Entertaining and intriguing and cries out to be described in Edinburgh short-hand as 'off-beat'," approved the <i>FT</i> . "Form for form's sake simply won't do any more ... the sight and sound of former glory boys missing the mark entirely," bleated <i>The Times</i> .	Adam Mars-Jones enjoyed "an often entertaining" comedy but "for all the emphasised Englishness of the setting and its people, a lot of American-style growth has gone on." "It's hard not to cheer for the ill-assorted hoovers ... You leave the cinema on a wave of good-will," applauded the <i>FT</i> . "Painfully funny ... at such moments movies become a treat again," praised the <i>Standard</i> . "Some supposedly feel-good films are so bent on their goal they back-fire and make you feel ill. <i>The Full Monty</i> does not," grinned <i>The Times</i> . "Will be this summer's smash hit," predicted the <i>Mail</i> . "Exposes the parts that other films dare not reach," yelled <i>The Sun</i> . "Bloody funny. Frankly, I can't remember a preview of a British movie where the audience had a better time," beamed <i>Time Out</i> .	Phil Johnson was certain. "Dirty great slabs of bass make your heart leap in its cage like a stung gunned canary; skittering snare rhythms drill deep into the central nervous system." "An album of inspirational brilliance ... music that transcends the limitations of the genre," crowed <i>The Times</i> . "The fusion's novelty palls over the full 134 minutes, but at times the effect is mesmerising," admitted <i>The Telegraph</i> . "Refreshingly spring-heeled ... drum'n'bass has been running a bit low on evolutionary momentum lately, and it's good to see someone doing their bit to cut the deficit," affirmed the <i>Independent</i> on <i>Sunday</i> . "Great music, irrespective of the form ... it deserves to reach at least some of the as-yet-unconverted ... stands as a benchmark album for the genre," declared <i>The Sunday Times</i> .
Final performance tonight at the Traverse, Edinburgh (0131-228 1404). At the Royal Court Downstairs from 17 Sept (0171-565 5000) then touring.	Cert 15, 91 minutes, on general release.	A double CD on Talkin' Loud 534 933. Shop around for a bargain price.
A riveting production of a strikingly theatrical, cunning and powerfully compassionate work. Watching <i>Blue Heart</i> is a captivating, heady pleasure. The play of the year.	A surprise runaway hit in America, presumably seen as an antidote to Merchant-Ivory and Hugh Grant styles of Englishness, it looks set to storm Britain. And why not?	A surprise win for a prize often regarded as a stitch up between the record companies. But why bother to include classical titles when they never win?

صحنه من الاصل





You probably thought that the Coen Brothers' movies were intricately woven, philosophically abstruse meditations on life, death and madness. You couldn't be more wrong. They're all about showing you a good time. By Ryan Gilbey

# Just sit back and enjoy....

Joel and Ethan Coen are their names but the Coen Brothers sounds more like a gangster movie. Like a gangland duo come to set about you with a monkey wrench. It has a studied, business-like ring: it suggests a gang, a team, a machine. The Coen Brothers' machine has been chugging away at an agreeable pace since 1984, producing a film every two or three years, each of them offering a natty twist on a familiar genre, and all of them technically perfect right down to the typography on the final credit crawl. But what are their films for? There's an easy answer. I think it's the only answer. Entertainment.

Many people would be disappointed with that conclusion, and it's their fruitless search to locate a more complex and intangible quality in the Coens' work: witness the way fans relentlessly pursue a meaning behind the symbol of the hat in *Miller's Crossing*, a film that has earned the brothers the label of major artists – a reputation that it's possible to feel they have only won by association. Which is to say that, because their movies are distinguished by astonishing technical expertise, and littered with informed refer-

ences to film history, audiences and critics alike find it easier to persuade themselves that the Coens are striving to create something more noble and adventurous than mere entertainment. As though films that attempt to entertain are not in their own way as noble and adventurous as those that require a furrowing of the brow and a working knowledge of Kierkegaard.

Ethan certainly possesses the latter, and quite possibly the former, having studied philosophy, a biographical detail that has perhaps led both admirers and detractors (like the writer John Harkness, who called the brothers "sphinxes without riddles") to expect or demand more than these films can possibly yield. Ethan produces, and co-writes with Joel, who directs. Joel did a snappy job of editing their friend Sam Raimi's comic horror *The Evil Dead* at the start of his career and Raimi has been a frequent influence and collaborator – he directed the wonderful hula hoop sequence in *The Hudsucker Proxy*, and played a cop shot to pieces in *Miller's Crossing*, a fitting punishment perhaps for having written the crushingly unfunny *Crimes of the Heart* with the Coens.

Joel and Ethan continue to edit most

of their own work under the pseudonym Roderick Jaynes, a supposedly spiky, eccentric Englishman who had an accidental brush with fame when "he" was nominated for an Oscar this year for editing *Fargo*. The Coens' films are so meticulously planned and storyboarded that it's only a mind immune to paranoia that wouldn't consider the possibility that each production is staffed in this pseudonymous fashion – that everyone from the hairdresser to the on-site caterer is a figment of the brothers' imaginations, and it's actually Joel and Ethan running the whole show, their fingers in every available pie. I'm certain that if the logistics weren't so challenging, they'd have a go. Surely the margin for human error is too large a risk to films that are plotted out like motorway intersections.

It's a common complaint that the Coens fill the screen with virtuoso camerawork and production design to disguise the misanthropic heart at the centre of their work. Reviewing their first feature,

the cruel noir thriller *Blood Simple*, Pauline Kael decided that "the reason the camera whoop-de-do is so noticeable is that there's nothing else going on", while David Thomson reached a similar conclusion: "Its skill and noisiness seemed without destination or purpose." It's true that, on its rerelease last year, the film appeared notable only for its vast influence on young American filmmakers, and for its ugly, forbidding tone.

The Coens followed it with the exhilarating and imaginative *Raising Arizona*. A kidnapping comedy in which the camera is as restless as the picture's jittery jailbird hero (Nicolas Cage), it remains their most mature and honest work to date. Why is it more successful than the sombre gangster drama *Miller's Crossing* or the surreal Hollywood satire *Barton Fink* (which won the Palme d'Or and two other awards at the 1991 Cannes Film Festival), or the screwball pastiche *The Hudsucker Proxy*? Because it's the film in which the Coens have seemed most

effortlessly at ease with their material, least conspicuous about their talent for economical storytelling (the throwaway pre-credit sequence is a whole movie in itself), and most in touch with the notion of a pure, sensual and involving cinema. In short, they show off in all the right places.

Viewed separately, the Coens' films can be bewitching, but if you tune in to Channel 4's season, starting tomorrow and charting all their work to date (excluding last year's *Fargo*), you will be struck by the absence of any cumulative excellence. To consider the Coens' films as a body of work in the auteurist sense is to be forced to confront their most glaring weaknesses: watching *Blood Simple*, *Miller's Crossing* and *The Hudsucker Proxy* – the movies which have aged least gracefully – side by side is like witnessing a scientist conducting the same experiment over and over again, smashing the test tubes at the culmination of each and starting afresh on the next, identical project.

There is a real, gnawing futility to these pictures, despite the fact that they each have priceless treasures buried within them – John Turturro begging for his life,

twice, in *Miller's Crossing*, for instance, almost makes you forgive how grim and prissy the rest of the movie feels. *Fargo* marked a distinct progression in this area, giving us a character – the pregnant cop played by Oscar-winning Frances McDormand – who seemed to function independently of her creators. Ironic, really, when you consider that McDormand is Joel's wife. Her appearance half-way through defrosted a movie whose cruelty might otherwise have destroyed it. She defined the film – the first time the Coens have allowed a single performer such freedom.

It remains to be seen whether this generosity of characterisation will extend to their new film, *The Big Lebowski*, a comic thriller that stars Jeff Bridges as a bowling aficionado mistaken for a millionaire. It opens next year. Until then, enjoy the Channel 4 season, save the blank video tape for *Raising Arizona* and prepare to be neither dazzled nor mesmerised, just entertained.

The Channel 4 season of Coen Brothers films begins tomorrow at 10pm with *The Hudsucker Proxy* and continues next week with *Miller's Crossing*

## EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

**Theatre**  
The Cherry Orchard, Edinburgh Festival Theatre  
It's been called the finest Chekhov production within living memory and Brian McMaster, the Festival director, is on record as saying that when he first encountered it, it struck him as the greatest theatre he had seen to date, bar none. Peter Stein's *Cherry Orchard* has, however, been in existence, on and off, since 1989 and in Edinburgh, where it tonight makes its final appearance, it comes over as monumental but disappointingly unmerciful – and Chekhov without impulsive spontaneity is like, well, Torville and Dean without skates.

The beauty of the staging is, I should imagine, undimmed. Towards the end of the first act, for example, the curtains of the Gayev nursery are pulled back and there, behind the huge window at a heart-stopping tilt to the interior, is a vision of unearthly loveliness – the cherry orchard in profuse white bloom under early-morning sunshine. Well might Jutta Lampe's Ranyevskaya imagine for a moment that she sees the ghost of her mother walking through this other-worldly landscape.

A magical blurring of the objective and the subjective, the spectacle brings home to you just why the Gayevs can't bear to part with their orchard and perhaps modifies your sense of their irritating fecklessness and inertia. The downside of making the



Set in stone? A scene from Peter Stein's fossilised staging of Chekhov's 'Cherry Orchard' Photo: Bernd Uhlig

orchard so visually prominent is that, if you happen to be sitting in the dress circle, you are treated to the sight of stage hands uprooting and carting off the trees in preparation for Act 2 – the orchard farcically suffering its fate just a tad ahead of schedule. Throughout, the staging has a wonderful spare imaginative precision. The three double communicating doors through which we spy the cavorting revellers in the party scene allows for a thrilling moment when, with brutal insouciance, a line of high-spirited dancers burst through the downstage room where Ranyevskaya is grieving at the loss of the estate.

But, unlike a recent French-Romanian *Three Sisters* that ended with Natasha giving birth to the Soviet Army, this *Cherry Orchard* does not let hindsight inflict too much foresight on Chekhov's

play. Having bought the very estate on which his forefathers were serfs, Daniel Friedrich's excellent Lopakhin staggers round in a very human daze of embarrassment and triumphalist elation. One moment, he's pulling his coat over his head like a child who wants to be "invisible", the next he's asserting ownership by crashing drunkenly into walls and cavalierly knocking down candle-labras. Only at the very end does his exasperation with the Gayevs suddenly look drained of its former affection.

So what am I complaining about? Simply that too much of the production is willed and mechanical: well nigh all of the

physical farce suffers from the deadly deliberateness of actors remembering to have accidents. The mixed moods are often leavened with calculation. Take those drunken hiccupps that here puncture, with humour-free persistence, the poignant meditative silence that descends for what feels like for ever over the Gayev household as they sit on their luggage waiting to depart.

I note that Roland Schäfer played the upstart Frenchified footman Yasha at the 1989 premiere. He's getting a bit long in the tooth to be playing a young man on the make now. To keep the age differential, the ancient retainer Firs would have to be

presented pickled, Damien Hirst-style, in a cabinet. How I wish I'd seen this production in its first flush of youth. Final performance: 7pm tonight. Booking: 0131-473 2000 Paul Taylor

**Opera**  
Die Walküre Act 3, Usher Hall  
Brian McMaster, the Festival director, must be thanking his stars for an extraordinary run of good luck. Many of the events have been sell-outs, and there has been a run of warm, sunny weather, unusual for Scotland, with a perfect clear evening for the Fireworks Concert. Even apparent misfortunes have been turned to the Festival's advantage. First, the loss of the Royal Opera's production of *Macbeth* led to a concert performance that was, after all, one of this year's great occasions. Next, Bryn Terfel, one of the biggest stars in this year's pantheon, fell ill, putting Thursday's concert performance of Act 3 of Wagner's *Die Walküre* into doubt. Luckily John Tomlinson, Bayreuth's greatest Wotan of recent times, was secured to replace him. And this led to another revelation, a vision of the father-god that was towering, vivid, and essentially personal. It was one of those performances that ran into a massive wall of applause and cheering at its close.

It was not merely that Tomlinson was able to repeat his Bayreuth triumph. He gave us an essentially new Wotan, less the tender father moved to grief by a need to punish, than a desperate, panicked figure, almost poranaiac in his misery. Where Hans Hotter – and Tomlinson himself, once upon a time – melted into affectionate nostalgia ("Wunschmädchen du mir, "You were my wish-maiden," he says to Brünnhilde), this new Wotan sang with savage irony, leading to the most brutal mockery as he consigned her to any man who might want her, spitting out the harsh consonants of the *stabschmied*. Finally, his tender farewell to the lost daughter was tinged with wretchedness: someone freer than I shall have her. "Freier als ich, der Gott", gasped breathlessly in a last hopeless surrender. It somehow captured all the sadness in the world.

Jane Eaglen ought to have been the perfect foil for this, for her Brünnhilde, seen in Glasgow and Chicago, was always human, soft, womanly: her purity of tone, pearly and sweet in soft passages, used to rise to an electric brilliance in the high register. But this was not Eaglen's best night. The seductive tenderness was still there, but low notes sounded oddly covered, and there was insufficient breadth for her last words of defiance, the orchestra clamouring to second her angry taunts. There was still plenty of woman in this interpretation, but not much valkyrie.

The other singers were astonishingly good: eight rousing valkyries, and a Sieglinde (Adrienne Pieczonka) who could have taken over the part of Brünnhilde at a moment's notice, and whose tone, indeed, somewhat resembled Eaglen's. The conductor, Antonio Pappano, is an exhilarating new kid on the Wagnerian block. He puts aside the traditional interest in expressive detail, *leitmotiv*, shape and contour, in favour of an impetuous excitement and a tonal splendour which suited the "Ride of the Valkyries" well. The Royal Scottish National Orchestra usually avoided being pulled off their feet. A night for fireworks, indeed. Raymond Monelle

## Taking a pot shot at marriage

It's only three weeks and three days since we set off in the comedy car from Manchester full of hopes, dreams and cheap red plunk. Little did we know that they've got Victoria Wines up here too! Stopping only to collect a job-lot of ceramics ranging from early sixth-form experiments right through to Naomi Wolfe-inspired abstract female forms, we sped from St Helens in fear of the firemen who'd been called to Carmel College after a kilnful of my latest 3-D dreams set off the alarms.

Arriving in the Pleasance courtyard, it was frightening how someone as big and burly as myself could be reduced to small fry upon entering the deep dark sea of satire where everyone's for sale but souls are left at the door. I found myself in a town where "sell-out" is a good thing, wondering if the comedic Cruff's would ever stick a rosette of recommendation on the poster of this particular little pooch. At the press launch party at the Gilded Balloon, I couldn't help but feel that wherever I stood was the proverbial comedy kitchen: while all the stars smooched

success, I got on with the dirty dishes. New hope was forthcoming in the friendship of my three flatmates, Adam, Neil and Jez (with four lads sharing, it's always a good sign when one has a name like a household cleaner).

Despite Adam's insomnia filling my dreams with images of Birdy, naked, bunched and sitting on the foot-rail, we settled down to a hedonistic home life where germs would feel they were in Heaven, bin-bags be outlawed and empty bottles fill every conceivable nook and cranny. We made our plans to storm the comedy castle.

Under starter's orders, the comedy thoroughbreds chomped at the bit while the drunken donkey practised his comedy kick. First show under the belt and the real fun began... We were off! Good initial reactions meant that defences were lowered and potential foes became friends. Dave Johns, the father figure of fun, restored all faith in the outdated notion that this game was all about having a laugh. With the Irish contingent sharing my love of the smooth dark stuff, failure soon became a photograph fading fast in the bright lights of brotherly love.

Tommy Tiernan and the red-haired rascal known as Jason Byrne joined with them a pride in being new kids on the block and Dawn Sedgwick, a manager with looks to die for. My managers Steve and Mary had all my respect but Dawn had poached my heart. It took a visit from my beloved Jennifer to burst the bubble and bring this confused comedy kid back to his satirical senses.

With Perrier nominations announced, the pressure was on. But, unbeknown to the fevered Festival crowd, there was a bigger question on the

lips of Johnny Vegas. Forget "Will he, won't he?" It was "Will she, won't she?" There was female nomination afoot and the prize on offer put the Perrier into perspective...

And so, on the evening of the awards, a title was lost but a treasure was found when my beloved Jennifer agreed to be my wife. (Sorry, St Austins, cancel the function suite we booked for 7 September – the availability of free booze and a big band at the Perrier ceremony made it cheaper than throwing a party back home.)

So it's homeward bound to the flat above Mary the Butcher's, where chops from this day forth are free, following press write-ups of the humble abode and neighbouring merchants. My face printed on a beer mat and a wedding secured, it's hard to think that there are any more mountains to conquer – although, as Mount Television teases, I must prepare to climb it with a rope of restraint and a flag of fun to stick in the Head of Light Entertainment.

The future's bright but it ain't orange. It's brown and gold. It's... Johnny Vegas





# The massacre of truth

Linda Holt takes issue with a wild fantasy about the aftermath of war

Crimes and Mercies: the fate of German civilians under Allied occupation by James Bacque, Little, Brown £18.99

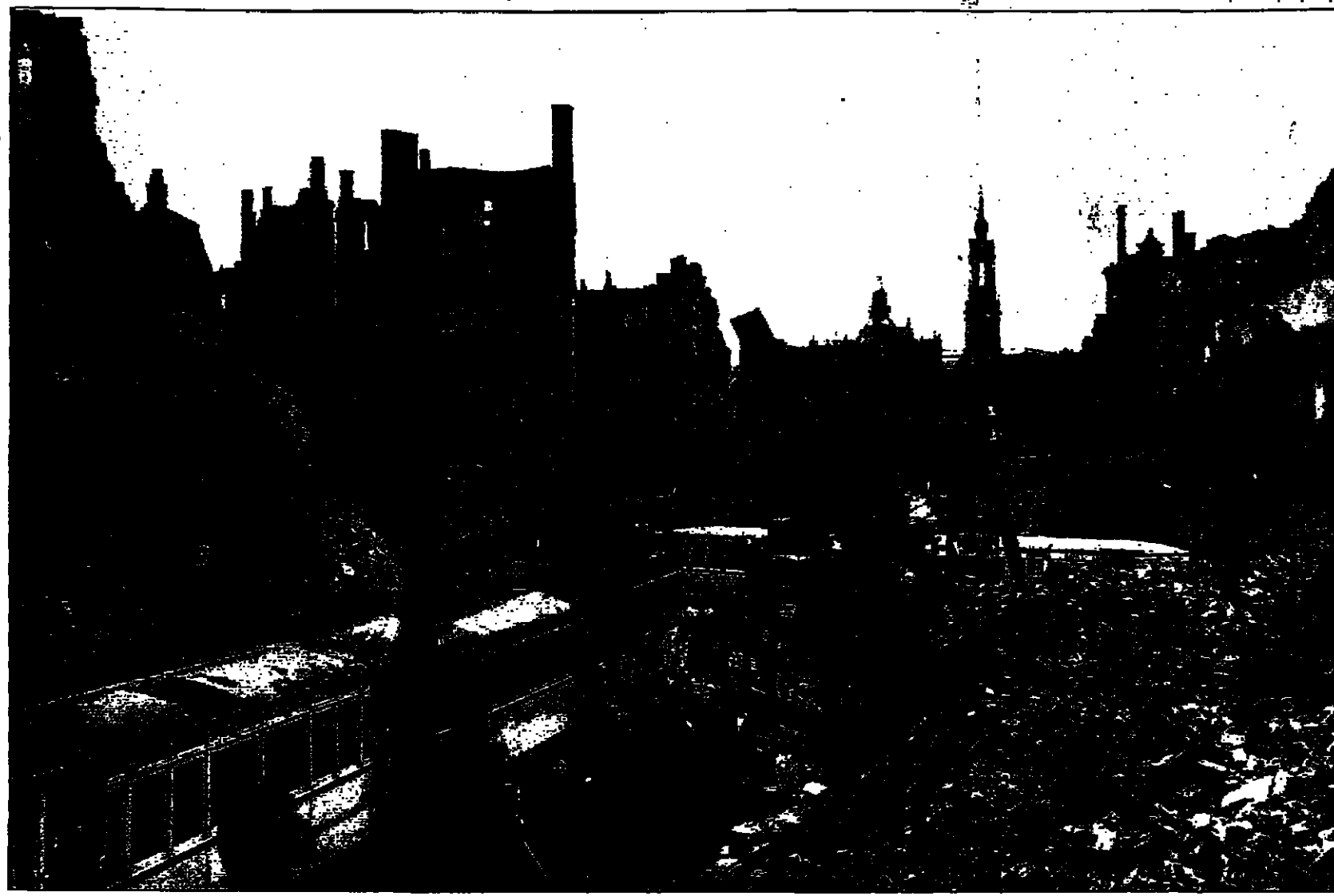
Blaming the Allies for their war record has become fashionable. Recent charges include bombing Dresden, not bombing Auschwitz, not suing for peace after the Battle of Britain, not negotiating with German resistors, bungling war crimes trials, and letting Nazi war criminals escape. Many of the arguments are profoundly unhistorical, depending on hindsight and the what if? scenarios beloved of "faction" thrillers. They assume that the Allies could – and should – have kept a morally clean sheet.

In 1989, a little-known Canadian novelist, James Bacque, published *Other Losses*, alleging that "800,000, almost certainly over 900,000 and quite likely over a million" German servicemen died from starvation or neglect in American and French camps following the Second World War. This was, Bacque claimed, a deliberately genocidal policy on the part of Supreme Allied Commander Eisenhower. *Other Losses* became an international best-seller, and the subject of four television documentaries.

There followed numerous letters to German and North American newspapers from witnesses on both sides, confirming that conditions for German prisoners in 1945 had indeed been grim. Some camps, especially in the Rhine meadows, lacked adequate shelter, food and medical care. Prisoners were sometimes deliberately deprived of water and mail, and atrocities certainly took place.

These were far from original discoveries: 17 years previously a Federal German Commission on POWs had published an exhaustive 22-volume study. The value of *Other Losses* lay in its insistence that Germans had needlessly and illegally suffered not just in Soviet but American and French hands.

Unfortunately, Bacque's answers to the inevitable questions about numbers and responsibility seemed too sensational



Dresden, flattened by the RAF. But there was no post-war campaign of genocide against German civilians  
PHOTOGRAPH: HULTIN GETTY

to be true. Where were the bodies of his "missing million"? How could Eisenhower have got away with acting like an American Hitler? And how does this fit in with his presidential record in transforming West Germany into a successful democracy with an independent army?

Common-sense objections were joined by debunkings from scholars. Bacque's 30 per cent death rate for US-held prisoners was a generalisation based on a typing error; all other figures in the document in question indicate a 3 per cent rate. The overall rate was 1 per cent (about 56,000).

Bacque interpreted a discrepancy of a million between columns headed "Other

Losses" in two US Army reports as deaths. These were transfers to other zones, or releases without discharge, which included more than 660,000 conscripts from Hitler's last-minute *Dad's Army*. His only authority that "Other Losses" was a cover-up term for deaths was a retired US colonel. Now a nonagenarian who confesses to an unreliable memory, Philip Lauben has continually repudiated the claims Bacque attributed to him. In 1992, a collection of papers, *Eisenhower and the German POWs*, edited by Gunther Bischof and Stephen E Ambrose, burst the bubble once and for all.

But, as John Keegan has noted, Bacque

is a true believer. *Crimes and Mercies* is his response to Bischof and Ambrose. Not that Bacque engages with their arguments: Ambrose is dismissed as an "American professor ... who adores Eisenhower". When Bacque quotes negative reviews of "a" book about Allied atrocities against Germans, he does not reveal that the book is his own *Other Losses*. He mentions the reviews only as examples of "denials" which "rest on delusion, not evidence". Nor does his new book correct his previous errors. Lauben is still chief witness for the prosecution, though a footnote explains how he was "re-educated" by a Pentagon official.

Instead, *Crimes and Mercies* ups the ante: the Allies are now responsible for between 9.3 and 13.7 million deaths between VE day and 1950. To the German POWs in Western hands, Bacque has added ethnic Germans expelled from the eastern territories, residents of occupied Germany and Soviet-held POWs. There are dizzying parades of sources and calculations, designed to suggest Bacque has plenty of new evidence, especially from the recently opened KGB archives.

However, a Mad Hatter logic renders this useless. Bacque sniffs out statistical discrepancies, even between guesses for German population numbers, as if all

were cover-ups for mass deaths: 5.7 million, according to one discrepancy on census returns between 1946 and 1950. He ignores the contrary evidence and the lack of reliable records. The millions of displaced persons, army personnel and refugees who turned up in Germany in the war's chaotic aftermath were hardly a predictable or measurable population.

As in Bacque's first book, lost opportunities can be glimpsed, particularly when he highlights ethnic cleansing of Germans from the Baltic to the Danube. Destroying centuries-old communities such as the Sudeten Germans may have seemed sensible after Hitler used them to justify his expansion, but the full extent of their suffering has yet to be recognised. A major reason for this neglect is, of course, the Holocaust, beside which German suffering can look trivial.

Bacque's strategy is to expunge the word "Holocaust" from his vocabulary; there is one passing reference to "the slaughter in Belsen, Buchenwald, Dachau and Auschwitz", but only as "war crimes" which have been used as justifications for vengeance and continuing "war hatred" towards Germany. David Irving and company will lap this up. Bacque crowns this nonsense by blaming Roosevelt and Churchill for not declaring war on the Soviet Union after the defeat of Hitler.

*Crimes and Mercies* reads like apocalyptic fantasy. The only mystery is why it has appeared between the hard covers of a reputable publisher instead of on sandwich boards in Oxford Street. Admittedly, it resembles much news reporting of historical material: a sensational treatment based on decontextualised sources, the uncritical use of oral history, and conspiracy theories. One appendix relates how a man he calls "Jean Le Spy" revealed that Bacque was being spied on by "Canadian, American, British, French and Russian agencies". Further proof for this conspiracy comes from the academics and journalists who refuted his first book and the 15 publishers who turned down the manuscript of his second. Did nobody at Little, Brown nuzzle Bacque? Or did they just see another best-seller?

## Laugh? He really died

Should we treat comic genius like a disease? Michael Bywater diagnoses a fatal gift

Peter Cook: a biography by Harry Thompson, Hodder & Stoughton, £18.99

Peter Cook casts a long shadow. He wasn't just one of the funniest men who ever lived; he was also one of the most ... there's a terrible Glaswegian word trotted out when judgement has to be tempered with courtesy. "Effective." You go to see a friend's show. It stinks. What do you say? You say "Aye, well, it wur eh – vair ... effective."

But Cook was effective. Among all the funeral orations, all the media-maven talk about the Satire Age and Cook's linguistic surrealism, lies the truth that, by a series of precisely-observed, oblique assaults, he revealed the British Establishment for what it was: a self-perpetuating oligarchy of ignorant, sequestered, overgrown schoolboys. Once we had seen them with their grey flannel trousers round their spindly ankles, they would never again receive deference by simply demanding it as their right.

It wouldn't have worked had Cook just been funny. Morecambe and Wise were funny, but in the end existed in the hermetically-sealed world of Comedy-Land. Nor would it have been enough if Cook had also been true. Jacques Tati was true – moments in *M. Hulot's Holiday* pin down the reality of life for the nebbish so precisely that they make the hair stand on the back of the neck – but it was like a musical truth. The illumination it offered was purely local.

Cook was both funny and true, and what made him so ... effective was a combination of his absolute Britishness, and that he offered an answer as well as raising a question. The question was Sir Arthur Streeb-Greebling, and even his duck-training precursor, in Cook's Cambridge days, could not have been anything other than a member of the self-regarding, deluded and fruitlessly vacuous English administrative classes.

"It's quite an achievement, really. I mean these ducks are completely under my control; eating's become second nature to them now ... I was thinking, perhaps it's a bit too ambitious, but I was thinking of trying to get them up in the air – training them to fly." It's the voice of every politician, every paunchy industrialist, every arse-faced bank manager who ever tried to take credit for the enterprise of others. Cook didn't try to demolish; he didn't imitate; he merely said, "Here is this type of man. Look at him, and make of it what you will."

And the answer was EL Wisty: the droning, semi-comatose Everyman, below whose greasy cloth cap, beneath



Beyond the fringe, over the edge: young Cook behind Bennett, Miller and Moore  
LEWIS MORLEY

whose drizzle-stained mac throbbled and seethed a world of baroque imaginings erected on a base of ignorance, isolation and wild paranoia. Wisty was an only slightly exaggerated portrait of Tabloid Man, the perfect opposition to Cook's establishment moros. It's always tricky, making big claims for comic inventions, but Cook's comedy was genuinely revolutionary, dethroning the fannell overlord and putting, in their place, Wisty's Everyman.

For a man who seemed incapable of planning anything at all, Cook's comic assault on the institution of Britishness seems with hindsight to have a near-military precision. You couldn't imagine it done better if you filled the Albert Hall with droning strategists. But it wasn't planned. Cook couldn't plan. And all this means that a biography of Peter Cook is more important than yet another warty life of yet another well-loved showbiz figure.

It's a daunting task, but Harry Thompson, a distinguished denizen of the comedy establishment, brings it off with self-effacing panache. Out of Cook's utterly disordered life, he has constructed a narrative with the compulsive grip of an airport best-seller. At first sight, the plot which emerges seems to be essentially tragic, since tragedy speaks "Of the fall of illustrious men". Peter Cook didn't fall. In the end, he died. But he didn't fall. And in the end, Thompson's book is the tale of a man at the mercy of his own life.

Or, more precisely, at the mercy of the British Establishment. Cook's father was a colonial administrator in Nigeria, showing the black chappie what was what. The common pattern was tacked willy-nilly over Cook's young life: sep-

arated from parents, sent to live in Yew-Kay with Grandmother, prep school, public school, the assumption that he would follow his father into colonial service – the well-tried method which bred hundreds of thousands of petrified, emotionally-castrated Englishmen. If wicked scientists crept into your room and said, "Look, old chap, we need a generation of dysfunctional neurotics", that's the way you'd go about it.

But all comedians are dysfunctional, seized-up, emotionally crookbacked or at the very least a bit creaky. All of them. The standard explanation is that comedy is a defence, that there comes the magic moment when the embryo comedian finds he can deflect the bullies' fists with words. Like most standard explanations, it's bollocks. The flaw, the crack, the deracination come first. Jokes come from the same source that attracts bullies. Scratch any comedian and you'll find someone who doesn't feel he belongs.

Even Cook, tall, well-born, breathtakingly beautiful until the booze swelled him like a poisoned dog, swift-witted, articulate, he could have drifted straight into the Establishment. Except that he couldn't. Something in him wouldn't swallow it, couldn't take it seriously, saw it for what it was. That was a big part of his iconic appeal: he could have belonged but chose not to. And he chose not to because he had no choice.

The terrible thing is that one day we may start treating comedians. Compassion, kindness, 12-step programmes. "Don't laugh at him; he can't help it." Wean them off the girls, the pills, the booze, the cheap, fretful sex, the jeering surrealism, the hunger for applause, the disorganisation. John Cleese has already done it: embraced the idea of

comedy-as-dysfunction, talked it through, come to know himself, got better.

And the even more terrible thing is, we may be right to treat comedy like alcoholism. They follow similar paths. They start with the feeling that you aren't enough by yourself, that you don't belong by right, and they both end head-first in the brick wall, when the jokes won't come, when you simply can't drink enough to make the lights go on, when the coiled spring of ancient neurosis finally bursts through the carefully-constructed casing of gags or booze. But then what? Do you spend the rest of your life talking about how miserable you were and how much better you are now? And who will listen? John Cleese? Hello?

Peter Cook ran through the entire gamut. Thompson lays out the whole story: the one-night stands, the brothels, the adulteration, the failure, the electric precision of effortless wit, the rows with Dudley Moore, the sodden rage of *Derek and Clive*, the beauty, the bloated horrors, the fame, the obscurity, the doomed marriages, the money, the spin-drift of tax demands by the letterbox. In the end, his last and angriest wife, Lin Chong, tried to cure him, offering the curious vision of Cook as a reformed, contented pantaloone, pottering by his fishpond, sniffing the Hampstead flowers. It didn't work. He didn't fall; he died.

It must have been, in both senses, a hell of a life. Wasted, as some suggested? No. If you want a wasted life, turn to the respectable BBC functionary who ordered the destruction of the *Not Only ... But Also* tapes, refusing even to allow Cook to keep a copy on video-cassette. His justification was that the tapes were a "renewable resource". Peter Cook, alas, was not.

## Spilt personalities

Michèle Roberts on the couple in crisis

Enduring Love by Ian McEwan, Jonathan Cape, £15.99

Ian McEwan is always described as writing about gore and nastiness, perverse philosophies, machismo metaphysics – and very fed up he must get with this, too. Just because he once wrote a story about things that go bump in bell-jars doesn't mean he should be typecast for ever as baddish and laddish. In fact, his novels are sheep in wolves' clothing.

Under their dark, bristling, thrillerish surfaces lurk explorations of the way we love now: men and women mostly, but parents and children too. His world appears a naturalistic one, but is also metaphorical, as in a romance. He illuminates inner states as well as outer ones, though his landscapes are always realistic and now-ish enough to satisfy the butchest of readers.

A constant image recurring in his work is the man-woman couple so tightly tangled together and at the same time so confused about sexual difference that an act of violence by a third party is required to allow the protagonists to separate. In *The Comfort of Strangers*, this was achieved through grisly sadistic ritual and in *Black Dogs* through the discovery of a particularly beastly Nazi torture. The problems of these couples are exacerbated by their belief in gender as an essential characteristic. The narrator of *The Comfort of Strangers* reflects sadly on men's ancient desire to hurt and women's to be hurt. *Black Dogs* divides the sexes into rational men and mystical women. No wonder huge explosions of anger, projected outside on the villains of the piece, suddenly blow everything up in the air.

In *Enduring Love*, which re-explores these classic themes, what goes up in the air is a balloon. The dramatic opening chapter, which introduces all the elements of the plot, works like a movie. It cuts sharply from scene to scene, with abrupt changes of focus and perspective, letting us see the retakes in slow motion. Joe Rose and his wife Clarissa Mellon are celebrating their reunion after a six-week separation occasioned by Clarissa's research on Keats. Picnicking in the Chilterns, they witness a ballooning accident which results in a man's death.

Four men have raced to the rescue, Joe among them, without success. The resulting tragedy is exacerbated for Joe by the fact that another of the would-be rescuers, Jed Parry, turns out to be a potentially dangerous stalker whose infatuation with Joe threatens his relationship with Clarissa, their love for each other, and their lives as well.

The novel operates on one level as a thriller of hunt and be hunted. As Joe fights Clarissa's criticisms of the way he's coping with this disturbing intruder, and with the suspicions of the police that he is disturbed himself, it also makes forays into psychological suspense. *Enduring Love* explores the either/or thinking that Charlotte Brontë would have recognised. It pits science against madness, man against woman, reason against intuition, rationality

against religion, passion against sanity, love against hate. Joe thrashes around in the midst of all these. He is a successful science journalist who has given up a career in research for the rewards of popular books. He feels that he ought to be able to understand Jed Parry, sort him out and see him off – but he can't. Not for quite a while.

One of the problems is that Jed's homoerotic obsession with Joe is sublimated into the language of religious devotion. He believes he has been chosen by God to draw Joe to the everlasting bliss of the Father's arms. Joe can't see it this way. Having done his homework, he concludes that Jed is suffering from what psychologists have labelled de Clérambault's syndrome. So they can't communicate with each other, because they talk different languages!

Jed represses his homosexual love and Joe denies that he has any. Jed's urge for God and for Joe is presented as the stuff of purest craziness: belief in something that isn't there. Joe has to face the fact that he doesn't, for all his scientific approach to



Balloon debate: Ian McEwan DAVID ROSE

life, understand loving a woman either. It's a skill he's taken for granted. He can't talk to Clarissa about what's happening, partly because she's too busy and tired, partly because she begins to suspect him of being fascinated by Jed. Their relationship, at first apparently so trusting, intimate and strong, shatters under the impact of their inability to support each other.

The novel reaches a satisfyingly violent denouement after a lovely comic set piece on how to buy a gun from braindead hippies wrecked on too much dope, bad karma and burnt toast. The princess is rescued from the dragon, even if she goes on criticising the prince for insisting on doing it his way.

I decided that everything really was Clarissa's fault. If authors are still allowed intentions, I think McEwan meant us to be sympathetic to her. But to me she came across as the kind of radical feminist who believes that womanliness will save the world, that women are morally superior to men, that men can't understand feelings. Boy, are those women trouble. They just don't stand by their men.



# Rebels with a curse

The cash, the coke, the cops ... Elizabeth Young was there



A Riot of our Own: night and day with The Clash by Johnny Green and Garry Barker, illustrated by Ray Lowry, Indigo, £8.99

The Clash were a potentially world-class rock band who became major casualties of the confusing battle waged over five decades of youth culture. When youth and leisure were a new invention, ideas, influences and creativity coalesced into the mass bohemianism that came to define being young. In the earlier postwar decades, all this activity – propelled by usury or utopianism – had a profound effect on the dominant culture. Gradually, inevitably, it was then distilled down to its most basic impulses: energy, style, sex, dance, speed, chemicals – in short, ecstasy. On this shiny bubble of delirium bobbing atop real life, you pay for all the rides and retire sweat-soaked after a few years to strap on the unchanging manacles of marriage and mortgage, progeny and profit. The Clash were shot down in this great fight between youth as a credible creative force – and youth as

passive style consumers, profitable and lightweight. The band combined these opposed forces and walked a razor blade. They were both scary, awesomely talented punk musicians, and very cute children who looked great and wanted to play with all the toys of carefree excess.

This is their story, told from the trenches of those old wars by their ex-road manager and partner in crime, and excellently adorned by Ray Lowry's manic, ripped, cross-hatched cartoons. Johnny Green was a big, truculent guy, a closet intellectual, his appearance deceptively mellowed by large specs suggestive of (as Joe Strummer says) "a librarian in Macclesfield". However, a river of pure madness and mayhem raged through Green's personality, fed by tributaries of sarcasm, irony, chemicals, fags and booze.

Some may hold that my having been vaguely privy to the events of this book equips me to pronounce upon it. Is it authentic? Yes. It is as true as a sequence of memories from a single perspective ever can be. Here it all is, London calling from

the top of the dial: the low-life riggers, the bags of cash, the cops, the coke, the quarrels, up and down the Westway, drinking brew for breakfast, the great bass speakers, the driving rain and reggae, expectation, expectation, the nuclear nights when the garage band revved it up to bone-breaking levels of intensity, warring managers, the winding-up of fellow soldiers such as Tom Robinson and Richard Hell, becoming less bored with the USA.

Others may consider that familiarity with the material obviates objectivity. So let me also say that the very authenticity of the book ensures intervals of monotony, known as "touring". Rehearsing and recording have conversational limitations, and this is largely *Boys' Own* territory, with female roles pretty much restricted to certifiable nags and slugs.

But, overall, this is a great, witty tribute to the only lastingly listenable punk band. Weep for the lost lyrical promise of Jones and Strummer. Relive the exultant perversity of "London's drowning and I live by the river". And down they went.

London calling from the top of the dial: the low-life riggers, the bags of cash, the cops, the coke, the quarrels, drinking brew for breakfast, the nuclear nights when the garage band revved it up to bone-breaking levels of intensity ... The Clash in full spate

PHOTOGRAPH: K. BERNSTEIN/RED PERS

# Filed teeth, marlin spikes, ripping yarns

DJ Taylor enjoys more gale-force prose from the Etonian Hemingway

The Story of my Disappearance by Paul Watkins, Faber & Faber, £14.99

Paul Watkins's sixth novel opens in characteristically violent circumstances. Two New England fisherfolk, Paul and his long-time girlfriend Suleika, are idling in a deserted harbour-front bar when a shaven-headed stranger walks in and orders a plate of oysters. Knife and fork have barely been crossed, however, before a second man plunges into the room and stabs the startled diner through the skull with a marlin spike. As the sirens wail, blood hits the floor in "a fast Morse Code of droplets", and Paul stares briefly into the murderer's cold grey eyes, he divines that some long-dead ghosts are back to haunt him.

The trail leads back to the East Germany of the mid-Eighties, where Paul Wedekind, a blameless engineering student, is invited to spy on the activities of a ramshackle chum named Ingo Buddie by their college tutor (owlish Markus, who believes Ingo to be a drugs trafficker, and turns out to work for the secret services). With the pair dispatched to Afghanistan on national service, there are plenty of opportunities to monitor Ingo's progress as a prince of racketeers, and also his official employment as camp interrogator-cum-torturer. Finally, after a hillside ambush, Paul watches Ingo have his teeth filed off by a score-settling mujahadeen leader. He is returned to the army camp in an exchange of prisoners, assuming that his friend is dead.

Officially declared dead himself, and thus entitled to a new identity, Paul gets sent to the US. Here he settles down as engine-tuner to Suleika – a recently widowed Soviet agent who uses her trawler as a front to ferry in diamond smugglers delivered by submarine (sold in New York, the gems are a useful way of raising hard Western

cash). A last storm-crossed mission, in which their human cargo goes overboard and the boat sinks, coincides with the collapse of the Berlin Wall. Phoning their contact at Aeroflot, Paul receives the disquieting intelligence that they will have to make their own travel arrangements home. A low-key life together on the boats, subsidised by a suitcase of dollars left over from the final trip, is interrupted by Ingo's return.

Devotees of Paul Watkins's previous work will have recognised all the usual signature marks: deadpan brutality; man versus nature; elemental travails (as in his second novel, *Calm at Sunset*, *Calm at Dawn*, Watkins excels himself in descriptions of storms at sea). If it all seems to get a little unreal towards the end – having identified his Afghan persecutors as a couple of CIA men, Ingo has tracked them down to an International Trade Commission conference in nearby Providence – then this is only to remind the reader that an original suspension of disbelief took place 150 pages earlier. One accepts the high-drama finale because it conforms to the wider logic of Valhalla morals, desperate remedies and – more or less – just deserts.

Hawk-eyed readers will doubtless be amused by the anglicisation of "Paul Wedekind" into "Paul Watkins" (whose own childhood was in fact spent at the Dragon School, Oxford, and Eton) and the attribution of the author photo to "Suleika". There are dangers in this unremitting diet of ominous, stripped-down prose, and Watkins' last novel, *Archangel*, steered uncomfortably close to self-parody. But leaving aside a quibble or two about portentous metaphors – that blood dripping like Morse Code, for instance – *The Story of My Disappearance* is terrific stuff.

# University challenge

Jane Jakeman deciphers an esoteric Oxford whodunit

An Instance of the Fingerpost by Iain Pears, Cape, £16.99

A whole-page cover ad in *The Bookseller*, rights sold all over the world; the specialist bookshop "Crime in Store" warning collectors to reserve a copy in advance: this is unprecedented hype for a historical thriller. But his publishers clearly expect Iain Pears' new book to break out of the genre slot and take its place with serious fiction, on the level of *The Name of the Rose*. And, with its weighty 17th-century science, *An Instance of the Fingerpost* may also latch on to the surprise popularity of scientific history tapped by best-sellers such as *Longitude*. Can it live up to all these expectations?

Emphatically, yes, it can. This is a sprawling, rambling novel and if its tension is sometimes sacrificed for esoteric byways, that's the whole pleasure of it, really: to amble round coffee-houses and eavesdrop on John Locke, to consider the benefits of dried dog-excrement as eye-ointment or to observe the first gory attempt at a blood transfusion. The occasional element of *Boys' Own* mind-boggle (Gosh, did-you-know that Tunbridge Wells was once the seat of government?) just adds to the fun.

The setting is Oxford in 1663, an era when the university briefly awoke from its usual snooze for some genuine debate between the old certainties and the new, experimental science of Galileo and Harvey, between supporters of the defunct Commonwealth and the vengeful restored monarchists. Following the

mysterious death of a New College don, a servant girl is accused of his murder and subjected to all kinds of scurrilous accusations of sedition, witchcraft and whoredom during her trial. The question of her guilt forms a complex narrative that demands a lot of time



Sage of the age: Isaac Newton, by Mettals MARY EVANS

and thought, as it re-creates at leisure an extraordinary world full of ciphers and quarrels, politics and poisons, religion and necromancy.

Questions about the nature of knowledge and evidence are fundamental to the construction of the narrative as well as to the theme. The

story is recounted by a visiting Venetian, a wild young student, the code-cracking professor of geometry and that endearing and muddled historian, Anthony Wood, steadying his nerves alternately in *The Feathers* and the Bodleian.

The four-hander isn't new – it was most famously used by Lawrence Durrell, and Kurosawa's film *Rashomon* took the same approach to the story of a murder – and it needs careful handling if the reader is to follow the thread yet not be bored by repetition. But Pears manipulates the technical problems with skill, differentiating the voices, packing in bags of crinkum-crankum atmosphere. Most of the characters are taken from the real world of the 17th century, many of them from the group of scholars and scientists who formed the beginnings of the Royal Society.

The book is a deeply scholarly thriller, but with the learning worn lightly and all the elements of the plot eventually clicking together as smoothly as Sir Samuel Morland's 17th-century computer. But I would take issue with Pears's Venetian physician in one instance. The despised British medical usage of powdered worms perhaps had a practical base. Dawn French, in her TV foodie series *Scoff!*, was taught survival techniques by an SAS expert. One of his recommendations was to dry worms on a convenient rock and pound them up. The resulting powder is extremely high in protein, which was often lacking in the diet of the unfortunate 17th-century patient.

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## PAPERBACKS



By Christopher Hirst,  
Emma Hagestadt  
and Boyd Tonkin

**Love and Houses** by Marti Leimbach (Pan, £5.99). In Leimbach's latest novel, the New York real estate market gets dirty. When her husband walks out on her (and her soon-to-be-born baby), the first thing Meg Mackenzie wants to do is put their house on the market. Having failed to grasp the basic economic principle of marriage – marry in a bad market, divorce in a good one – she's determined to wise up to the realities of property ownership. That is, until a blue-eyed Western writer moves into the apartment downstairs. A breezy, wise-cracking discourse on the perils of the married state.

**Down by the River** by Edna O'Brien (Phoenix, £5.99). The after-smell of a long-dead donkey; the pink of a rain-washed foxglove bell; O'Brien's bucolic rhapsodising is up there with D.H. Lawrence and Laurie Lee. But whether this kind of lyricism turns you on or not, it's all just background scenery for a decidedly unromantic tale about a young girl's abuse at the hands of her father, and her eventual pregnancy and abortion in a London clinic. O'Brien's country girls step rather uncomfortably into the Nineties (and even listen to Wet Wet Wet).

**Short Orders: film writing** by Jonathan Romney (Serpent's Tail, £11). In the louché ranks of film reviewers you find either ditsy Hollywood cheerleaders, or art-house buffs forever pained by the weekly diet of studio dross. Jonathan Romney is that rare creature – a critic who covers the waterfront. He can tell us exactly why we should taste the stranger fruits of world cinema (*The Scent of Green Papaya*, *Man Bites Dog*, *Kika*) but can also manage a sparky, original take on blockbusters such as *The Lion King*, *Jurassic Park* and *Batman Forever*. These collected pieces from the Nineties, mostly written for the *New Statesman*, should guide every discerning couch potato's trips down to the local video store. They also make you wonder why Another Newspaper has scandalously under-used his talents lately.

**The Dream Mistress** by Jenny Diski (Phoenix, £5.99). Jenny Diski's novels never fail to surprise or shock. It's not that her writing is manipulative or contrived, just that her view of the world is genuinely, and intriguingly, weird. In her latest novel, a Jewish dressmaker walks out on her husband in a cinema in Camden Town, and takes the back exit out through an empty car lot. She stumbles over the body of a tramp, who, it turns out, could be her long-lost mother ... or maybe not. Steering a steady course between the contemplative and the raunchy, Diski examines love and loneliness in a north London setting.

**Tennyson's Gift** by Lynne Truss (Penguin, £6.99). Set on the Isle of Wight during the broiling July of 1864, this lyrical comedy concerns a *Travesties*-style confluence of Victorian celebs: the eponymous poet ("surely the dirtiest laureate who ever lived"), the cranky photographer Julia Margaret Cameron, the sponging, dreamy painter G.F. Watts and his 16-year-old actress wife Ellen Terry; and the creepy C.J. Dodgson on the brink of *Alice* fame. With impressive inventiveness, Truss exploits the gulf between the era's high ideals and its all-too-human reality.

**Einstein: a life in science** by Michael White and John Gribbin (Pocket Books, £6.99). Do not read this book for the great man's unexpectedly active love life. Sniffily dismissing a recent tell-all biography, the authors explain Einsteinian science with exemplary clarity. They note that his molecular theory of 1905 applies "very precisely to a cup of sweet tea". Even Einstein's masterwork, the special theory of relativity, is graphically conveyed. White and Gribbin stress that Einstein had very little to do with the atom bomb, being regarded as an "extreme radical" by the FBI.

**The Stations of the Sun** by Ronald Hutton (Oxford, £9.99). Though it's easy to laugh at British folk customs ("the experience of being inside a hobby-horse has an odd character of its own"), Hutton's deeply researched survey is a fascinating read. He notes that the maypole had no phallic associations and that the post-Guy Fawkes fireworks Night has taken the place of ancient fire feasts. Though humanity has replaced nature in our festivities, a powerful continuity remains. The Roman writer Libanus complained about "the desire to spend money" which prevailed before the New Year.

**The Hay Poisoner** by Martin Beales (Hale, £9.99). Prior to its recent literary celebrity, Hay-on-Wye was best known for a sensational murder case in 1922. Herbert Armstrong, a dapper solicitor, was executed for poisoning his wife. There is dark humour in the courtroom account of a tea-party where arsenic-laced scones were handed out ("Excuse my fingers" by Armstrong: "What sort of scone was it?" "It was a buttered scone." "Plain or currant?" "That I cannot tell").

In this painstaking vindication of Armstrong, the author – himself a Hay solicitor – points an accusatory finger at the town's chemist.

## AUDIOBOOKS



**Sarah.** Duchess of York turns out to be her own best advocate as she reads her *apologia pro vita sua*, *My Story* (Simon & Schuster, c.3hrs, £8.99). The truth may be more than a little titivated ("toe-sucking? We were playing Cinderella, actually") but she comes over as a gutsy, good-hearted lass who may have been unable to cope with both protocol and budgeting but who probably did her royal husband and the distinctly constipated bloodline of the Windsors no end of good. Riveting, if somewhat prurient, listening.

Catherine Cookson doesn't come across half so frankly in *Her Way* (Corgi, 1hr, £7.99), a creaky compilation of songs she sang and taped in secret, set to an orchestral backing, with guarded biographical details and unexceptional philosophical reflections. But the memories were, after all, recorded when she was 90, and there are some touching moments.

Christina Hardyment

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'Hollywood's a place where they'll pay you \$1,000 for a kiss and 50 cents for your soul': Marilyn in her Fifties heyday, before the demons of her last years arrived. 'Marilyn Monroe: from beginning to end' (Blandford, £14.99), presents pictures of her taken by Earl Leaf, a photographer whose sessions with the star spanned every stage of her career, from 1950 to 1962. Leaf at times captures a truculent, bored, streetwise and cynical Monroe, as well as the media-manipulated icon shown here

## Trashed by tabloids

We can expect no  
amnesty in the  
sex war while  
media machismo  
stays on top, says  
Sally Vincent



Cover her face: the Taliban enforce the veil in Afghanistan

**Different for Girls: how culture creates women** by Joan Smith, Chelso £10.99

Joan Smith's well-received *Misogynies* – the scape-nannygoats' catalogue for 1989 – necessarily missed a thousand targets. Even the most vigilant recorder of patriarchal hostilities is obliged to wrap it up once in a while. The sniping carries on, and you've never said it all.

Now we've had eight years' worth of scape-billygoats' manuals. They have instructed blokes to bang drums in the woods and blame their mothers, or warned of dire consequences if we fail to rug up on our girlie wiles so that our half-arsed mates can go pretending they're king of the hill. There's no amnesty in the sex war. Apart from time out wondering whether sheer determination wouldn't make us gay, there is little respite. We underestimate the militancy of the sexually timid at our peril.

*Different for Girls* jumps some big guns, as well. It lacks an update on the great Queen of Hearts farce, on the spate of spectacularly unpleasant tabloid opining about the perversity of young women who elect to remain childless, and some absolutely beeper stuff about how the feminist lifestyle gives you cancer.

Smith's basic premise is that culture creates women as we know ourselves, and that in the process we are warped into being lesser mortals than we might otherwise be. Her stance in the great nature/nurture debate remains ferociously against any sentimental pragmatism about being born like it. If you bring up a child to be an idiot, chances are it will become an adult with symptoms of idiocy. It wouldn't be fair then to turn round and say the fault was genetic.

Smith's contention is that gender dimorphism – the wilful polarisation of the ladies and the gentlemen based on the slender imperative of their secondary sexual characteristics – is a mere conceit. It is a false construct from the wishful thinking of emotionally fragile power freaks and the women who collude with them. Our unconscious ideas about ourselves and our limitations reflect a prosaic barrage of

sexist bigotry we are too enervated to challenge on a daily basis. So we wander forlornly through a world where nobody bothers to distinguish between the meaning of the words "different", "female" and "inferior". The cap doesn't fit, but what else have we got to wear?

To support her thesis, she is by no means strapped for thrilling circumstantial evidence. The evil excesses of the Taliban militia, the deification of sexism in the Christian tradition, silly Victorian moralisers who continue to enjoy respectable reputations, art-house sleaze, the vilification of single mothers on one hand and the new medical orthodoxy that perceives infertility as more terrible than life-threatening disease on the other; all these are put through Smith's thought-processes to emerge as muted, post-feminist, sensible prose. The world's a bad oyster: swallow it and you won't grow up.

When "culture" is gleaned from the media, or more specifically from its tabloid department, Smith is less measured but more fun. Her years in journalism have taught her that headlines rarely conform to the information in the report beneath them, and have invariably been penned by sub-editors who learned their craft from chaps who never recovered from the

disappointment of their sex lives in 1952 and continue to hanker for the compliant Miss Right kept from them by her ugly sisters.

The whole business of describing the allowable parameters of womanhood has been in their capable hands. They create the goddesses and the bitches so that we may know where to aim and what to avoid. Which is why Marilyn Monroe, Jackie O and Princess Diana are the three most famous female images in the Western world. Blonde and dead; rich, dark and dead – and thick as a plank, respectively. Oh, and sad. Sad, sad and sad. There's nothing like a tear on a cheek to make a man feel manly.

Vapidity is still the most reliable aphrodisiac. It is her deconstruction of popular bitchery that Smith is at her most courageous and original. She gives us Rosemary West and Myra Hindley and the special place they occupy as living proof of Mr Kipling's spitefully indelible insistence that the female is deadlier than the male. This is an unpalatable question, but the best in the book. Why are these women the receptacles for our deepest loathing? Why can we not grasp that they, like the sadistic beasts who corrupted them, are creatures of the culture – and that the culture is our very own?

## A hoax in reel time

Nicholas Royle praises  
an inspired joker

*Amnesiascope* by Steve Erickson: Quartet, £9

Although *Amnesiascope* is Steve Erickson's fifth novel, it's his first with Quartet, which is also reissuing his 1985 debut, *Days Between Stations*. The new novel represents an exciting new development in an inspired series of fictions. Quartet is effectively relaunching the career of this most courageous and adventurous American novelist.

*Amnesiascope* is Erickson's funniest and most accessible novel to date. The narrator, S – not a million miles from the character of Erickson, the American writer who featured in the third novel, *Arc d'X* – is a film critic for an LA newspaper. As a joke he writes a piece about *The Death of Marat*, a long-unseen silent masterpiece by the legendary French auteur Adolphe Sarre. Sarre doesn't exist and neither does his film, but S assumes that either his editor or the fact-checkers will kill the story. They don't, of course, and soon people are talking about *Marat* as if it were a real film. But the people who only read reviews and never see the movies are only one of Erickson's satirical targets; his others include critics, publicists and himself.

When S overhears people discussing *Marat*, its specific lighting and camera angles, he knows it's gone beyond a joke, especially when they start criticising his review. The business with *Marat* is only one strand in a busy narrative, but fairly typical. Although set in a post-cataclysmic LA, *Amnesiascope* does not subscribe to any existing eschatological tradition. Its intentions and curiosities have little in common with the dystopian visions of science fiction. We learn about S's relationships with women and his friendships with men, his views on art, his thoughts on mortality and America. He agrees to help his girlfriend Viv make a pornographic film about an artist who paints nudes.

Running low on inspiration, S (one of whose jobs is to write the script) sits in a bar where he talks to a big, blonde woman called Jasper, who tells him about the time she and another woman made love to a bound, blindfolded man, thereby gifting S his story line. In the Ericksonian universe, there can be no surprise when, during casting sessions for the film, Jasper turns up to audition for the part of ... herself. Nor should we be surprised when Jasper relates a personal experience previously encountered in the pages of *Arc d'X*.

To read *Amnesiascope* – as with all of Erickson's work – is to be constantly astonished by his powers of invention, by an authorial imagination which plays with time and space and the conventions of fiction as if they were rubber toys. If you buy only one novel this autumn, make it this one. *Amnesiascope* is quite unforgettable.



Boyd Tonkin

## A WEEK IN BOOKS

Monday  
Tuesday  
Wednesday  
Thursday  
Friday  
Saturday  
Sunday

Should critics condescend to old age? The idea would outrage Saul Bellow, who in novels such as *The Dean's December* has pined the follies of the soft liberal conscience with a ferocious delight. The great Chicagoan, 82 this year, spent decades polishing a tone of unblinkered asperity that gave no quarter and expected no indulgence. All the stranger, then, to find some early responses to his new novella *The Actual* (Viking, £12.99) cooing with a maternally approval that the old boy can still put on a decent show. Not bad for four-score-and-upward, eh?

Bellow deserves better. *The Actual* – an oblique, Jamesian tale of "what first love can do" set among the Chicago super-rich – ambushes you on many of its 100 pages with lovely touches of bone-dry wit and worldly (even world-weary) wisdom. Yet, thanks to its narrative voice, the total effect remains muffled and mannered. Harry Trellman is a thoughtful but possibly crooked antiques importer who has joined the informal "brain trust" of a billionaire developer. He recounts the reawakening of his rather abstract passion for the widowed Amy Wustrin, the "actual" of the title. To Henry James himself, the "real thing" implied death more than love. Mortality shadows this story too, which turns on the disinterment and rebury of Amy's no-good, skirt-chasing lawyer husband (a device that echoes the ending of *Humboldt's Gift*).

Harry has about him an air of remoteness and inscrutability ("an impervious pre-Columbian look") that Bellow underlines a shade too often and heavily. And *The Actual's* decade-shuffling plot of deals and divorces reaches us only when filtered through his sardonic gaze. We see things as if through the smoked glass of the stretch limo that ferries Harry's patron, the monstrously rich and shrewd old Sigmund Adletsky, around the Windy City.

Bellow's narrators have often sought to hold the overpowering reality of America at bay. Here, though, the thickness of the glass obscures our view. At one point, Amy chides Harry that "You never did have any use for the way other people spoke, or speak. Everything has to be translated into your own language." Exactly. But only a mind of Bellow's huge distinction could have snuck in that lethal sliver of self-analysis.

For that, and many other piquant moments, we should be glad that he has taken Harry's own advice: "Retirement is an illusion. Not a reward but a man trap ... A short cut to death." And neither has Bellow mellowed very much. Harry can still launch with precious little provocation into a stinging tirade against the "run-of-the-mill products of our mass democracy" around him.

All the same, newcomers to the work seduced by those dutiful notices may wonder what the fuss is about. For £1 less, they could enjoy Everyman's handsome hardback of Bellow's masterpiece from 1953, *The Adventures of Augie March*, complete with a passionate essay by number-one fan Martin Amis. Young Martin crowns *Augie March* as the Great American Novel for "its fantastic inclusiveness, its pluralism, its qualmsless promiscuity".

Perhaps inevitably, *The Actual's* Chicago seems a chaster and tighter place, at times not much wider than Jay Wustrin's reopened grave.

150 من الرصيد



# travel & outdoors



## Go with the floe

In Greenland, icebergs outnumber visitors, but Cathy Packe found hamlets, harbours and huskies awaiting the rare tourist

**A**s I looked up at the jet trail being carved across the big blue void that serves as sky in Greenland, I realised that frequent-flyer miles can do strange things to your judgement. I don't mean the way that business travellers choose expensive and inappropriate airlines in order to rack up points - I mean that when you come to claim a free flight, you choose an outlandish destination.

It was probably on a flight to San Francisco, somewhere over the vast, blank mess of Greenland, that I passed the umpteenth-thousand-mile barrier entitling me to travel to any Scandinavian Airlines destination in Europe. According to my atlas, the world's biggest island (not counting Australia) is outside Europe - but not according to the airline's rules. So I signed up for a ground-level view of what, from 40,000 feet, looks like a thick carpet of snow, being blown into exotic shapes by the polar winds. Not an obvious holiday destination, but the place names - each resembling a losing hand at Scrabble - intrigued me. In summer, when the sun never sets, and the snow briefly melts away from the coastline, there would surely be plenty to explore. And besides, I told myself, it's a free trip.

Free it wasn't; prices are astronomical. But the chance to visit the most unworldly place on earth was priceless. There are settlements around most of Greenland's coastal strip, but the most densely populated area is the Arctic west coast. Dense is a relative term; what Greenlanders refer to as cities, most of us would call hamlets. The main international gateway to western Greenland is Kangerlussuaq, located just above the Arctic Circle, and originally built as an American airbase in the early Forties, after the Nazis invaded Denmark.

When the Americans withdrew, the base became a small township. Most people live in a series of shed-like buildings around the vast runway. Kangerlussuaq has an indoor swimming pool - the only one in Greenland - and there is, rather bizarrely, an 18-hole golf course, but otherwise entertainment is limited. This is mainly a stopover point for the connecting flights. The choice is between the relatively lush landscape of southern Greenland, and the unique peculiarities of the Arctic. The helicopters and Dash 7s that fly the domestic routes are low flying, giving a fantastic view of the glacier below as you head north. It is as if flood water, coursing over everything in its way, has suddenly frozen.

The main centre of the tourist industry, such as it is, in Arctic Greenland is Ilulissat. The name means The Icebergs, and they duly poke up out of the bay like yachts at a regatta. The town is higgledy-piggledy, detached houses painted in bright colours perch on top of the rocks that form the terrain in this part of the world. The living areas are built up to protect them from the huge deposits of snow that begin to fall in October, and last well into May. A smell of drying fish hangs over every Greenlandic town; and the buildings of the Royal Greenlandic Halibut factory are a feature of every harbour. On every patch of bare land huskies lie around waiting for winter; and at night their howling is like an Arctic version of the midnight barking in 101 Dalmatians.

They looked too well fed to be hungry. Well off, too; supplies of almost everything have to be flown in from Canada or

continental Europe, with the exception of locally caught produce such as shrimp, seal and whale. Accommodation is costly; most towns have a choice of one or two hotels, a youth hostel, and possibly a Seamen's Home - formerly hostels providing shelter for the itinerant sailors, now first choice for budget travellers.

Greenland's tourist industry may be starting to expand, but very little of it is geared towards independent visitors. There are plenty of hiking trails, yet there is no local transport apart from the ferries that chug up and down the coast a couple of times a week during the summer. The arrival of a boat in the harbour is an event for which most of the town will turn out, to meet relatives, collect mail or supplies, or simply to stand and stare.

As a visitor, you mostly make do with organised excursions. One of the most rewarding sets out from Uummannaq, the most northerly place with a hotel, at the centre of the Disko Bay area. The town is a monument to human ability to build on seemingly impossible terrain. A heart-shaped mountain sticks straight up out of the sea; there is a cluster of houses clinging to the hillside at one end of it, while the rest is good walking territory. The surrounding cliffs are home to a vast bird colony; few species have adapted to such harsh conditions, but those that are there are found in great numbers. A day trip from here takes you across the bay to Qilakisoq, an area formerly used by hunters as an overnight camp. It used to be a burial place, although the area is too rocky to dig graves in it, so the bodies were placed on the ground and covered

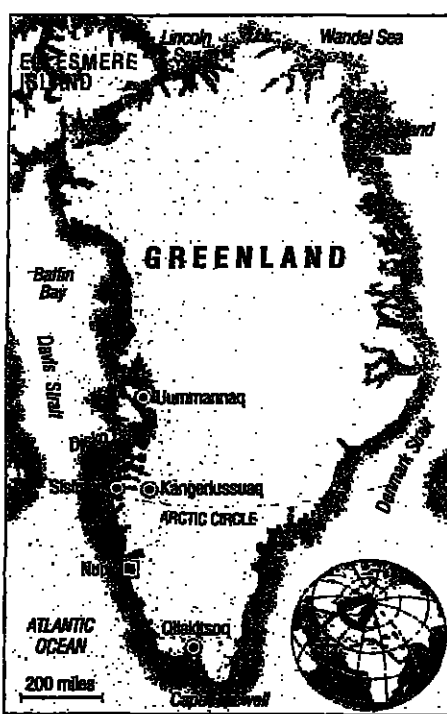
with boulders. In 1972, two ptarmigan hunters discovered the mummified bodies of six women and two children. Originally buried under the shelter of an overhanging rock, they had in effect been freeze-dried, so that the fully-clothed bodies were found nearly 500 years later, almost unmarked by the passage of time.

An exhibition about the mummies, and replicas of their costumes are found

in the little museum in Uummannaq. The bodies themselves are displayed in the National Museum in Nuuk, and comprise as good a reason as any to head down south to the national capital for a day or two. But you needn't visit a museum to realise that Greenlandic traditions are freeze-dried as effectively as the Disko Bay mummies. You can still see peat houses, built out of blocks of turf and lined with seal skin, that were occupied until 15 years ago. Each Sunday, the tidy, squat churches are full, and many of the congregation wear national dress whose colours defy the dour surroundings.

The more the image of life in Greenland develops, the more tempting it becomes to look up at what has become a tangle of jet trails. As last night's flights from the West Coast weave between the morning's transatlantic departures from Europe, I vowed to use up next year's miles somewhere more mundane. But I'm glad I stopped here. Just once.

The Danish Tourist Board (0171-259 5959) can help with inquiries on Greenland. 'Iceland, Greenland and the Faroe Islands' (Lonely Planet, £11.99) contains a chunky chapter on the country.



The ultimate outlandish destination? Icebergs floating off the coast at Uummannaq, beneath the big, blue void that serves as sky in Greenland. PHOTOGRAPH: TONY STONE IMAGES

**Y**ou will know if yesterday's bold step along the path to peace in Northern Ireland has been a success when travel stories on Ulster cease to make any reference to the past three decades of violence. My meander around County Antrim last week attracted a healthy number of generous comments and, robust heckling, plus a jolly reminiscence from Mr N Osborne of Crawley.

"In the article you write that the Argyle & Antrim Steam Packet Company has



Simon Calder

reinstated the Campbelltown-Ballycastle route using the MV Claymore. Over 25 years

There are many fond memories of that cantankerous lady with steel in her guts

ago I frequently sailed from Oban to the Isle of Coll on the Claymore, then owned by MacBrayne's (or NoBrains as we called them). "I have very many fond memories of the old Claymore, especially when Captain Gunn was aboard - once he took her out across the Minch in a force 14." This is not a wind strength that appears on my Beaufort Scale, but perhaps Mr Osborne's recollections are slightly distorted by a

mechanical condition on the Claymore. "When I sailed on her, she had a severely unbalanced flywheel on the engine. This caused a vibration throughout the vessel which would build up and then die away."

"The bar was equipped with small, round, metal-rimmed tables. At one time MacBrayne's somehow got their hands on a huge stock of miniature bottles of spirits (rumour has it that they fell off the back of a British Railways train), so the optics were taken down and the miniatures used instead."

Mr Osborne and his pals used the vibration to entertaining effect. "The trick was with several of us standing around one of the tables using one half-pint glass and filling it with whisky using the miniatures. One person would take a drink and then set the glass down next to the metal rim.

The vessel's vibration would cause the glass to travel unaided around the table, each person taking a drink as it passed. The last person to drain the glass paid for the next refill. In this way, the four-hour voyage passed in a gentle haze of empty miniatures bobbing along in the Claymore's wake, and a storm force 10 became, in the words of Captain Gunn, 'a gentle breeze'."

"Then there was the time a Scottish Blackface ewe wandered into the bar but was thrown out for being underage, and the ceilidhs in the crew's cabins when she was docked in Oban overnight (the Claymore sailed for Coll at 6am)."

"Many, many fond memories of a grand, old cantankerous lady, with steel in her guts. I will definitely be sailing on her new route to Ireland, if only to find the bar and say hello to the vibration."

Could this be the most expensive public transport in the world? The handsome old lift that towers over Slussen in the middle of Stockholm saves a steep climb, but to cover 200ft you pay 5 krona - which, even with the most favourable exchange rate for years, converts to 40 pence. Translating this to a per-mile rate, the cost is £11 per mile. For comparison, Concorde is a bargain at less than £1 a mile.

American bookshops are always good value, not least for the ambitious nature of many of the titles. Two examples of wishful thinking in the travel section of Crown Books at Dupont Circle in Washington DC: Trouble-Free Travel by Colwell and Shulman, followed by an even more hopeful offering by Vicki Lansky: Trouble-free Travel with Children...

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## Home from home: Ginetta Vedrickas' family exchanged their London semi for a week in a Cornish farmhouse

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## Great escape: a homely haven in Cornwall away from the capital's rat race

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50



Mobile motel: 'Arvie' (below) proved the perfect platform for a rolling tour of lesser-known California  
PHOTOS: TONY STONE WORLDWIDE/ROB STEPNEY



# Wagon's rôle

Home from home: Rob Stepney hired a Californian camper van and followed the trail of the lonesome pine



Three weeks in a camper van did not sound like holiday heaven. Yet it made sense. We wanted to hire a modest means of transport combined with somewhere safe for the family to sleep. Given this was California, what we had to hire was an automatic-transmission "recreation vehicle" with the benefit of bedroom loft conversion, central heating, 20-gallon sewage tank and two kitchen sinks. As we left the hire depot like a motorised snail, my head was full of phrases about liability, "damage deductibles" and causes of collision for which we were definitely not insured - such as reversing, or striking anything sticking out of the ground. We did, indeed, have one small accident, when a rock knocked our porch steps sideways. It does not take a company lawyer to argue that a rock is something that sticks out of the ground, and we there and then imagined waving goodbye to our large deposit. At the campsite that night someone tried to bash the steps back into place with an axe, but that was done more to be obliging than with any real hope of success. So we went to a garage. Might it just be possible to make things pretty much as good as new? "No problem. Cost you

10 dollars," said the mechanic, as he got out his pick-up truck, attached a tow rope to our steps and revved forwards. Crunch. Our steps were fine again, but he had driven straight over an aluminium ladder. Nick, our three-year-old, thought it hilarious. Still, our problem was sorted out, and when we took the RV back it had barely a paint fleck out of place. This, then, truly was an idiot-proof successor to the covered wagon. In it we travelled without wincing through the heat of the Mojave desert, and slept in comfort when the snow flurries came down from the Sierra Nevada. But we started modestly enough from San Francisco with a drive down Highway One to Big Sur, where we camped among the redwoods. The sea mist stayed offshore and the sun shone. We walked in the age-old forests, played in the silver sands of Pfeiffer beach, swam in the Big Sur river and took things easy - when Eva, our (almost) two-year-old allowed. In American terms, Big Sur is not far from cities, and this part of the state is still Joe Sixpack country, where having enough beer is as important as being out in the woods, and the trip to the camp's general store for resupply counts as a walk on the wild side. Two days' travelling inland took us somewhere far more remote.

For those reared on Sixties cowboy serials, Lone Pine is a place of pilgrimage. Half-a-mile west of the Bonanza Saloon are the rocks like upended doughnuts where the Lone Ranger and Tonto were ambushed by bandits every week at 5.30pm. The place makes a decent living off fading black-and-white memories, but it is also a trading-post for people seeking a more modern wilderness dream. A few miles further west is the start of the path that leads to the 14,000ft peak of Mount Whitney, the highest point in North America, outside Alaska. The mountains drop almost sheer in great granite slabs to the valley floor, and desert scrub and deep blue skies stretch hundreds of miles north to Mono Lake. We had looked for a week to find a landscape that was not dwarfed by our camper van. At last we had found one. From the Whitney Portal campsite we were in an ideal position to explore it. With judicious use of cajoling and cookies, Nick was persuaded to make the climb of 1,000ft or so to Lone Pine Lake. Fortunately, something of what I had said about the Lone Ranger had sunk in. "Is this where the man will jump out from behind the rock?" he asked impatiently as we passed the umpteenth likely spot. The lake was a deep turquoise, the surrounding slopes white rock dotted with old pines, and at one side there were still drifts of snow. In the pure air of the mountains and with no one but the birds for company, we had one of the world's best ever picnics. By this time, the RV had taken on the character of a real family home. We could cook when the children needed food, time our longer journeys for when they slept (strapped in robust car seats, which we also hired), and play their story tapes in stereo. Quite unlike their parents, our children have always been near obsessive about things and people being in the right place. Nick and Eva quickly established which cupboards held which toys, where they sat to eat and which were their beds. Given this secure base, they felt happy to explore, and most of our time was spent outside the van. For little Eva, a limitless supply of small rocks, and streams to throw them, in gave life all the purpose she needed. For young Nick, helping with the everyday routine of gathering wood, and the tameness of the campsite rodents and birds, were bliss. After five days near Lone Pine, we set off to see Yosemite and the giant sequoia forests on the mountains' western flank. As the eagle flies, the distance is barely 40 miles. But road crossings hereabouts are

hundreds of miles apart and reaching Yosemite over the northerly Tioga pass took another two days of unhurried travel. It is a characteristic of all tourism, but perhaps particularly of the Californian kind, that the second most spectacular example of anything is not good enough. The result is that the Yosemite Valley is a teeming honeypot into which 4 million people crowd each year. It is indeed an awesome place. Yet 100 miles south, in the Kings Canyon National Park, the cliffs and waterfalls are scarcely less spectacular and can be enjoyed in relative calm. Whereas Yosemite's tent lodges and camps are booked solid months in advance, the King's Canyon site of Cedar Grove had spaces. So we spent one frustrating day in Yosemite, and a peaceful week among the lakes, azalea groves and lily meadows of Kings Canyon. Such tranquillity was a far cry from our first few days with the RV - which had seemed like holiday hell on wheels. Initially we had found nowhere to stay except specialised mobile home sites. These allow you to hook up directly to fresh water and electricity. But they are soulless, oversized car parks. "Hey, you can't do that!" a nosy neighbour told us. "Do what?" I asked innocently. "Hang your washing between the

orange trees," she replied. No doubt ours was the only vehicle on the estate without a tumble dryer. But once in the hills it proved no problem to find unregimented sites that were quiet, but still spacious enough to take our lumbering vehicle. It is difficult to know what exactly the children made of our experience. For Eva, it was probably just the joy of the moment. But Nick still talks fondly of his bedroom at the back of "Arvie", and of waking in the morning and drawing the curtain back to look at the trees. When we returned to San Francisco, both he and Eva seemed startled by the crowds and the strange dress and behaviour of the people who live on the city's streets. It seemed in many ways a wilder place - a human zoo - than any we had encountered in three weeks in the woods.

Plenty of US specialist tour operators offer recreational vehicle rental as part of a package holiday. If you prefer to organise things independently, you could call one of the following agencies: Cruise America 0990 14 607; Hemmingways 01737 842735; Motorhome Holidays 01434 814100; Peli can Car Hire and Motorhomes 0162 586666; or USA Tailor Made Holiday 01732 367711.

## A likely story

Ever since the Lockerbie disaster, airlines ensure that passengers and their luggage always travel together.

You'd like to think that there was no possibility of passengers travelling separately from their bags. Pan Am flight 103 was, after all, destroyed by a bomb checked on to the plane by a passenger who then failed to board. But judging by recent events, airlines cannot guarantee that every piece of luggage on a flight has its owner on board. Earlier this month, British Airways apologised to hundreds of passengers whose bags went astray at Heathrow. This luggage followed, unaccompanied, on

other flights. Dozens of Independent readers have written with accounts of the upsets caused by what BA called "operational baggage difficulties". Should you be planning to fly to a ski resort this winter, skiing operators are emphatic about the chance your skis will not accompany you. For example, First Choice warns: "More than ever before skis or boards are being off-loaded onto other flights". The brochure goes on to say that by paying £12, skiers can insure against the risk; if and when the luggage goes missing, the company will fetch it. Most air travellers would be happier if more attention were paid to prevention, rather than cure.

## True or false

The Writers' Building in Calcutta, once the bastion of the East India Company - the most powerful multinational the world has ever seen - is now the centre of the unrepentantly Marxist government of Bengal.

True for the last 20 years, but maybe not for much longer. To most people in the West today, Calcutta is a by-word for poverty, disease and urban decay, its reputation as the legendary City of Palaces, "the St Petersburg of the East", long forgotten. At the centre of that magnificent Georgian city lay the Writers' Building. It was a grim, barrack-like blockhouse, initially built simply to provide accommodation for the East India Company's junior clerks. Yet in the course of the 19th century the Writers' Building became the centre of the commercial life of the colony, indeed came to occupy the central place of all English mercantile endeavour in India. The bureaucracy the writers created is perhaps Britain's most successful export to the subcontinent. Somehow British

ideas of rank and detachment cross-fertilised with Indian conceptions of caste and ritual to produce a lumbering colossus of red tape and licences, rubber stamps and triplicate forms. So great has been the growth of India's bureaucracy since Independence that a building



## something to declare

that once housed the entire administrative apparatus of the Indian Empire, watching over an area which included modern Pakistan, India, Bangladesh, Sri Lanka and Burma, is now too small to hold the bureaucracy of one-half of the old British province of Bengal. In 1975 Bengal democratically elected a Marxist state government. Ever since then, in

a strange inversion of purpose, the Writers' Building has become the seat of the chief minister of the Communist state of Bengal. There could be no better symbol of how far independent India has reacted against its imperial past. Yet on 24 November last year, the Marxists sent in the bulldozers to clear the Calcutta streets of shanty huts and illegal food stalls. It was part of a radical attempt to clean up the city so as to attract foreign investment from exactly the kind of multinationals the Bengali politburo spent the Sixties hounding out of the city. But it will probably take more than a change in policy to tame the red tape monster lurking inside the Writers' Building. Whatever the future of Calcutta, Bengali bureaucracy looks likely to continue thriving - as uncontrollably as ever.

William Dalrymple

The author's film on the Writers' Building, part of the 'Stories of the Raj' series, will be shown tonight on Channel 4 at 7.05pm.

## Bargain of the week

Speedlink (0990 747777) is promoting its buses linking Gatwick and Stansted with central London by offering a "standby" rate of £5 one way. Although this suggests an element of uncertainty, observation of passenger numbers does not suggest that finding a seat will be much of a problem. The deal saves a couple of pounds on the normal fare, and is at least one-third cheaper than the lowest-priced train ticket from either airport to central London. But to qualify, you must pick up the special green-and-yellow leaflet in the arrivals hall.

## Visitors' book

St Giles's Church, Chideock, Dorset  
Sorry about the fire. I put it out - Bobby Baines, USA  
May your prayers for a bypass be answered - Thomas Sharp, HM Tower of London  
I pray you get your bypass so that worshippers can enjoy a less noisy house of prayer - Elizabeth Obudina, Nigeria  
Nice and quiet church - Briony Keen, Australia

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## Trouble spots

Advice to American visitors to Britain from the US State Department

The UK benefits from generally low crime rates, and incidents of violent crime are minimal. Incidents of pickpocketing and theft of unattended bags are common in urban areas, however, and thieves sometimes target unattended cars at tourist sites.

Visitors in the UK are not expected to produce their passports for police checks. Roads in the UK are excellent, but often congested in urban areas. Penalties for drunk driving are stiff. Visitors uncomfortable with

the prospect of left-sided driving may wish to avail themselves of extensive rail and air transport networks. By the same token, pedestrians should look both ways prior to stepping off curbs, as the flow of traffic is from the opposite direction. Within the past two years there have been at least three deaths of American tourists who stepped in front of buses. In the past year there have also been several incidents of "road rage", resulting in at least two deaths of motorists. While these incidents are rare, those renting cars should maintain a low profile while driving in order not to irritate other drivers.

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# How the other half lives

Disrepair and dry rot are features of the eccentric guided tour of Hammerwood Park. By Meg Carter

First appearances can be deceptive. For a start, the rough track leading to Hammerwood Park, near East Grinstead, is decidedly unimpressive. The dirt road is pitted with potholes and gradually snakes downwards past rambling houses with neatly manicured lawns, a farm, a pond, a cricket pitch and then dense foliage, before twisting right to reveal what must be one of the country's most peculiar country piles.

Built in 1792 as a hunting-lodge, Hammerwood Park is a visual conundrum with optical illusions crafted designed to make the house look bigger and more imposing. It's one of only two houses in the UK designed by the young Benjamin Latrobe, who went on to the Capitol building in Washington DC and the porticoes of the White House. And its subsequent history is equally colourful, with numerous past owners including Led Zeppelin and a property developer who, in the Sixties, knocked the 20-room house into 11 flats.

Present owners are the Pinnegars, whose son David bought the crumbling pile in 1982 at the tender age of 21 with a family inheritance - his grandfather had made a small fortune out of putting rubber on table-tennis bats. Currently occupied by David, his wife, Anne-Noelle, their three small children and his parents, Eileen and John, Hammerwood Park is a living historical drama. No, not the guided tour in period costume variety which is increasingly popular in theme-park Britain. Nor the dry and dusty veneration of ancient relics favoured by purists. Witness, instead, the gripping contest of man versus every variety of rot, dilapidation and lack of funds.

"It immediately grabbed me," David says, attempting to explain his seemingly mad decision to purchase the place. A mere snip at £140,000, Hammerwood then comprised little more than a crumbling shell set in 30 acres. It was an estate agent's nightmare - running water in most of the house, one-third of an acre of dry rot and 14 holes



Dining with a difference: the eclectic mix that is Hammerwood Park, owned by the Pinnegar family

in the roof. "The advertisement said 'in need of modernisation' - which was just what it didn't need. We were looking for a large country house to open to the public. We bought it to restore it, in the knowledge that it might otherwise suffer concrete floors and modern conversion."

The family has spent the past 15 years restoring the building, with much of the work done by self-employed craftsmen and volunteers. False walls were dutifully knocked down and covered ceilings were revealed. The philosophy throughout has been repair rather than replacement. Some of the results so far may seem a little threadbare - cracked windows are hung with broken shutters, peeling wallpaper prompts memories of the film *Barton Fink* and the nettle-filled garden is a work in progress - but, as David enthusiastically points out, "Hammerwood Park is not intended to be a house preserved in aspic."

"Guided tours by the family make a most interesting afternoon," the photocopied flier promises, with some understatement. Family members



PHOTOGRAPHS: JOHN LAWRENCE

conduct visitors on a colourful tour of the building and its grounds, ending in tea with a fine collection of fresh cakes and home-baked scones, served beneath a replica of the Parthenon frieze in the Elgin Room, a former coach-house-turned-kitchen and a one-time badminton court.

Visitors are encouraged to understand the logic behind the house's unusual architecture. Unlike many country homes of that period, Hammerwood has no follies - the building is, in fact, itself a folly, David reveals. The house was built with pieces of stone declining upwards. Doric columns front Greek temple structures to the rear of the left and right wings. Each has been left plain, and designed to taper upwards to make the house appear bigger to approaching visitors.

Inside, you can tour many of the rooms - most of which are now midway through restoration, although telling gaps remain. "It's a question of priority," David explains. "Do we spend a couple of thousand pounds on replacing mirrored panels either side of the fireplace in the drawing-room,

or on repairs to the roof and guttering?" A particularly pressing concern is the library, where shelves are caving downwards: evidence of rotting floor plates. And don't miss the dining-room, which has been left in an artful state of disrepair as a cautionary tale, complete with mould and shredded wallpaper.

Tours vary depending on day, group make-up and, of course, the members of the Pinnegar family on duty, although all are consummate storytellers. David, a physicist turned amateur classicist, is passionate about Hammerwood Park's Greek origins. His tour is an eclectic mix of ancient mythology and scattered references to the perils of drugs, Bosnia and global warming. Eileen offers a greater perspective on the families who have lived there: from the original owner, John Sperling to Oswald Augustus Smith, whose sister, Frances, was grandmother of the Queen Mother. And Led Zeppelin, of course. The band's grand scheme was to create a music complex, including studios and apartments for band members and

their families. Their neglect left the building in ruin, the Pinnegars claim.

"It's a sacrifice - living in a house like this," Eileen confides. "But the reason we took this on was to prove that a family could take something at rock bottom and make it work." Private ownership restricts access to heritage grants and lottery funding. So, each family member has various businesses and schemes to plough further funds into its renovation, she adds. Hammerwood also regularly plays host to school parties studying the Greeks and operates a calendar of music and poetry events.

Hammerwood Park is in Sussex, just off the A264 between East Grinstead and Tunbridge Wells. Alternatively, you can reach it by train and take a taxi from East Grinstead station for £6. The house is open to the public until the end of September on Saturdays and Wednesdays. Guided tours start at 2.10pm. Bed and breakfast accommodation is also available. For more information call: 01342 850594.

## Among the silk spinners of Sherborne

From butterflies and stick insects to peacocks and rabbits, Worldlife in Dorset makes a spectacular day out, writes Emma Haughton

Worldlife certainly puts up a spectacular front to visitors. As you wind down the lane into the car park, you have to be careful not to run over the peacocks wandering around the grounds of stately 17th-century Compton House, the unlikely setting for one of the UK's largest butterfly collections, and for the Lullingstone Silk Farm.

Entering the first room at Worldlife, containing the giant moths and other insects, is like stepping back 100 years. Compton House, with its faded grandeur and high-ceilinged rooms, gives the distinct impression that you've been invited back to examine the private collection of some dedicated Victorian naturalist. Soothed by the sound of field crickets chirruping in a nearby display, you can examine the spectacular giant atlas moths from Asia, with a wing span of more than 6in. The staff invite you to handle the moths and stick insects, which curl up their tails and pretend to be scorpions. You can wander round gazing at Peruvian fern insects, the praying mantis, and a surprisingly attractive troop of desert locusts.

There are colourful displays on many aspects of the environment and conservation, and the walls are adorned with long-deceased specimens of every description. The collection of dead arthropods will send shivers up many a spine, with its bird-eating spiders and red-legged tarantulas, its scorpions and numerous bugs and beetles. The butterflies, arranged in their pristine glass cabinets, make you ache to have seen them alive and free. Their iridescent colours of turquoise, yellow and deep blues are as

brilliant as a catwalk summer fashion show. Sadly, the live butterflies in the several glass and heated enclosures around the site are less spectacular, but it is a joy to watch them fluttering over your head and settling on nearby leaves and flowers.

Upstairs, you can discover how Lullingstone Silk Farm provided the silk for the last two coronations, and for the wedding dresses of the Queen and Diana, Princess of Wales. You can watch the doomed silkworms in various stages of growth (and oblivious to their coming fate) munch their way through pounds of specially grown mulberry leaves in shades of white and yellow. They end their lives in the boiling water of an ancient reeling machine, which can unravel up to three miles of silk thread from each of the boiled-sweet-sized cocoons.

The visitors Lisa Fairs, a shop owner in Devon, took her three sons, Ned, seven, Monty, five and Archie, two.

Lisa: Unfortunately we went on a bit of a dull day, so we didn't see as many butterflies about as we might have done; apparently they prefer the sun.

Nevertheless, it was great fun holding the moths and the stick insects, especially for the children. The collections were good, but as I've been to a similar thing in Australia, I guess I was expecting to see more tropical butterflies flying around. I'd forgotten that this was rainy old England.

The silkworm part was very interesting.

It was fascinating to see the different stages of the caterpillars as they ate the leaves and then spun the silk. It was really good for the kids to learn about how they make silk and to see the old machine they use to unravel the thread from the cocoons.

I was a bit disappointed with the tea rooms, though; I was hoping there would be a bit more on offer. I could have murdered a cream tea.

Ned: I really enjoyed watching those caterpillars making the silk - it looks like long white little strips of thin wool. I thought the video was good, too: it showed you how they make silk, right from the tiny worms to dyeing the material.

I also liked the butterfly greenhouse; it was so hot it choked in your throat, but the butterflies need hot weather.

I enjoyed feeding the peacocks. One of the bags went over the peacock's head as I was feeding it, and it ran off shaking its head until it came off. I liked holding the big moths and those stick insects, but they felt a bit horrible, all prickly and stuff. There were some great butterflies on the walls, too - a gigantic one with really long legs that was absolutely amazing.

Monty: I liked the sticky insects best. And the moths. I didn't hold them because I didn't want to; they looked a bit scary; but Ned did. I liked the butterflies in the hot-house - I saw some flying about and landing on plants.

My favourites were the peacocks. They were really good, all lovely colours like



The touchy-feely giant atlas moth

PHOTOGRAPH: PLANET EARTH

green and blue. Ned got a peacock feather and we put it on the wall when we got home.

Archie: I saw a moth and I held it. I saw some peacocks, too. I liked the butterflies best because they fly about like an aeroplane.

The deal Worldlife (01935 474608) is situated midway between Yeovil (Somerset) and Sherborne (Dorset). Follow the tourist signs from either town on to the A30. Compton House is just off the main road. Opening times: 10am to 5pm daily, from April to the end of September. Admission: adults £3.95, children 5-16,

£2.50. A family ticket for two adults and three children costs £11.90.

Facilities: the Nectary tea room serves hot drinks and prepacked snacks. The Conservation gift shop has a wide range of books, toys and silks from around the world. Outside there are large gardens planted to attract local butterflies, and for 25p you can buy a bag of feed for the peacocks, or for the rabbits and pigs in the small farm section. There is also a playground for children.

Access: most of the ground-floor exhibits are accessible with a wheelchair, but getting to Lullingstone Silk Farm does involve several flights of stairs.

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# Close to the hedge

Our holiday, this year as last, was spent sailing along the south-west coast of Ireland, from Kinsale to Dingle. If you are lucky with the weather (we were) you can scarcely find a better cruising-ground: slow-drawn Guinness and scallops ashore, fine, solitary anchorages and a landscape like Sibelius, rising in a stunning crescendo as you goose-wing your way up the long reach of the Kenmare river.

On beached Valentia Island, which once hoped, thanks to Marconi, to be the buzzing hub of a new transatlantic telecommunications industry, we bicycled ourselves silly, hauling up the long, hot hills to zoom down the other side between tall hedge-banks of fuchsia. There's nothing like a bike for giving you a sense of ridiculous speed.

The banks themselves were show-stoppers. The fuchsia (plain, green-leaved *F. magellanica*) was in full flood, with sheaves of orange-flowered crocosmia filling in underneath. Where the banks had ditches running alongside them, feathery plumes of meadowsweet were added to

Wild flower meadows may be fashionable, but they're difficult to manage. Try creating an Irish-style shrub bank instead, says Anna Pavord

the mix, together with fronds of the royal fern, *Osmunda regalis*. Small knots of blue sheep's bit scabious bobbed up at intervals, along with the shebet-yellow stems of toadflax, *Linaria vulgaris*, and purple vetch.

Plodding up the hills through the enfilades of fuchsia, I've never quite got the hang of 15-year fikes. I was thinking about the difficulties of using wild flowers in the garden. Wild flower meadows, so fashionable and so much written about over the last five years, are extraordinarily difficult to manage properly, mostly because, in gardens, they are made on ground that is too good for them. Bullies thrive at the expense of the flowers one was hoping to encourage.

But the hedge-bank has the inbuilt advantage of being a much more starved environment, encouraging to certain decorative plants, discouraging to nettles, docks and hogweed. There is no reason

why you could not adapt the idea to make a garden boundary, running perhaps along the back of a garden. The Irish hedge-banks were first thrown up with stones cleared from the fields they surrounded. In the garden, it could be a way of getting rid of all the pieces of broken concrete, brick, clinker and other detritus that you find when you take over a new place and start to clear it.

The best way to make the bank would be to sandwich layers of stone and rubble with layers of old turf (the kind of stuff you might strip off a garden in order to make a new lawn), with a thin layer of soil to keep everything level. The layers should taper, to a top that is narrower than the base.

All this may take time, but that doesn't matter. Despite television's desire to turn everything – archaeology, cooking, gardening – into races against time, the point of gardening is that you don't have to do

it against the clock. It should be a release from, and a panacea for, all those things in life that do require endless clock-watching.

The hedge itself should be planted along the top of the finished bank in a channel of soil that you have incorporated between the two faces of stone. Don't try to start with big plants. They won't settle fast enough to be able to sustain themselves. I would guess that the original Irish fuchsia hedges were set with semi-hardwood cuttings, side-shoots with a "heel" of old wood, torn off in autumn and stuck straight into the ground. This is a cheap, low-tech way of increasing stock, the method that our old neighbour always used to make extra plants to thicken his flowering boundary in Dorset.

The fuchsia, of course, is naturalised in Ireland. It isn't a native wild flower, any more than the crocosmia is. To some xenophobic naturalists, this matters. I don't think it does. We've developed a taste for sun-dried tomatoes and lemon grass. Why shouldn't butterflies be allowed a sip of buddleia, and bumblebees their fuchsias?

But the point of the garden hedge-bank is that it should seem natural, even if it contains a mix of native and naturalised plants. To that end, avoid incorporating any plants that are too garden-esque. Fat, fleshy-flowered fuchsias would not be right in this situation. Use *F. magellanica* or its hybrid 'Riccartonii', which does not grow so tall. If you plant in early autumn, the newcomers will have had time to settle themselves in before there is any question of drought. The roots will have the opportunity to travel down between the stones to gather up water where they can.

The same goes for crocosmia, which, if you want to emulate the Irish effect completely, you ought to plant in the sides of the bank. Forget the posh hybrids, such as the brilliant 'Lucifer' and the stunning,

bronze-leaved 'Solfaterre', and go for the tough old cottage garden plant that often goes under the name of "monbretia". The corns can be worked into pockets up the sides of the bank – again, planting in autumn rather than spring.

Western Ireland is generally wetter and warmer than most of England apart from Devon and Cornwall. Bear this in mind if you plan to make a hedge-bank yourself. You should already have noticed, if you live in the kind of place where fuchsia crumples up in winter. Even if it does, as ours did in normally balmy Dorset last winter, established plants will generally spring new shoots from the base. They will make 4ft of growth in a season.

Truly wild flowers such as vetch are probably best introduced as "plugs" – small plants with good rootballs – in spring. The Irish one we saw was the showy tufted vetch, *Vicia cracca*, with long spikes of bluish-purple flowers drifting up to a more pinkish purple at the tips. It is a beauty, and flowers over a long period from June to August, scrambling by way of its tendrils over all sorts of other

vegetation in the hedge-banks. It is a more telling plant than either the common vetch or the bush vetch. Bush vetch has bigger individual flowers, but fewer of them. It's better in shade, though, than the tufted vetch, and that is a useful attribute.

The toadflax is like a snapdragon shrunk in the wash, and the colour is acid and sharp, the best sort of yellow to see against the magenta of the fuchsia. But don't fuss too much about colour combinations. The core concern of gardening in the wild style is to choose plants that will appreciate and thrive in the particular habitat you are providing. Adopt nature's own magnificent unconcern about the supposed solecism of yellow getting into bed with magenta.

Other wild flowers to try in the hedge-bank might include pink sainfoin, greater stitchwort for spring, red campion, the greater celandine (a medicinal herb in medieval times), jack-by-the-hedge (*Althaea petiolata*), wild strawberry, herb robert, hedge bedstraw and hedge woundwort.



Emulate the Irish: the emerald landscape of south west Ireland is peppered with brilliant fuchsia hedge-banks. PHOTOGRAPHS: CHRISTOPHER HILL PHOTOGRAPHY

## gardening

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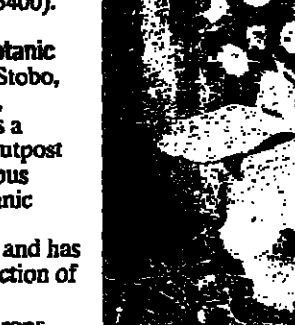
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'Primula auricula' PHOTOGRAPH: GFL

botanical scene, using paper pulp and dyes. The cost is £9 a day. For further information call 0131-552 7171.

A specialist plant sale will be held tomorrow (11am-5pm) in the grounds of Calke Abbey, the National Trust's property at Ticknall, Derbyshire, where more than 50 specialist nurseries will have treasures to buy. The garden itself is worth visiting, too. Largely abandoned before the property came into the Trust's hands, it has now, in the hands of a dedicated head gardener, sprung back to life. The derelict orangery has been restored, and vegetables grow in the kitchen garden. There is a dahlia walk and a rare auricula theatre, once used to display fancy auriculas in clay pots ranged along the shelves. Entry to the sale costs £1. Entry to the garden at Calke Abbey costs £2.20.

The City of London is holding its own flower show this year at the Guildhall, Gresham Street, London EC2. There are competitive classes for fruit, vegetables, roses, and other flowers such as gladioli, sweet peas, snapdragons, dahlias and chrysanthemums, pot plants, flower arrangements, honey, and home-made wine or beer. Anyone who wants to enter produce in any of the classes should get in touch with the show secretary on 0181-472 3584. The show itself is open Tues 9 Sept (12pm-6.30pm) and Wed 10 Sept (9am-4pm). Admission £2 (12pm-3pm, 9 Sept, 12-2pm on 10 Sept) and £1.50 at other times.

## WEEKEND WORK

Early apples such as 'Discovery' and 'George Cave' should be picked as soon as the stems part easily from the branches. Peaches and plums may also need harvesting. The wasps will soon tell you if they are ready or not. Do not leave peaches to ripen fully on the tree, or they may drop to the ground. A day in a warm kitchen will finish the job more safely.

Do not be tempted to cut back lily stems when they have flowered. Like daffodils, the lily bulbs suck down all the life left in the stem and leaves above, in order to build themselves up for flowering next year.

This is a good time to start preparing sites for new lawns, for sowing later in September. The earth should be well raked and all clods knocked down with a fork to get a fine, even tilth.

Take cuttings of rosemary, lavender, thyme and sage, pulling off shoots about 6in long with a good heel, attached and lining them out 2in or 3in deep in light, sandy soil. Firm down the soil around the cuttings, and keep them watered but not drowned.

Clear away peas and broad beans that have finished cropping, and compost the haulms. Clear out bolted lettuce and dog-eared radish. Pull onions and leave them to ripen on top of the ground until the green tops have withered away.

Prune rambling roses, and climbers that have only one season of flowering. Keep any long, new growth that have sprung from the base of the rose and cut out entirely a few of the old growths that flowered this summer. If no new shoots have appeared, cut out some old growth and prune back side-shoots on the rest.

سكناء من الامارات



# In the footsteps of Caesar

## WEEKEND WALK

Des Hannigan follows Roman legionnaires, smugglers and Winston Churchill from Deal to the white cliffs of Dover

England's famous white cliffs begin a few miles north of Dover, at Kingsdown. North again from here the shoreline is flat and shingly. Across this accessible "Saxon Shore", so named by third-century Romans, there came, from earliest times, a steady stream of invaders and adventurers. Even Caesar gave Dover's menacing cliffs a wide berth on his first visit. The cliff-top heaved with furious Britons, original Eurosceptics every one. Caesar came, saw, and then waited for the flood tide to give his hundred galleys a helping hand northwards to where the legionnaires could wade or swim ashore to the shingle beach near modern Deal, from where this walk begins. The route takes you nine miles along the coast to Dover - from where you can catch a train back to your starting point at Deal.

From Deal, where Dutch gables and French-style cobbles are matched by a stern Tudor castle, you walk south along a paved walkway that runs parallel to the shingle shore. Here, beached fishing boats ride high on the pebbly banks as if on a stony sea. Soon, you reach the delightful Walmer Castle, open to the public, and worth visiting for its cool, serene interiors and peaceful gardens.

Like Deal Castle, Walmer was one of many forts which an anxious Henry VIII built at intervals along the English coast in response to post-Reformation fears of a Franco-Spanish invasion. Today, the castle is the official residence of the titular Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, a symbolic post now, though dating from the days of the Confederation of Cinque Ports, that pre-Tudor "naval" force created as a defence of the Saxon Shore by Edward the Confessor in 1050. Well-

ton was a Lord Warden; so was Churchill. The present Lord Warden is the Queen Mother, though she is rarely in.

It is an easy, shingle-crunching stroll from Walmer Castle to Kingsdown Beach and to the seashore pub, the Zetland Arms. Kingsdown was a notorious smuggling base during the 18th and 19th centuries. Its free traders, avid Europeans in their turn, brought in vast quantities of smuggled silk, satin, scent, spices, gin and brandy. The last three are enough to make your mouth water for the Zetland Arms' good food and drink. This is a necessary pit stop. Ahead, at the end of a final stretch of shingle, the first of the great white cliffs, at Old Parker's Cap, rises abruptly from the beach in a way that makes your head spin; so not too much spice and brandy.

From the shoreline a short diversion inland is followed by a left turn into Undercliffe Road. The Rising Sun pub, which also serves food, is just to the right of the road junction. At the end of Undercliffe Road, a flight of stone steps climbs to the cliff-top and to a grassy path that leads to the Dover Patrol Memorial, a rather grim cenotaph to British seamen who died in both world wars.

Beyond the memorial, you follow the path through dense thickets of hawthorn and sloes round which the air thrums with the sound of insects. At a patch of open ground, the great bull-necked cliff of Ness Point bursts into view ahead. Then it is a fast descent of tree-shrouded steps to the groyne beach at St Margaret's Bay, where there is a refreshment shack. To reach the high edge of Ness Point, you follow the road inland for a few yards to where a broad opening leads left to Beach

Road and to the attractive Pines Garden. On the east side of Beach Road is the Bay Museum whose exhibits relate to St Margaret's Bay and the surrounding area.

Ahead lie the highest of the white cliffs. From the end of Beach Road a steep path climbs through scrubby ground to reach the cliff-top. Soon, a broad track takes you to the South Foreland lighthouse, now in the care of the National Trust and open to the public from the end of March to November. A narrow path leads seaward from the Lighthouse and on to the sweeping expanse of the breezy South Foreland Cliff.

The South Foreland is a mere curve in the cliff profile where the line of the coast turns to the southwest. Here, the white cliffs are at their most awesome. Stay well back from the cliff edge. On windy, cloud-scudding days, there is an eerie sense of precariousness. The glossy grass slides towards the uncertain edge and into booming space. The path makes frequent sidesteps inland to sheltered hollows, safe havens where the grass is speckled with the warm yellow and orange of kidney vetch and bird's foot trefoil. On clear days the French coast at Cap Gris-Nez is temptingly close.

Now you keep to the main path as it leads reassuringly inland from the cliff-edge round the steep hollows of Bantam Hole and Langdon Hole to reach the National Trust car park and viewpoint at Fox Hill. Below is the busy Dover harbour; ahead lies the great prow of Shakespeare Cliff. Dover Castle dominates the skyline. Beyond the Fox Hill car park, a steep descent leads into the whirling turmoil of Dover's sea front, below the great cliffs that gave Caesar second thoughts all those cen-



### Directions

• From Deal Pier walk south along the promenade and then continue along a paved walkway, Wellington Parade, to Walmer Castle. Continue to Kingsdown and the Zetland Arms.

• Go sharply right along a shingle track, and then turn left along Undercliffe Road to reach steps up to the cliff-top. Follow the coast path to reach steps down to St Margaret's Bay.

• Just uphill from the beach go left and keep left, along Beach Road. Bear left at a junction of tracks and climb a path through scrub. Turn right along a track and continue to the South Foreland Lighthouse.

• Go down a narrow path to seaward, then turn right and follow the coast path to reach the National Trust car park at Fox Hill Down. Just beyond the car park entrance, bear left from the road and descend steps to go through an underpass below Jubilee Way, and into Dover.

Use OS Landranger map 179. There is an hourly rail service between Dover and Deal, on Connex South Eastern. This walk features in 'Historic Tracks' by Des Hannigan, Pavilion Press, £17.99, to be published on 4 September.

# The woman who's a friend to ferrets

Yvonne Essex cares for 30 of the furry creatures at a time, writes Chris Mowbray



Ferret family: females often fall ill if they are not mated PHOTO: PLANET EARTH

As a campaigner against cruelty to animals, Yvonne Essex has a significant image problem. It is not that people question her activities, rather that they find them hopelessly comical.

Her difficulty is that once her day job as a farm worker is over, she dons checked shirt, waistcoat, knee breeches and walking boots and strides off into the countryside to champion the cause of distressed ferrets. Yvonne has been a ferret enthusiast for 20 years and owns five of the creatures herself. She also takes in abandoned, maimed and malnourished ferrets, nurses them back to health, then finds new homes for them with responsible owners. And she has kept the address of her refuge in Staffordshire a closely guarded secret ever since unscrupulous ferret-fanciers broke in and stole four of the inmates.

But running her convalescent home, which can look after 30 patients at a time, is not cheap. She relies on donations to her Ferret Fund to help pay for their food - a commercially produced compound rejoicing in the brand name of Ferret Complete.

In an effort to reduce the number of animals requiring care, she runs the Ferret Information Service, which disseminates

fact sheets and advice. She is also compiling a National Ferret Register of every ferret welfare group in the country.

By the time she has explained all this to visitors to the various country shows and fairs where she takes a stand, her listeners have usually progressed beyond polite amusement to open laughter.

"Most people cannot resist at least a smile, and it becomes a bit frustrating," says Yvonne. Her viewpoint is understandable. Although the very mention of a ferret seems to be the cue for instant mirth, the fate awaiting thousands of them is far from funny. These bright little animals - members of the musteline family, which includes stoats, weasels and badgers - are often treated appallingly.

In the two years since the Ferret Information Service was launched, Yvonne has taken in countless starving and abandoned ferrets, and dozens whose teeth have been snapped off with pliers by incompetent owners afraid of getting bitten. There have also been cases of amazing ignorance. A vegetarian handed in a ferret she had bought at a pet shop when she discovered with revulsion that

it was a carnivore. Another new owner inquired whether her ferret could live in the same hutch as her pet rabbit. Six young ones had to be put down because they had rickets after being fed only bread and milk.

The reason for such callous treatment appears to be that ferrets have had a bad press; they are too often viewed as smelly, vicious and treacherous. The reality is different.

They are thought to have been introduced into Britain by the Romans to act as miniature "sheepdogs" for the first British rabbits which were brought here at the same time and kept in controlled warrens as a supply of fresh meat. The Romans recognised the ferret's intelligence and learned how to use it.

Most modern ferrets are still kept for hunting rabbits, although some are family pets. But keeping a ferret requires commitment. A domesticated ferret has to be handled confidently every day and cannot be simply left in its hutch until its owner feels like playing with it. This means that if an owner goes away, a minder has to come in so that the animal's

social contact with human beings remains unbroken.

Maintaining a ferret's health can also be difficult. A female (known as a jill) stays in season until she has mated and may become ill if she remains in season for too long. For this to be avoided without an unwanted pregnancy, the jill must go to the vet for a "jill jab", at £4 to £8 a time, or mate with a male (known as a hob) which has had a vasectomy, for around £40.

Yvonne adds: "Ferrets are very clean and intelligent and we are trying to quash the myth about them. They do not bite people because they are vicious, but because they are short-sighted and strike out if startled. I have been bitten badly only twice in 20 years, and it was my fault. Ferrets return whatever care and affection you give them. They all have different characters, and are playful and mischievous, like cats. They will chase balls, play with string and climb up your bookcase."

They can also live for 12 years, and so, like dogs, they are for life. The message seems to be that ferrets are not funny - but fun.

Yvonne Essex and the Ferret Information Service can be contacted on 01782 326650.

WEEKEND WORK

What better than to sit at the end of the garden on a hot evening, glass in hand, and contemplate the state of the season? Officially, I am on rat patrol - for two or three rodents have re-established themselves in the chicken barn, and there is a chance that one will come out into the open to feed under the hopper in the yard below. The .22 is therefore propped against the mulberry tree beside me; but Rosie, our fluffy cat, is also on patrol, and I do not think anything will appear while she is about.

For a while the only noise is that of pigeons cooing in the wood on the escarpment - a marvellously sonorous sound, floating on the warm air. Then comes a different and definitely less soothing brand of Nachtmusik - scurrrrr, scurrrrr, scurrrrr, from close at hand: the sound of donkeys eating a garden table.

There is no point in driving them off or telling them to stop: they have already wrecked the table, and its remains will have to be burnt. By leaning forward, I can see the tips of Hannah's ears flick forward and back as her long, yellow teeth rip fibres from the pine planks. All donkeys seem to have a relish for wood - an appetite which my wife attributes to the fact that they are essentially animals of the desert, where dry, brittle stems form the bulk of their diet.

Beyond the flicking ears lies our vegetable garden, in which caterpillars have taken fearful toll of Brussels sprouts and broccoli plants, shredding leaves to lace.



Duff Hart-Davis

Any minute now the badgers will be leaving their sett... I just hope the phantom crapper, whoever it is, will steer clear of my lettuces

Their population explosion is due, I suspect, to recent extremes of weather - intense heat followed by deluges, producing sauna-type atmospheres. Bombing the plants with Derris dust seems to make little difference, and the only way to save our greens is by constant vigilance: inspect twice daily, and pick the caterpillars off one by one - not a job for anyone who dislikes handling soft, wriggling creatures which are inclined to burst between the fingers.

Farther down the vegetable patch is evidence of an unprecedented outrage: a badger has started using a row of seedling lettuces as its personal latrine. Normally I applaud badgers' latrine habits: they answer calls of nature well away from their setts, scooping out holes in the earth and accurately depositing their droppings in the bottom. Why one should have chosen to force its way through the sheep netting and have a go in the garden, I cannot say.

Beyond, in the orchard, the bees have had a rotten summer. One colony died out altogether, and two have got so little honey that I have already had to feed them sugar syrup. The single productive hive will yield no more than 10lb or 15lb of honey - a major disappointment.

The same goes for our plums - all shrivelled and disfigured by mould. A hundred yards away, our neighbour's trees are so loaded that he has had to prop them. Fears are even more peculiar: one tree has none, another of the same variety, next to it, about 100.

Yet the Stakhanovite among our fruit trees has been the fig. Perhaps

the great heat put it on its mettle: in any case, it has produced its best-ever crop. One day we picked 17 purple-centred monsters, and we are still regularly taking off 10 a morning. The strangest feature of the tree is the way it seems to concentrate its energy on a few fruits at a time: pick the ripest, and the next wave of green ones come on at amazing speed, turning brown almost overnight.

Now the great question is: what will the mushrooms do? The heat must have promoted growth of the mycelium, the fibre-like, subterranean root structure. Next, my books tell me, we need a crash in temperature and more heavy rain. Already we have eaten slices of a king-sized puffball, deliciously fried in bacon fat. Was that faint, mushroomy flavour a taste of things to come?

Movement to my left front: a flicker of russet in the dusk, and there on the summit of the muck-heap is an athletic young fox, eagerly prospecting for any scraps my wife may have put out. He is in luck: his jaws close on the carcass of a chicken and a second later he is cantering away up the paddock with his prize held high. Any minute now the badgers will be leaving their sett at the end of our big field. I just hope that the phantom crapper - whoever it is - will steer clear of my lettuces tonight...

A splintering crack brings me back to the present. There is not going to be any need to burn the remains of that table. In a couple more days, the donkeys will have scoffed the whole damned thing.

## THE INDEPENDENT

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# all consuming

When it comes to motoring who's got the max power? Meet Emma Bradshaw, fast lady . . 20

## The garden of Eden

An Englishman in France is moving Heaven and earth to produce fine wines, writes Anthony Fellows



Wine diving: Bertie Eden above a terroir in La Comberelle. In the distance, the Black Mountains; below, testing the new Syrah

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOE BANGAY

On a bend of the rocky track above Bertie Eden's vineyard you pause to savour the view over lumpy Languedoc countryside and breathe in the warm air, swirling with the scent of thyme, lavender and rosemary. Bertie does it every day but his antennae are a little more attuned, a little more romantic and considerably more business-like.

It's not just that this year's fine summer is encouraging forecasts of a vintage to match, it's that at this point, above the three *terroirs* which make up his vineyard he can detect the airs and breezes which affect the grapes plumping up beneath him.

To the north you can see the Black Mountains, the lowering foothills of the Massif Central. To the south, through the haze of the early afternoon, there's a tantalising glimpse of the Mediterranean and to the west the mightiness of the Pyrenees.

He points to the horizons like an earth-bound mariner. "There are mists which come off the Black Mountains in the spring morning which can create a whole different climate. You can stand here and watch a rain cloud coming up a gully from the sea while it stays dry on the other side of the vineyard. It all makes a difference to the wine's blend and adds to the intriguing complexity, which you already have from the grapes and the way they are mixed and aged. It's all part of what I hope will make a premier cru."

Bertie (great nephew of the former PM Anthony Eden) has owned the vineyard, La Comberelle - about one hour drive east of Carcassonne - for seven years. Trading under the label Comte Cathare - an allusion to the doomed struggle for survival by a religious sect in the 13th century who were bloodily disposed of by crusaders - he owns two other vineyards and plans to expand with three more. There are ambitious plans to build a new cave as well as a shop on the banks of the Canal du Midi a few kilometres to the south. His fifteen-strong-



labour force swells by 35 for the *vendange* with the arrival of itinerant workers from Portugal.

There is something steely eyed about Bertie, 33. His ambition is to become one of the leading wine makers in the region, no less. His very Englishness has not stopped him winning the acceptance of the locals, he has the backing of sufficiently well-resourced financiers and he clearly has acquired the viticultural know how.

"It started at home with dad," he says. "He had a proper wine cellar. When people came to dinner he used to take me down there and discuss the wine and decide what we were going to give our guests. This will do for this lot, he'd say."

Out of this father-son complicity came an enthusiasm for the subject, which became a passion after

working abroad in the vineyards of Australia, Tuscany and France.

"In Burgundy they test you by making you mix earth and water from a vineyard in a *tasse de vin* - a sort of flat saucer. You have to sip it, spit it out and then you are blindfolded and have to rely on taste to tell which wine came from which vineyard."

Bertie arrived in the Languedoc towards the end of a revolution in the area's wine growing. With such familiar wines as Minervois, Corbières and Côtes de Roussillon, the area had long been the world's largest producer of wine with more than 300,000 hectares. But the demand for *vin de table* was declining and the challenge from the New World intense, so massive financial incentives were offered to the Languedociens to uproot their old crops and

replace them with new, more fashionable varieties. Bertie is all for the fashionable but what sets him apart from most of his French comrades is his determination to grow his grape by a method pioneered in the twenties by seer and philosopher Rudolph Steiner. Called bio-dynamic, it is a development of simple organic farming - relating every activity to the rhythms of the seasons and the influences of the heavens.

So along with the evocation of grapes with their resonant names - syrah, grenache, cabernet sauvignon, petit verdot - there is talk of nettles, carefully selected cow dung, camomile and dandelion. It sounds, well, eccentric.

"It's all about working the land in harmony with nature and recognising that there are external forces, such as the moon and planetary forces," says Bertie. "I plant to coincide with the old moon and spray when it is new. I get cow shit for my compost from a specific area in the Pyrenees, where the farmers - who do not use any fertilisers - are famous for the quality of their beef. It is selected for me by an expert. I add a mix to the compost made of such ingredients as camomile and dandelion which are picked at a particular time to give maximum energy. For example, the dandelion has to be picked on certain day, just as it opens and before it is attacked by the bees. I make all the herbs into a ball and push it deep into the compost and spray with valerian."

"I don't use any chemicals. I make a tisane of the nettles which I spray on the crop, preferably on a still night because the heat of the day is not a good time. The nettles are full of calcium which is good against unwanted insects."

"It's a good thing to burn the insects which are threatening the crop, mix with ash, sprinkle and plough back in. I tried it with snails and they all disappeared, though that might be because the weather changed or something."

So how does the relationship with the moon and

the stars work? Bertie works to a calendar - a bible for the bio-dynamic farmer.

Take a completely arbitrary date - 22 April 1996. A Monday. Gemini in front of the moon, moon on the way up. Earth: light. The calendar instructs the grower to work on his roots until 7pm and then to concentrate on the flowers after 8pm.

"Working with a chemical culture is a nine-to-five job," says Bertie. "But this means you have to work when the forces indicated in the calendar demand. Some would rather not be working late at night by moonlight, but some understand. I once asked an old boy where the best place for nettles was and he instantly realised what I was after."

But does it make any difference? "I'm sure it does, the vines have greater vigour, there are no yellowy leaves, everything is nice and green. And maybe the wine will taste better."

Under the ground in his cellar it is all a matter of taste. Barrels of Syrah, sharp and challenging wait to be blended with the mellower Grenache. We sip and spit and savour, trying to be knowledgeable about oaky flavouring and tannin. Ultimately, whatever the science of the moon, the influence of the wind from the north, even the subtle distillation of the wild lavender, the success of the crop will depend on Bertie's taste buds.

"I hope that what I like to drink and what I want to make, might sell. I want to be honest to the fruit."

He offers a glass of St Chinian, Comte Cathare '95. Red, warm and mellow.

"In eight months time this will be exploding with perfume and opulence. Smacking the back of your throat."

I took a crate.

Vignobles Cathares SC, Chateau Mans, 34210 La Livinière, Languedoc, France.  
Tel: 0033 46891 4263  
Fax: 0033 46891 6215  
Internet: www.comtecathare.com

The Time: September

The Place: Back to school

## The Essentials...

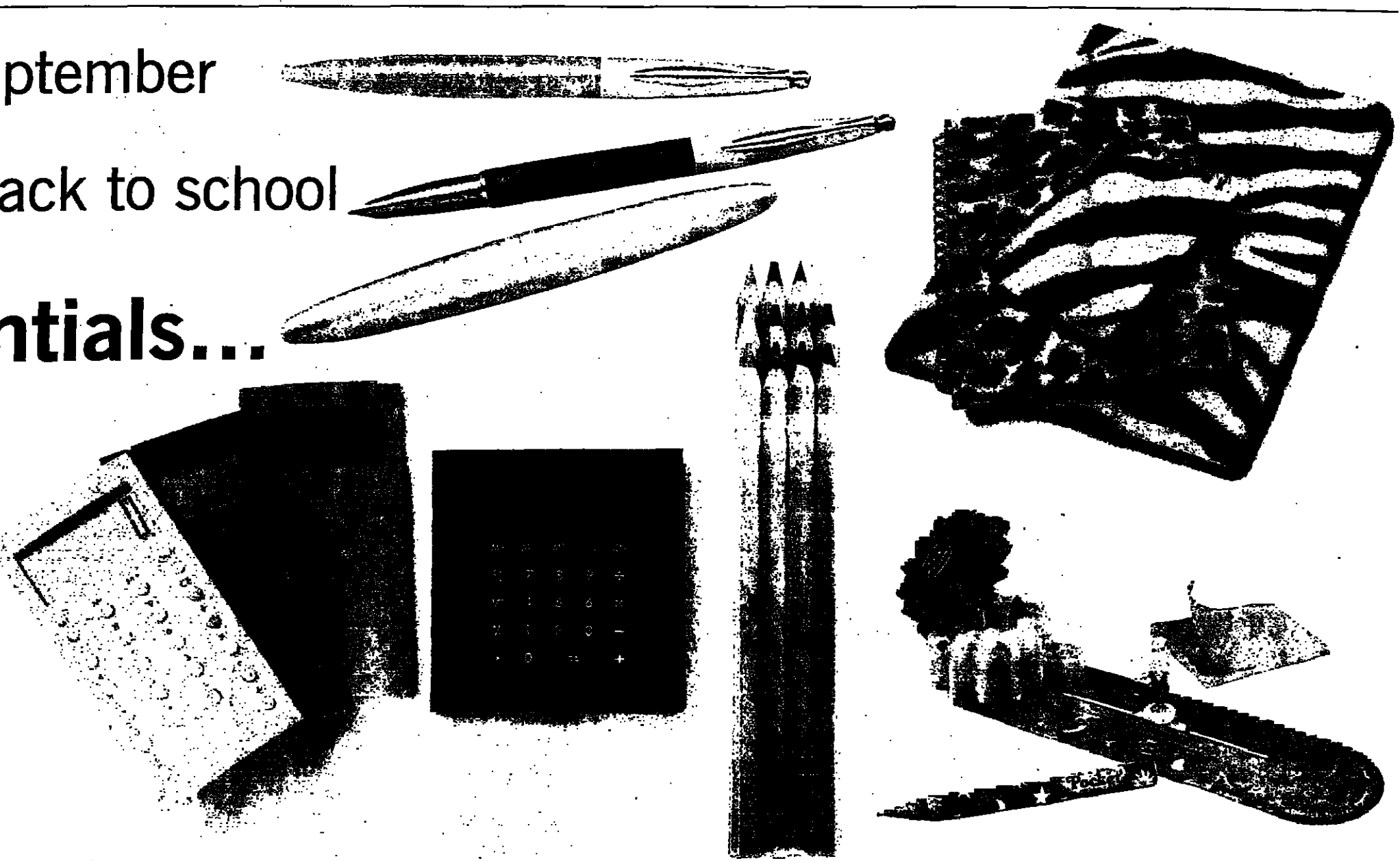
As part from ironing the new school uniform and packing the lunchbox, you'll probably want to buy a bundle of new stationery. To make sure you don't blot your copy book we've picked a sample of the most colourful and stylish, pens, notebooks, rulers and gadgets around.

This case of 12 coloured pencils costs £4; orange and blue silver fountain pens £16.50 - all from Paperchase. Telephone 0171-580 8496 for stockists and mail order.

No school bag can be without this pink fluorescent Polly Pocket ruler and pencil sharpener at £4.99. Telephone 01793 437800 for stockists.

Go on safari with these fake fur notebooks in zebra and leopard prints from £2.95 to £6.95; sleek Premium calculators at £9.50 or Tykho rubberised calculators at £36.95 - all from Bureau, Covent Garden, London (0171-579 7898)

Janet Knight









# By appointment

The fashionable diary war clashes on. John Windsor thumbs the latest designs

I took my battered, bulging Filofax to Frankfurt, to view the Filofax designs of the future. Frankfurt? It has become the Filofax cult capital of the world. In Britain, the ring-bound personal organisers are still trying to live down their association with Eighties yuppies and nanny Thatcher. But the Germans, who discovered them only five years ago, think they are cool.

You would not recognise Frankfurt's newest, coolest design as a Filofax. It looks more like a miniature UFO. A soft rubber shell conceals springy sheet steel. Pull it open and it lies flat and flat like a steel tape rule. Prod it, and it curls up again.

But the invention that seems like-liest to win Filofax's sales war against the Pison electronic diary and umpteen Filofax-lookalike brands is not a Filofax at all. It stood beside the springy UFO at a reception for the new designs at the city's Museum of Modern Art - a humble Apple PC disgorging dummy Filofax pages of listings, restaurants, theatre, sport, the arts. The dream is to connect it with the Internet. Press a key or two, clip the latest listings into your Filofax and take it with you on business or on holiday. All that Filofax's London-based chief executive Robin Field now needs is a global information provider on the Internet.

Blank A4-size computer print-out sheets with perforated and punched Filofax pages are already on sale. So computer-literate Filofaxophiles, who prefer flicking through pages to laboriously keying an electronic organiser, can maintain a master-file of information on computer, periodically downloading edited and updated versions into their Filofax. German retailers sell regularly updated Filofax restaurant listings - but, so far, nothing on the Net.

The end of the over-fed Filofax? When I lifted out mine, which looks like a replica of the one in Pison's knocking advertisements, stuffed with extra pages and scraps of paper, I expected Mr Field's staff to cry out in horror. Not at all. "Wow! That's a real Filofax!" they exclaimed. They mulled over my stache of dog-eared visiting cards, art gallery invitations and dry-cleaning chits as if they were historic printed ephemera.

But that's the British for you - in love with the quaintly scruffy rather than shiny chic. Over dinner, Mr Field, the 46-year-old corporate turn-around specialist who rescued Filofax in 1990, put his own Filofax on the table - a six-year-old pocket-diary-sized Slimline Executive model, without fastener, in soft black kid leather that had acquired a patina with daily use. He is clearly fond of it. It stays slim because he uses it strictly as a personal organiser - containing mainly appointments - not as the ever-expand-

ing contacts book that mine is. Most of his contacts are kept in his secretary's desk Filofax: only the often-used ones are in his pocket. You could say he's well organised.

I had apologised for bringing out my bulky reporter's notebook at

table. "You'd be more confident taking notes in a Filofax like this," he said, stroking the kid leather. Indeed, I would have been.

German Filofax culture is quite different. They are a brand-conscious nation. It is the brand-name, the prestige, not the charmingly distressed, that confers status. Fashionable Brits may have tired of designer labels, but Germans still banker after clothes by Seeger, Bree and Mont Blanc. Mr Field said: "The Germans always want to know who designed it. The British just want to know how much it costs."

A Mont Blanc leather organiser fitted with Filofax pages was priced at £75DM (£264) at Theissinger, Frankfurt's biggest personal accessories retailer. Its leather was as smooth as plastic. Leather embellished with warble-punctures or barbed-wire grazes conferring added character in the eyes of us Brits - will not sell in Germany.

If Germany is becoming the natural home of the Filofax it is largely because of the young "marketing muscle" that Mr Field has newly appointed in Frankfurt, home of one of the company's six overseas subsidiaries. Last year, while turnover for the company worldwide grew by only 2 per cent (from £42.7m to £43.6m) it rose in Germany by 22 per cent. Germans now account for 14 per cent of Filofax's turnover.

The initiative to commission revolutionary new designs came not from London but from Frankfurt. At the reception there, the director of the Museum of Modern Art, Jean-Christophe Ammann, delivered a paean of praise for the Filofax as art object - how many British museum directors

would do that? - and the huge Parmesan cheese and Australian and Californian Chardonnay were consumed by industrialists, bankers, and young trend-setters in designer spectacles. "I'm surprised," Mr Field confessed, "when we have held similar exhibitions in the UK we have had a much smaller turnout." (You get a hint of the future that might be being planned for this small consumer product when you learn that its German managing director, Volker Jungblut, used to work for Mont Blanc - whose collectable annual limited edition of fountain pens has risen in value at auction by 350 per cent in five years. And that the German company's young PR wizard, Moritz Hummer, helped to launch Swatch for the brilliant and eccentric Nicolas Hayek, notorious among collectors for playfully manipulating special-edition Swatch prices by glutting some countries and starving others.)

Mr Field is reluctant to play the limited-edition game (although last year the company did issue, at £500 each, a 1921 anniversary limited edition of 1,921 replicas of the Filofax used by Grace Scurr, in which she saved the company's vital trade contacts from the blitz). "I want all everyday Filofaxes to have first-class design," he says. "I'm not aiming to turn them into collectables." But you might just find that, whichever of the seven new designs go into production, the first few hundred will be signed and specially packaged.

As for the UFO, it was commissioned not from a German but from the studio of the London-based designer, Ron Arad, best known for his shoot-steel furniture. René Chavanne, the 31-year-old Austrian who dreamed it up, was a pupil of Arad's at the School for Applied Art in Vienna. Explaining his design, he told me he wanted to get away from leather.

The Australian Marc Newson designed a plastic Filofax with a zip, a cross between a lunch box and a petrol can. It is shiny and smart. The only tribute to the British-style overstuffed Filofax is Achim Heine's design, with 12 rubber washers on each cover and a supply of string to wind round them, making tangled nests for pens, dry cleaning chits and personal rubbish.

The Filofax-Internet brainwave? It was hatched by the professor of product design, Volker Albus, and his students at the University of Design, Karlsruhe. There are signs that the Germans might be coming round to the British Filofax aesthetic. Herr Ammann, the Museum director, said in his address: "Confronted by the empty pages of a new Filofax, you recoil from sublimating its virginity. But every Filofax should be full to bursting, with paperclips holding together diary notes, everyday routines, love letters. Leafing through a Filofax gives a feeling of sensuality - at least, mine does."

March of time: new designs (from front to back) by René Chavanne, Marc Newson and Achim Heine

## Under the Counter with Lindsay Calder

Elizabeth Hurley sometimes wears knickers, and Mariella Frostrup wears white cotton pyjamas. Sleep attire is a problem. I am still seeking the ultimate garment. I recently ditched two long white Laura Ashley numbers, which I decided were really not me - I had only ever worn them to tread the corridors of old Scottish country houses, where you needed an A-Z to find the loo.

What I do have is a large collection of T-shirts, which, in the privacy of my own bedroom, are fine. But as soon as there is a risk that somebody else may see them, it all gets a bit embarrassing. There's the Wallace and Gromit one, the Gary Sobers one, the hideous Aruba one (which I bought for \$5 during a bored hour in transit there), the Katharine Hammett one (trendy, yes, but it says "Summer 1989") and, worst of all, a Saudi Arabian Airlines one, which says "1979" (I know, it's 18 years old, but I'm very attached to it).

It's not just me - everybody has these infernal T-shirts. If you stay the night with friends and have come unprepared, I guarantee that, along with a towel, you will be handed a greying, shapeless object which says "Australians do it upside down" or some other pithy one-liner. You then have to wear this, and realise that, like all your own T-shirts, which at the time of purchase were extra extra large, it too has now diminished, so that it sits about an inch above cheek level.

This is OK if you are male (in which case you probably wouldn't have been offered one in the first place), as it can be worn to the kitchen over your hopefully non-gaping boxer shorts, where you can happily chomp on some Cheerios before you go. But for us girls, it's not so simple. We have the option of trying to stretch said garment over our knickers (or worse still, G-string) and trying to slip into the kitchen and get our legs under the table before host and other, perhaps unknown, males spot our peeking cheeks. Or we can get into our party kit from the night before, which then necessitates the application of make-up and brushing of hair, or you feel like an old tart. Some friends recently had a house guest who descended to breakfast in teeny-tiny baby dolls, causing the husband to break out in a sweat and excuse himself, as he had only just got used to the Mothercare nighties of his heavily pregnant wife. It's a fine line.

If you are staying the night with someone in order to sleep with them, then it's a different matter. Nothing, or perhaps a pair of lacy little knickers that can come off in a trice, is all you need. If, however, you don't want to be so blatant about the purpose of your visit, you may want to employ the use of a call-his-bluff/red herring night garment. This must under no circumstances be the T-shirt. Men must avoid boxers with cartoons or love hearts, and silk ones are a definite no-no (obviously a gift from a tacky ex-girlfriend).

I have trawled the streets of London to find the classic, simple, sexy thing, so you need never worry again. Meanwhile, for me, it's Wallace and Gromit again tonight...

Too sexy for my T-shirt  
- Pure and simple: short white strapless nightdress, £18, La Senza, 162 Oxford Street, London W1  
- Impure and gorgeous: La Perla black lace and silk-chiffon nightdress, £405, Selfridges, Oxford Street, London W1  
- Boy next door: "Authentic Underwear" boxer shorts in cool self colours, £7, Marks & Spencer  
- Boy no more: button-fly boxer shorts, £25, Emporio Armani, 112a New Bond Street, London W1A

## Adwatch: canine courage in a can

Something's afoot in the conservative world of dog food. For decades, the advertising approach has been the same: business ladies in tartan skirts and sensible shoes extolling the virtues of their chosen brand. "Dog food X is top-hole for Flash's coat or Lucky's teeth," they say. You can only agree. Why? Because top breeders (and they really are, not actors) recommend it. In recent years, admittedly, the style has softened. Fearsome, Barbara Woodhouse types have been replaced by a younger brigade who, on occasion, even let their dogs run wild. Cue lingering, slow-motion shots of assorted pooches charge across rolling hillsides, muscles popping and ears flapping. (Only cats, like Arthur, it seems, have a sense of irony in their advertising.)

But wait. What's Pedigree Chum

up to? Its new TV campaign for Chum Complete features grainy scenes of exploding shells, firing guns and running men.

We're in the trenches of a First World War battlefield where, we learn, a special breed of dog called a briard was used by the medical corps to hunt out wounded men. Never too far away, a husband-and-wife dog-breeding team explain to the uninitiated that these canine heroes' coats served to protect them in the battlefield. "These days, the job is done from the inside with Pedigree Chum," is their somewhat laboured link to the present day.

The ad is part of a gradual attempt by Pedigree to jazz up Chum's long-running "top breeders recommend it" campaign, explains David Watson, a company spokesman. The last commercial focused on Eve, and her

productive bitch Kashmir. ("Super food for a super-mum," we were told). In the new ad, top breeders still recommend it, but now there's an added twist to add "personality" and "humour," says Watson. "The idea was to continue our campaign theme, but make the different breeds of dog become more of a hero."

Apparently, recent research revealed scepticism amongst certain portions of the dog-owning public as to whether breeders really love their dogs as much as everyone else. The ad was designed to show that, yes, they really do, and to add another level of expertise to the advertising message by adding the story of a particular breed. (Sceptics may be forgiven for thinking there could be another reason: that reliance on members of the public rather than actors results in dull, formulaic ads.)

The First World War reference may be an oblique way to grab the viewer's attention, but it does reinforce Pedigree's positioning as the brand that understands dogs, owners and the relationship between the two. Which is why the brand continues to rely on its "top breeders..." tag line. In this business, endorsement is everything. "Other experts watching the ad will recognise and respect their view. The dog-owning public then gets the message from opinion formers," Watson continues. It works just like publication of a scientific paper, you see. The endorsement must be reviewed by the experts' peers first, before it is presented to the rest of the world, he adds. And you thought they were just advertising dog food.

Meg Carter

## NEXT WEEK IN

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# Loud, proud and modified

James Ruppert reveals a resurgence in the customising car craze

Which is Britain's biggest selling motoring magazine? Could it be the weekly dose of four-wheeled news as supplied by *Auto Express*, or *Autocar*? The acerbic jottings of *Car* magazine, or the consumer-orientated *What Car?* In fact none of these has anywhere near the 190,400 circulation that *Max Power* enjoys as the most successful car magazine you may never have heard of. Launched as recently as May 1993, *Max Power* may be a publishing phenomenon – but, more than that, it is a reflection of a uniquely British car culture. It involves the smell of burning rubber, loud music, and the sound of cash tills ringing to millions being spent on making old hatchbacks go much faster than their manufacturers originally intended.

The phrase, "My car has been Maxed" is now an established part of the urban vocabulary. Translated, it means that the car has been radically altered. According to Darren Chades, a Vauxhall Astra owner, such motors can easily be identified. On the outside the car will look lower – revised suspension parts result in a ground-hugging stance. In addition, new, alloy wheels will be wider and more extravagant, and have lower-profile tyres (thin walls) than before. There will also be a change of colour, often to an unmissable lurid shade. The finishing exterior touches will be in the form of glass fibre body kits to transform the appearance; wider



wheel arches; quad headlights; a bigger spoiler; air intakes; and an entire collection of bulges and orifices to distance the car from its showroom relations. Inside, there are many interior decorating possibilities – but the really essential element is a loud sound system. Under the bonnet the emphasis is on power – ranging from a total rebuild to the simple addition of a sports air filter and fruity-sounding exhaust system (known in Essex as a "Barry Kit").

So are all *Max Power* readers young and wild? Not according to the acting editor, Emma Bradshaw. "It's got nothing to do with age, just an attitude to life and having a good time. We reflect what is going on in the street but it is just as important to set the trends. This magazine has never been conventional, and that is the way it will stay," she says.

Thumb through the current issue of *Max Power* and it is obvious that

this is a far from conventional motoring publication, mainly because it is full of young people enjoying themselves. There are no tweedy chaps fixing an oil leak on their MGB, or earnest road-testers tutting at the lack of lumbar support – just some men dressed as women in a Spice Girls parody, numerous naked body parts, some good jokes and bad puns, several swear words, and an endorsement from the mighty Ford Motor Company.

"We have a project Ford Escort which we will be modifying over the next few months and then giving away to a reader in a competition," explains Bradshaw, referring to the pink car on the August cover. "Ford is the first manufacturer to help us out on such a project. The company's attitude has been fantastic. They may not understand all the aspects of the magazine, but they think it's brilliant and that's a big step forward."

If Ford thinks that linking up with the *Max Power* lifestyle is a sensible thing to do, the company is not alone. One look at the pages of advertisements for sound systems, car accessories, records, computer games and cigarettes proves that there is a lot of money waiting to be spent. Indeed, if you've ever been caught up in a late-night city cruise you will have seen the lads behaving badly: lots of young people and their cars with a

Pump up the volume: 'Max Power' magazine's souped-up Ford

thumping dance music accompaniment, enlivened by some burnouts, spinning the wheels with the brakes on, and loads of mates sitting on the bonnet as acrid rubber smoke fills the air. There's even a *Max Power* Live & Unleashed National Tour. The last one is at the Royal Highland Centre in Edinburgh in September, but, as the promotional material implores, "Just don't bring your parents".

*Max Power* has become franchise, even endorsing a top-selling CD, and it has also spawned imitators with their own views on UK youth car culture. Ian Strachan is the editor of *Fast Car*, which has a circulation approaching 100,000. He believes this is a post-recession motoring boom. "People have money to spend now and there are so many bland cars about, they genuinely want to be different and individual. I think it is the popularity of the touring car racing series that has led to more sporty after-market items being available for people to add on to their cars. I don't think it is possible any more to say what sort of person does this. Everyone, from bankers to builders, modifies their cars now. It's a way of life."

Over at *Fast Ford*, the editor, Paul Wager, does not want to see his magazine lumped together with *Max Power*. "This is an enthusiast's magazine, for people who are loyal to Ford. It just happens that they also want to make them go faster and look different. Although the most popular car is the Escort Turbo, last built in 1990, we get phone calls all the time from buyers of P-plated Fiestas who want to know how they can make their model different. The best thing about Fords, though, is that you can get them to go very fast for little money. It is all about speed, power and proving what you have got."

## Race against the clock

Will new rules really stamp out the practice of falsifying a car's mileage? By James Ruppert

Time is running out for "clockers". Well, that's according to the Retail Motor Industry Federation (RMI), which has launched a major campaign to stamp out one of the most notorious and costly of car frauds – amounting to at least £100m each year.

Clocking at its simplest involves falsifying a car's mileage reading to show a shorter distance travelled, to increase its second-hand value. Interestingly, altering the mileage is not in itself an illegal act, but selling a clocked car, whether or not the seller knows it to be so, is an offence.

Recently questions were raised in the Commons when the Labour MP Gwyneth Dunwoody asked the Secretary of State for the Environment, Transport and the Regions whether the Government plans to reduce the incidence of clocking. In reply Glenda Jackson, Minister of Transport for London, described the practice as "deplorable" and went on to say that the Government is reviewing what further measures can be taken.

Christopher Macgowan, chief executive of the RMI, commented: "We are encouraged that the Government is committed to reviewing the law, and hope that they will do so with the utmost speed". But is new legislation really going to stamp out clocking?

The Institute of Trading Standards Administration has calculated that a car's value increases by an average of £30 for every 1,000 miles erased from the odometer. In fact, it can be a lot more for a Mercedes or a BMW, but the point is that any car is worth clocking for the criminally minded motor dealer, or the private seller.

Clocking is simple to do. An unnamed motor trade source explains: "Without giving too much away, all it involves is taking out the section of the dashboard containing the speedometer and then turning the number wheels with tweezers to the mileage required." Digital mileage

services. It costs as little as £50 to reset the read-out on many models.

At the heart of the clocking problem is a cosy deceit that low mileage is everything. It makes a car more saleable and profitable, and the buyer feels confident that it is less worn out. But low mileage does not necessarily make a healthy car. A properly serviced vehicle with high motorway mileage is often in much better condition than a town-bound minimal miller.

For all these reasons, it is hard to believe that legislation could change entrenched buying attitudes and the pursuit of illegal profit. The RMI, in partnership with Hastings Direct insurance, has produced a free pamphlet with information on how to buy a good used car and avoid the clockers. And the organisation has also persuaded an MP to table a Private Member's Bill to clamp down on clocking. Among specific proposals to curb the practice is a business registration scheme to identify car dealers and all other parties in the transaction, and to enable a vehicle's history to be monitored. Car auctions would also be better regulated, with proof of identity from those purchasing vehicles, details centrally recorded, and enforcement agencies being allowed to inspect the details on request. Finally, odometer "correction", as it is euphemistically called, would be made illegal – including production of the equipment used to falsify mileages.

It is hard to disagree that the motor trade's image needs a makeover, and regulation may well be a way to do it. Whether it will stamp out clocking is another matter, since criminals and fraudsters have a frustrating habit of sneaking around rules and regulations. Enforcement also costs time and money. I foresee forged documents, false identities and traders operating as private sellers, much as happens now.

However, the problem could be wiped out overnight if buyers simply ignored the mileage and bought a car purely on the basis of its condition.

For a free car-buying booklet, ring Hastings Direct (0800 001066).

## Vroom with a view



**ROAD TEST**  
**Jeep Cherokee**  
by Roger Bell

Cherokee reservations: never mind the economy, feel the strength

The sticker on the sun visor hardly inspires confidence. "This utility... handles and manoeuvres differently from many passenger cars... if you make sudden sharp turns or abrupt manoeuvres, you may... go out of control and roll over or crash." So there; be warned. With product liability in mind, Chrysler concedes that the Jeep Cherokee has its limitations, that you take liberties with it at your peril.

After a week's incident-free driving, two thoughts struck me about the disclaimer. First, that it was unduly pessimistic. Despite deliberate provocation, I never got the impression that the Cherokee was about to scarp me. Agile it is not, but that doesn't make it unsafe. Second, the word "utility" seemed curiously misplaced in a leather-clad, timber-embellished, air-conditioned luxury behemoth that costs £24,000 in 2.5TD Limited guise.

Britain's love-affair with butch off-landers that rarely stray from *terra firma* is palpably irrational. However, if you insist on rock-climbing prowess at the expense of comfort, refinement, performance, economy – yes, and of handling/manoeuvring, too – the new Jeep Cherokee deserves consideration in the

upper echelons of the 4x4 sector.

New? Appearances deceive. What seems like a modest face-lift – fresh grille, bumpers and flared wheel arches – masks a major makeover beneath the skin of this American icon.

Buyers liked the old car's appearance, says Chrysler, so why change it? Among the improvements are a new, more comfortable cabin, a stiffer body and chassis, better heating, ventilation and electrical systems, and superior quality altogether.

Big though it is, Jeep's square-rigger Cherokee is lamentably short on rear legroom. Access to the back, through awkwardly narrow doors, is also restricted.

Up front, you're loftily perched in comfortable, powered seats that, as in most high-slung 4x4s, afford an excellent view out – a good safety point and a boon for sightseeing. Behind, the cavernous boot provides ample luggage space, despite the encroachment of a stacked spare wheel. Pity the one-piece, rear backrest isn't split to improve carrying versatility.

There's a choice of three engines: a lusty (and thirsty) 4.0-litre straight-six petrol engine, and two 2.5 "four" – a petrol and the rough and noisy turbo-diesel made by VM in Italy, used in the test. The fearful clatter that assails the

### JEEP CHEROKEE 2.5TD LIMITED



#### SPECIFICATIONS

Price: £23,995 as tested with leather (Cherokee prices start at £18,195). Engine: 2,499cc, four cylinders, 8 valves, 114bhp at 3,900rpm. Transmission: five-speed manual gearbox, 2/4-wheel drive, high/low ratios. Performance: top speed 103mph, 0-60mph in 13.1 seconds, combined consumption, 29.7mpg (35.3 extra urban).

#### RIVALS

Ford Explorer, £26,040. The world's best-selling off-roader since 1991, US-built Explorer is big, roomy, plush. Here, any engine you want so long as it's a 4.0-litre petrol V6. Performance strong, five-speed auto transmission smooth. Lavishly equipped, classier than Cherokee. Land Rover Discovery 2.5tdiS, £24,005. Discovery is still the best-selling 4x4 in Britain, though its market share is diminishing as the competition heats up. Great go-anywhere off-road performance, but do you want it? Feels ponderous, clumsy (and rather slow) on road. Saab 900 3.2 GX220, £25,610. Styled in Britain, powered by Mercedes, built in South Korea. Performance of 120mph GX220 – fastest off-roader – terrific. Alternative diesels much slower and cheaper. Good value if you can stand ornate looks. Well made, well equipped.

cars when starting up the engine from cold, never fully subsides.

Around town, the 2.5TD sounds like a black cab. However, high gearing does allow it to stride along motorways with no more than a discreet drone from the coarse engine. Performance is quite good mid-range, when the air-pumping turbocharger is at its most effective. For a big, hefty five-seater, economy is also very respectable. Were it not, the 2.5TD would lose its point.

Like most big off-landers, the Cherokee feels lumpy and cumbersome after driving a nimble family car. It jerks and squirms on its long-travel suspension. Steering is ponderous, the gear change hefty (the diesel comes only with a five-speed manual gearbox). For normal roadwork, incidentally, only the back wheels are driven. Four-wheel drive (with high and low ratios) is engaged with a second gear lever.

For all its innate shortcomings, the big Jeep has a curiously masochistic appeal. Perhaps because it is a bit challenging to drive well. Many owners – and there are more than 20,000 in the UK – are attracted by the Yank Tank image, the feeling of irresistibility that is imparted by a heavyweight off-roader. Never mind the economy, feel the strength.

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B70 BH	1,200	1,000	HAZ 4	2,200	1008 MAY	500	RI 3708	2,800
BK9 726	1,000	1,000	HAZ 405	650	MS RCK	2,600	RI 3708	2,800
CEW 690	1,000	1,000	HD 9488	1,400	(MERCEDES)	800	8 TES	2,000
60 CLM	2,800	1,000	HIL 959	1,000	ME 9088	800	8 TES	2,000
125 947V	325	1,000	HK 674	1,700	MI 270	4,400	UK 600	700
842 CTU	600	1,000	HR 59	3,800	ML 345	1,200	UK 600	700
CNA 676	1,600	1,000	HRE 10	1,250	MLKJS	1,250	UP A	3,800
708 DA	1,400	1,000	JAG 604Y	450	MAA BW	650	5 UYC	1,400
844 DEC	1,250	1,000	JB 6565	800	MFI BW	600	5 UYC	1,400
DS 6805	1,200	1,000	JUL 955	1,200	MPW 295	500	VAD 01	1,400
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843 ETU	500	1,000	US 9363	3,400	NHRELX	1,800	100K	6,000
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638 GSA	1,200	1,000	949 KAS	1,200	18 PFM	2,000	XVS 43	275
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THE INDEPENDENT

# homes & money

## A green ideal

Sue Wheat looks at a housing project designed with a difference



John Lees is a city designer with a vision. His company, Lees Associates, has a client list that boasts royalty. The Savoy, the Chinese government and many of the largest financial institutions in Europe. But his vision does not include building more for the rich; it is about establishing a model of ecologically responsible and aesthetically pleasing housing in the countryside.

England's green and pleasant land has become a conflict zone among planners, developers, farmers and conservationists, all fighting for different things. This is certainly true of the Norfolk countryside where John grew up, which he describes now as being "eaten up by ugly brick boxes with awful 'Norfolk Red' tiles", and killed off by chemical-intensive, "prairie-style" farming.

As the brother of Andrew Lees, the Friends of the Earth campaigns director who died in Madagascar in 1994, he also has a strong personal link with environmentalism. Now he intends to use his professional skills to make some of the changes, his brother campaigned for. "The Government has said we need millions of new houses, so encroachment of the countryside will happen. But it must happen in a responsible way. We don't want

to see replicas of Milton Keynes all over the place."

An unusual client - a community of 20 adults with learning disabilities and 12 co-workers - is the means through which he hopes to realise the first experimental step towards his vision. Thorne Hall, near Holt in north Norfolk, is a Grade II listed 12th-century hall. It was donated to the Camphill Community by Lord and Lady Hastings in 1987, together with 50 acres of land. As with all the 70 Camphill Communities worldwide, Thorne Hall is run in accordance with the teachings of the Austrian philosopher Rudolf Steiner, who emphasised the interplay of environmental and spiritual issues in everyday life.

Residents and co-workers live in "families" or "life-sharing groups" and work together rearing livestock and growing some 70 varieties of vegetables and crops. They sell left-over produce locally and their organic, low-tech methods result in high yields, low irrigation and an environment of wildlife and flowers. Mucking out is one of the most highly valued jobs.

Anker Pedersen, the community's farmer, explains: "For us it's not waste, it's richness - it produces our food." Co-worker, Alex Hoffmann. "We will use Thorne Hall is already a place

example of what environmentalists term "sustainable living". John's job is to design an extra residential unit, community hall and bakery. The first step has been to build a natural sewage treatment system which filters and cleans waste water through a series of pools and reed beds and directs it to a nearby stream - vital in an area where ground water is dangerously low. The result, explains the designer, Andrew Joiner, "is a functional sewage system within a beautiful landscape, in sharp contrast to the ugly, engineered sewage works that we're used to".

The next stage is deciding the location and design of the new buildings. "Having a building constructed is one of the most exhilarating things that can happen. But too often it is done without understanding the needs of the people using it," says John. The bakery, where residents work together round a table, needs to house minimum machinery and encourage maximum human interaction. The extra residential unit should allow everyone to have a window. Local and natural materials will be used throughout. "The ecological design of a building is not so much about wacky ideas as about sensible design," explains John's co-worker, Alex Hoffmann. "We will use materials that manage themselves, such

as lime mortar, which lasts hundreds of years, and green oak, which looks better as it gets older and needs just a thin coat of limewash to preserve the wood."

John also sees his company's role, as facilitator between the client and the planners, as a vital one, especially at Thorne Hall, because of its conservation status. He hopes he can transfer this experience to people's environments on a national basis.

"In future, we need to bring agencies such as English Heritage, the Open Society and the Countryside Commission together and say, what about building a common and having animals on it; why not rotate the land; and why not have housing nearby with the most modern ecological design? Of course, other communities won't be the same as Thorne Hall, but we desperately need diversity in housing, and at the moment there isn't a sector in the housing industry for people who want to live in a more sustainable way." It's not a new idea, he admits. But then, no one else seems to be doing it.

Back to basics: planning the development of Thorne Hall, which dates back to the 12th century, has involved building a natural sewage treatment system. PHOTOGRAPH: SUE WHEAT

## Good practices deserve rewards

... but developers aren't interested. By Stella Bingham

Two years ago the Building Research Establishment (BRE) created the Environmental Standard Award to encourage and reward developers who were building environmentally friendly housing. The scheme was launched with high hopes and expectations. By 1997 the BRE expected to be assessing 8,000 to 10,000 houses a year on such issues as energy efficiency, using wood from renewable sources, and minimising damage to the site. Yet the number of houses assessed so far runs into hundreds rather than thousands and most of these are being built by housing associations.

Dr Josephine Prior, the BRE's manager for special projects, is at a loss to explain house builders' lack of interest. "The standard was developed to reward people who already had good practices. We hoped to encourage builders to fly the flag for what they were already doing. But we have been unable to persuade the marketing people to take it on board."

"Builders say to me that buyers are interested in location and what they can see inside the houses. But I maintain that the presence of the standard must be an extra benefit."

House-builders' failure to participate in the BRE award does not mean that they are all indifferent to the environment. Taywood Homes, one of the house-builders on the steering committee for the BRE scheme and an early award winner, no longer takes part, but maintains a commitment to green housing. Linden Homes' energy-saving measures consistently achieve an admirable Standard Assessment Procedure (SAP) rating of at least 80 out of 100.

"Lain Homes regards itself as an environmentally-conscious house-builder," says its chief executive, Steve Lidgate. Recently Lain Homes South successfully transplanted a threatened 7ft-tall beech hedge

from one site to another five miles away. At a development on an old joinery works in Earlsfield, south London, bricks, cobblestones, old timber and hard core were all reclaimed and recycled. "It sold very well. It pays to be green," says Rameen Firoozan, sales and marketing director.

Dr Jonathan Horner, an environmental science lecturer who bought a Lain house, was impressed by the developer's preservation of trees and other natural features, and the commitment to energy-saving. "My working life centres on the effect that environmental policy has on the world around us. Housing is an important aspect of all our lives, and I was keen to ensure that our new home would live up to the standards I feel we should all demand of the building industry."

But no Lain development has entered for the BRE Award stamp of approval. Mr Lidgate explains cautiously: "Although Lain Homes originally chose not to become fully involved, the company would be pleased to participate in any future discussions relating to the relaunch of the scheme."

The BRE standard has so far served housing association tenants best.

"We have tried to balance the environmental agenda with providing quality and affordable housing," says Martin Rowbottom, assistant director (development) of the Hastoe Housing Association, which has three BRE awards and another one pending.

As for the comparative failure of the BRE scheme in the private sector, Mr Rowbottom says, "It has not had a lot of publicity. The BRE's scheme for offices has been taken up by the industry as the benchmark, because the people who are going to use the block are closely involved in its development. House buyers aren't."

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# Furniture to dream on

Want a cupboard like a castle? Or build a bed for a dog? Rosalind Russell knows how

As dogs' beds go, it offers the last word in canine chic and is priced accordingly. But as the owner of the dogs is the impresario millionaire Robert Stigwood, the cost was hardly likely to be a bone of contention. Stigwood, who made his money with productions such as *Grease* and *Evita*, commissioned the furniture maker Tim Wood to design and build the dogs' cupboard and bed in a flower room, along with a colonial-style golden oak kitchen and four marble bathrooms, in his Isle of Man Victorian mansion, a converted nunnery.

Wood, one of the new breed of bespoke furniture makers, graduated from the John Makepeace School for Craftsman (now called Farnham House) in Dorset, where Viscount Linley learned his trade. If you wonder how these upmarket chippies can justify charging several thousand pounds to design and build a cupboard, it's worth considering the cost of the fees for the two-year residential course: they are currently £13,200 a year. Having a rich daddy (or mummy) isn't enough. They accept only 11 students each year and each is interviewed rigorously to ensure he or she will stay the distance.

The school was the making of Tim Wood, who is dyslexic and had been very unhappy at his public school in Berkshire. "You have to really like the John Makepeace School to go there," he says. "Tutorials begin at 8am and used to end at 9pm. It's not like university, where you might go off and play football in the afternoon. It is intensive."

It also appears to have become something of a crucible for the Conran shops, which have recruited several graduates. Wood worked there for a time, having decided he couldn't stand the cold any longer in his Devon barn workshop, where the wind whistled snow in through the cracks. Doing carpentry in gloves made the job prohibitively fiddly.

Similarly upmarket is De La Espada, which describes itself as being to Spain what Conran is to Britain. Pablo De La Espada was a mathematician by training, until he failed to find the kind of furniture he wanted for the family home in Madrid. He began to design his own, and ended up opening a shop. The London store, by Brompton Cross, sells solid wooden cab-

inets, chests and tables; a cherry-wood chest costs £1,399. They also sell by mail order, and carry out special commissions.

For Tim Wood, the main part of his work is building kitchens, either fitted or free-range. As they start at £10,000, but usually cost between £20,000 and £30,000, it's not the kind of investment to make if you're planning to move on in a couple of years' time. More frugal customers may insist on free-standing furniture which can be whisked off by a removal van, along with the sofas and the rugs.

In a survey by the estate agents Knight Frank, female buyers put a designer kitchen at the top of the must-have list, above a landscaped garden, a conservatory, a swimming pool and a conservatory. It did feature in the men's list, but much farther down (after a study, a double garage and a billiard room).

In a choice between two properties, the designer kitchen can clinch the deal - though it won't necessarily add to the price. "It's often the extras a property has to offer that make the difference," says Knight Frank's Rupert Sweeting. "Many people like to think they're buying a trophy property."

Tim Wood has tried to buy back some of his pieces which he wishes he hadn't sold, but the new owners have refused to part with them. He does, however, still have a cupboard designed like a castle, which he admits is "over the top". It was built for a designer exhibition. "Every one of the windows - which light up - has a 45-degree chamfer which had to be hand-cut. It took a long time. If I had to make an identical one, it would cost around £7,000, but I could do it in MDF for £2,000. My wife keeps her clothes in it at present, but it will be a drinks cupboard."

He is, says his wife, extremely pernickety, even over the smaller items he is commissioned to design, such as picture frames or jewellery boxes. Or a bed, which at £2,000 was cheaper than the Swedish-built, custom-made £3,500 bed bought by Tony and Cherie Blair for number 11 Downing Street - and considerably bigger than the one occupied by the Stigwood dogs.

Tim Wood Furniture (0171-924 1511); De La Espada (0171-581 4474); Farnham House (01308 862204)



Tim Wood's castle cupboard would set you back £7,000

## Down by the riverside

London's Docklands is finally a success. Felicity Cannell looks to the future

Forget the proposed Millennium Dome; London's Docklands is a strong contender for the nation's greatest development triumph this century. It has certainly run the gamut of emotions: starting in optimism, faltering into gloom in the Eighties, and now emerging as a regeneration success story - with the Canary Wharf tower as an icon of the capital. Now Docklands is set to be disbanded.

The London Docklands Development Corporation (LDDC) was created in 1981 as a partnership between public and private sectors, with the aim of regenerating the riverside areas of Southwark, Tower Hamlets and Newham. In the ensuing years, £1.8bn of public funds attracted £6.5bn from private investment. And the LDDC duly provided jobs, homes (21,615 since 1982), leisure areas, hotels and schools. But time is up and by next spring the corporation will complete the handover of the area back to the original three London boroughs.

Once Docklands is no longer under the banner of the LDDC, will its appeal diminish? Not if the experiences south of the Thames are anything to go by. A southern section of Docklands has already been handed back to Southwark and development is still going strong. Barratts has five developments in Rotherhithe, two of which have sold out before construction. Not long ago Rotherhithe was dominated by hard-to-let council flats. Now the area is a quiet oasis with walkways and cycleways. Barratts' Prince's Riverside project benefits by being on the concave bend of the river as it sweeps down around the Isle of Dogs, with views both ways, to the City and Canary Wharf. Two-bedroom apartments here start at £164,995.

Wapping has reverted to

Tower Hamlets, a borough which is benefiting from wharfside buildings as far north as Mile End. There are still a few developments available close to Tower Bridge - Chimney Court is a conversion of the old University of Greenwich. Its grand apartments, with high ceilings and polished wood floors, start at £160,000 for a one-bedroom apartment, available through Savills.

Baltimore's development at Millennium Harbour, close to Canary Wharf, is worth a visit, if only for the virtual reality views from the two mock-ups of the 267 apartments which are being sold off-plan. Two-bedroom apartments start at £143,000.

Beckton, the poorer cousin in the Docklands family, has gone to Newham Borough Council, which will also take back Royal Docks when the LDDC bows out on 31 March. Wimpey Homes is selling newly built flats and houses at Royal Victoria Docks from £91,500.

Most developers are taking the lower-risk route of selling off-plan, insisting that this can benefit the buyer - who gets a property at the current market value without having to pay for it until later, when prices have risen. But yes, as we all know, prices go down as well as up. At the moment, though, sales have never been so high and prices are generally expected to rise further.

But it's not all glitz and gloss. The LDDC has contributed funding to Newham and Tower Hamlets for 11 new primary schools, two secondary schools and three colleges of higher education colleges. So the area is set to develop from being a luxurious business park surrounded by bachelor pads into a long-term, mixed community.

Savills 0171-488 9586; Baltimore 0171-729 6309; Barratts 0181-522 5301; Wimpey 0171-474 2200

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سكدا من الارض



This week I offer some more thoughts on the subject of active versus passive fund management, prompted by an interesting discussion with Barclays Global Investors, the market leaders in the field of index-tracking funds, about which I wrote last week.

Under its new chairman, Martin Taylor, Barclays has made a conscious decision to try and build a dominant position in the index-tracking business and, given the head of steam that is now building up behind indexed funds, not just in the United States, but in other markets too, this is beginning to look an increasingly shrewd strategic decision. Index funds are even starting to gain a foothold in Japan.

Two years ago the bank's investment arm spent \$440m on buying Wells Fargo Investment Advisers, a Californian firm which was the original pioneer of index-tracking and the first to appreciate how computer power could make such a "product" feasible. (For those interested, the story of how the concept developed is well told in Peter Bernstein's excellent book, *Capital Ideas*.)

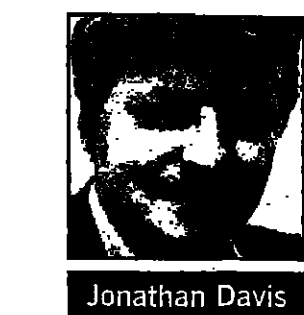
Since then, the evidence of how poorly many (but not all) actively managed funds have

performed has continued to accumulate, and the business has continued to grow to the point where Barclays now has around \$350bn of investors' money around the world in so-called passively managed funds.

This makes it the market leader in this business in both the United States, where the main rivals are State Street and Bankers Trust, and in the UK, where the main competitors to date have been NatWest and Legal & General.

The vast majority of this business is in the institutional market, where an increasing proportion of pension funds have switched to investing some or all of their assets in index-tracking funds. But Barclays also has plans to introduce both indexed funds and funds based on what it likes to call its "advanced active" techniques to the retail market.

We should see the first results here shortly, when it unveils plans to rationalise and improve its range of unit trusts next month. Its aim is to increase its share of the unit trust market in two main ways: by using its branch network to sell a simpler and more user-friendly range of funds directly to the public, and by offering a range of more sophisticated funds through independent financial advisers. Whether or not the



Jonathan Davis

range will include a pure indexed fund at this stage remains to be seen, but it looks a good bet before too long.

If so, it will be a further, welcome competitive development in the retail market, and will give investors who are looking for low-cost but sensible savings products a wider choice than before. Last week's conversations prompt me to three further observations about the whole "active versus passive" debate, which reaches into virtually every aspect of the investment business, and is still not widely understood.

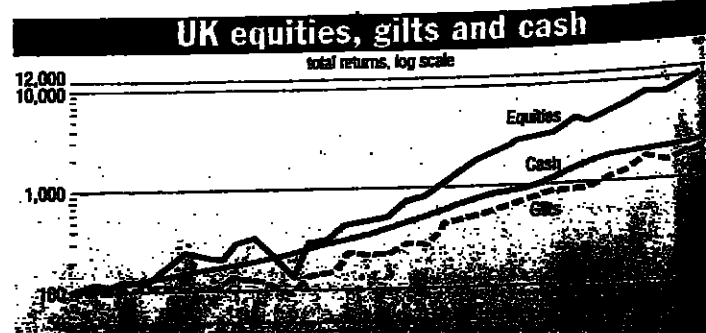
One is that the reasons why the tide is still running strongly in the direction of passive management are both powerful and well-founded. It is important to emphasise that this is not just

Why pay over the odds for an actively managed fund when you could buy an index tracker?

because of the consistently poor results achieved by the majority of active fund managers over the past 20 years, although that is obviously the starting point.

Barclays makes the point that the trend to indexation in all the main markets has invariably followed the arrival of performance measurement systems which have made everyone aware of the under-performance problem. The power of computers and the revolution in investment theory, which has transformed the way we think about risk and return over the past 20 years, are just as important factors.

The second observation is that the kernel of the debate about indexation is as much about managing risk and obtaining value for money as it is about



achieving the best possible returns. The argument against many active managers is in fact not that they often fail to deliver the results they advertise, but that they charge a high price for chasing an objective which for many investors is simply not worth paying for, even if it were deliverable, while also carrying unnecessary extra risk.

Put at its crudest, what is the point of paying 1 per cent or 2 per cent a year in management fees in order to try and achieve a return of, say, 9 per cent a year (which could be 6 per cent if it goes wrong) when you can reasonably expect to achieve 8 per cent for a cost of next to nothing?

The third comment to make is that saying there is a good case for many investors to put some or

all of their money into an index tracking fund is not the same as saying there is no point in putting any money at all into actively managed funds. It is true that one of the arguments behind indexation is the assumption that stock markets are broadly efficient - that is to say that the market is reasonably good at valuing shares on the basis of available information and that therefore active fund managers have to be exceptionally good (or lucky) in order to outperform consistently.

In general, that is true, but there are also many exceptions to the rule, just as there are many successful strategies for finding these mispriced securities. Interestingly, Barclays Global Investors acknowledges this fact, and is busy marketing what it calls "advanced active" funds

alongside its index-tracking funds.

Its research suggests, for example, that it is possible to achieve outperformance by tracking stocks where there has been a recent change in sentiment (as reflected in earnings estimate upgrades by brokers analysts); on the basis of movements in the pattern of directors' dealings in their own company shares; and on certain valuation considerations.

What they are now doing is using their computerised technology to construct index-matching funds, and then tweaking these funds for extra return by adding carefully controlled bets of this kind. Results so far seem promising.

The general point for most investors remains that you have to know what you are doing and be prepared to pay for the results. What has changed is the starting point of all this. Until now, investors have started with the assumption that active management is the best option. Anyone looking for reasonable risk and return today should start with the assumption that an index-tracking fund is his best bet and it is up to the fund managers and his advisers to convince him that paying more for active management is worthwhile.

# Want your share? Join the club

Your local pub may seem an unlikely place to make an astute investment move. Buying a third round in a haze of generosity doesn't tend to leave your bank balance in better shape. But out there is a new breed of investor, taking to the village ale house to discuss stock market strategy.

All over the UK, groups of friends, relatives and colleagues are forming investment clubs. These clubs, which often meet in the nearest pub, are groups of up to 20 people who pool regular savings to invest in the stock market. Members may or may not make a killing on the stock market, but the advantages are clear.

Shares give far higher average returns than most other investments. And there's no doubt they can be fun, as you follow the fortunes of corporate giants and tiddlers alike. But they are also very risky.

Buying part of a collective fund, like a unit trust, is one way of spreading risk. Unfortunately you also miss out on the fun by losing control over which companies to back. Apart from the social rewards of belonging to an investment club, supporters say these groups are the perfect introduction to the stock market.

This is how it works. You get a group of people you know to form a club. After agreeing the rules, you each put in a certain sum - typically £20 or £30 a month. This forms a fund which you invest directly in shares. The club meets once a month to share information on which shares to buy and sell.

"By pooling together everyone's finances, your risk is greatly reduced," says James Hart of Barclays Stockbrokers, which services some 200 investment clubs around the country. "Also it's a learning process. Over a period of time, when knowledge and experience develop, that's when the clubs become successful."

Even if you're a complete novice, you will learn from other club members, and may later go on to hold shares in your own right once you feel you know enough. The investment club idea came from the US. The first club was formed in Texas in 1898 by an unemployed American as a way of building up enough capital to buy a small business. The concept crossed the Atlantic in the late 1950s, and the National

Anyone can organise an investment group. All you need is a bunch of friends and a pub to meet in, writes Rachel Fixsen

Association of Investment Clubs (NAIC) was formed in the UK.

The NAIC was taken over by ProShare in 1993, an independent body which promotes share ownership, and relaunched as ProShare Investment Clubs. But only in the past year has the idea taken off. Before Christmas 1996 there were around 300 clubs. This has now ballooned to around 1,700.

Building society demutualisations are likely to keep the growth in investment clubs going, says Finola Healy, head of communications at ProShare. Handouts of free shares from the societies have created about 17.5 million new share owners in the UK.

"If you've received a windfall and want to continue investing in shares, but don't feel confident enough on your own, then investment clubs are the ideal, low-risk way to do this," says Ms Healy.

Lawyer Mark Goodson started up investment club H&G Investments two years ago. H&G stands for Horse and Groom, the pub in Rochford, Essex, where members hold their monthly meetings. "I'd been out of work in 1991 and 1992 and had an interest in invest-

ing in shares, but hadn't got any money," he says. He read an article on investment clubs in late 1994. "I thought this seemed like a way of finding out how the stock market worked."

He wrote to 15 friends and 12 of them agreed to join the club, which focuses on shares of smaller companies. In the first year, the club managed to break even. In the second, it made a staggering 50 per cent return, by which time its portfolio grew to around £14,500.

The club's meetings are very relaxed. No formal research presentations are given, but some club members are more chued up than others through reading the *Investors Chronicle*, and the financial pages of newspapers. The accounts are passed around, investment suggestions are made, and votes are taken. Only four members have to be present for a vote to be carried.

Since April, shares of small companies have been out of favour, Mr Goodson says. "There was one meeting at the beginning of July when prices were very low. No one was upset, but it was a bit depressing," he says.

The best way to get involved in an investment club is to start your own, says Ms Healy. Joining an existing club is rare, although occasionally clubs do advertise for members. Club members have to be able to trust each other. "Sometimes they don't like to take in an outsider," she says.

ProShare produces a manual which tells you how to start and run a club. Most investment clubs are affiliated to ProShare. The manual includes tips on writing the club's constitution, choosing a stockbroker and keeping the accounts.

Not all investment clubs survive the early stages. Sometimes people lose interest or they don't get on well enough. To give your club the best chance, make sure members agree in the early stages on club rules, investment policy and the level of regular savings. And whose turn it is to stand the next round.

ProShare's Investment Club Manual costs £15 plus £3 p&p. Phone 0171-394 5200.

As equities slide, it's time investors looked over their portfolios carefully

This week's money pages have, unusually, a single unifying theme to them. In the main, they focus on investment and, in particular, on what investors need to do if the gyrations currently seen in the FTSE 100 share index mark a definite turning point in its 18-month-long upward movement.

Hundreds of thousands of small investors, many of them readers of *The Independent*, have poured billions into equities in the past year or two, much of that going into funds tracking the performance of the Footsie.

They have been won over by the argument that the long-term performance of equities will always comfortably exceed that of safer alternatives, such as building society accounts. In the very long term, that is historically true.

But there are also moments when investors may be forced to take a cold bath. In such cases, many fund managers will shrug their shoulders, pointing out that in this market you have to be prepared to accept some pain for the sake of long-term gain.

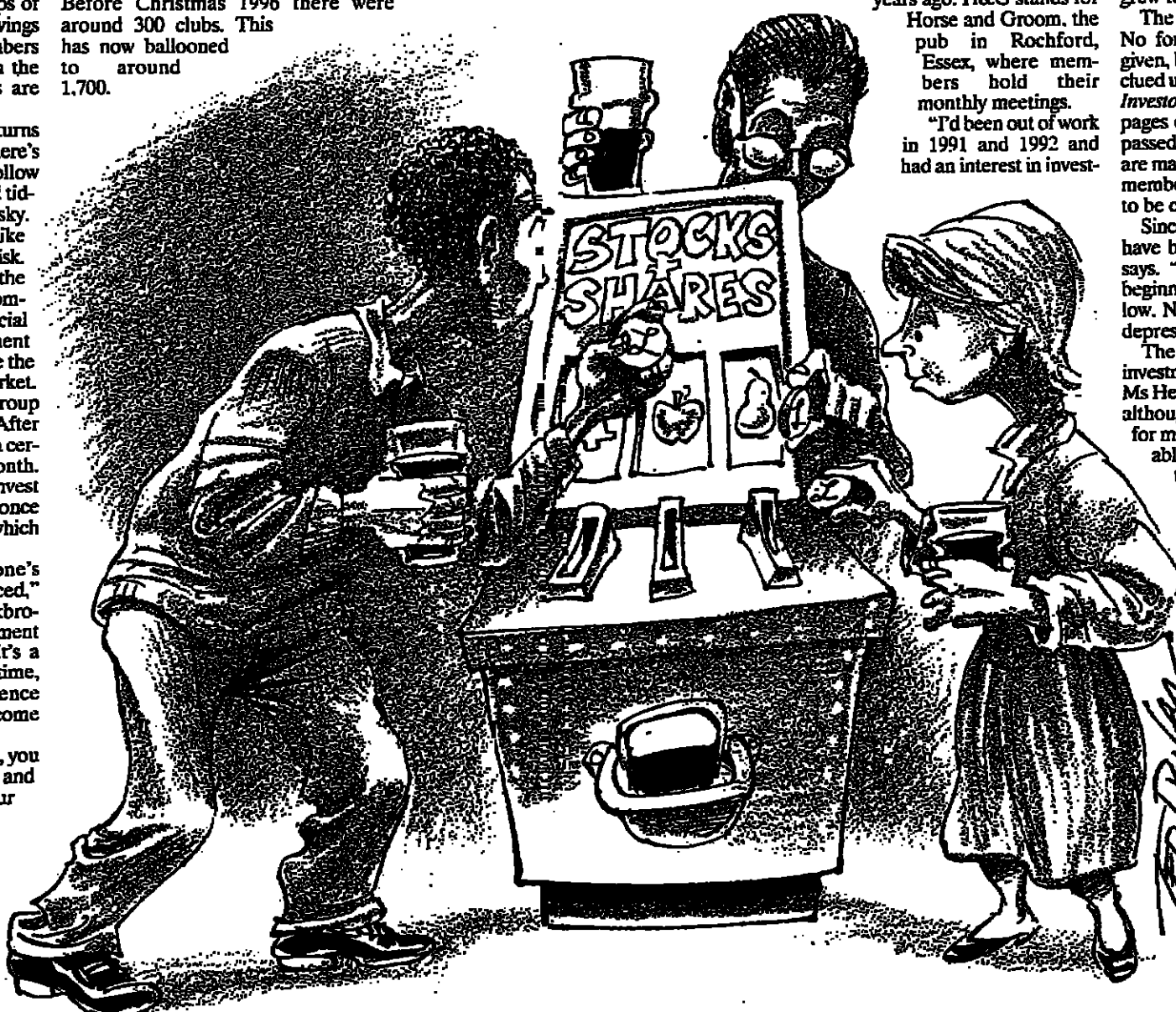
True, but only up to a point. These pages have argued that if you have suffered consistent underperformance, you should be prepared to switch to a better fund manager.

We still hold that view. The experience of the past few weeks indicates that, if anything, the need to look carefully at your investments is even greater today.

We don't pretend to have all the answers. But if we succeed at least in encouraging you to look at your portfolio with a fresh eye, we may have achieved something.

Next week, we hope to suggest some definite investment alternatives for you to consider. And no, Schrödinger, our feline fund manager, is not for hire.

WE HAVE received scores of requests to take part in our free financial makeover series. But it is still not too late to take part. If you want free financial advice, potentially worth hundreds of pounds, and don't mind your case appearing in these pages, write to Nic Cicutt, Free Financial Makeover, The Independent, One Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL. Please give a brief outline of your financial circumstances.



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Jacqueline Mitton



# When in doubt, sit on the fence



**Nic Cicutti**

**The fall in the stock market raises questions about pooled investments**

**T**o track or not to track? This is the question uppermost in the minds of hundreds of thousands of small investors as they ponder the next likely movement in the UK stock market.

The issue has acquired major significance in the past few weeks as the seemingly inexorable rise of shares in the FTSE 100 index appears to have ground to an uncertain halt. Hence the detailed attention paid to the subject by several writers in this week's section.

So, how long will this "hiccup" last? Does it mean that index tracker funds, which have delivered outstanding performance in the past 18 months or so, thereby attracting a gigantic wall of investors' money, are now no longer the place to put one's money into? Should one now be concentrating on the next rung of so-called "mid-cap" stocks in the FT 250 index, for instance?

Tony Wood, marketing manager at Virgin Direct, whose All Share tracker PEP has gobbled up the biggest single chunk of savers' money, is forthright about his company's investment strategy: "We do not ever try to predict the way the market is going to go. We simply agree that trackers offer good long-term value."

For all Mr Wood's frankness, the past two days' falls in the Footsie confirm the increasing need to reach a judgement on what is happening. For many experts, the experience confirms a view they have held for many months about the Footsie and the All Share indexes (which reflect the dominant influence of blue-chip stocks).

Premier Unit Trust Brokers is a Bristol-based firm specialising in so-called "pooled" investments such as unit trusts. Its latest bulletin suggests the reason Footsie shares have done well depends at least in part on the growing trend among giant US pension funds to seek overseas investments in large companies, whose stocks can be quickly liquidated if need be.

"The preference for large liquid stocks by US fund managers, including those running tracker funds, has put a firm imprimatur on all markets, including our own," writes Peter Edwards, a partner at Premier.

Generally, a handful of sectors – banks, oils, utilities and pharmaceuticals – have been responsible for most of the Footsie uplift. In particular, cash has poured into a handful of shares: HSBC, Lloyds/TSB, Glaxo, SmithKline and Shell.

"Conversely, the FT 250 and Small Cap [stocks] are overweight in the 'wrong' sectors," Mr Edwards adds.

This, along with the appreciation of sterling compared to other currencies, has meant that smaller companies without major international exposure have found foreign markets difficult to export into.

Political factors, in which foreign investors began betting on the inevitability of a Tory election defeat and a consequent defeat in interest rates under Labour, meant

the pound remained at high levels, exacerbating the trend.

Mr Edwards is rueful about these factors: "In the past, we have tended to consider that trackers were funds to invest in during an economic downturn. This does not appear to be happening now."

But he points out that the Bank of England's recent statement that further upward pressure on sterling may finally have been checked by recent interest rate rises underlines the Bank's commitment to keep inflation under control.

The Bank's view, coupled with the most recent base rate rise on 6 August, led to a drop of about 3 per cent in the Footsie, while the FT 250 rose by more than 4 per cent.

It is this adjustment which recently led some observers, including Bill Mott, head of UK investment at Credit Suisse, to suggest that a fall in the value of the pound would eventually allow small company exports to power ahead, along with their share prices.

Not everyone agrees. Andy Jackson, small companies fund manager at Hill Samuel, another respected investment house, says: "We would be reluctant to say that small-cap companies will outperform. Our view is that large [company] shares are still likely to do better."

"Ah, yes, but," say the fund managers, "should the rise falter, the ability to pick the right stocks in a generalised market downturn means we will begin to recover lost ground."

This argument is not entirely true. Earlier this year, *The Independent* looked at how trackers performed in the aftermath of three share price downturns.

The result was that in each of the three periods – 1987, 1990 and 1994 – trackers bounced back at the same speed as many of the best funds in their own sectors.

Of course, a question mark still hangs over the ability of trackers to outperform managed funds at a time when the market begins a slow downward spiral running over a year or two, as in the mid-1970s. Then, genuine stock-picking might come into its own.

So what should investors do? Mr Edwards' view is simple: "I believe we should sit on the fence for the moment."

By that he means accepting that – given the money from the US pouring into them – safety of sorts will come, for the time being, from larger and more liquid stocks.

But that does not negate the potential for stockpicking at the same time or from the mid-cap markets, where the gap with the Footsie has closed. The time may have come for investors in tracker funds to look at funds which can combine both aims, delivering the best of both worlds.

Is fence-sitting the best of both worlds or just a painful exercise? Only time will tell. But in the meantime, those of nervous disposition might want to give it a try.

## Small Cap vs large Cap unit trusts

% change in indices (since January 1996)

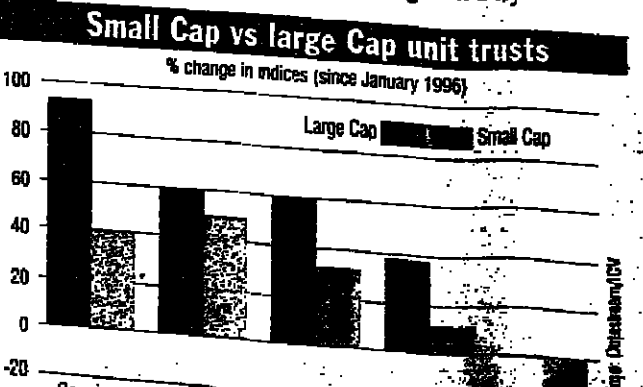


Month	Large Cap (%)	Small Cap (%)
Jan 96	0	0
Feb 96	10	10
Mar 96	20	20
Apr 96	30	30
May 96	40	40
Jun 96	50	50
Jul 96	60	60
Aug 96	70	70
Sep 96	80	80
Oct 96	90	90
Nov 96	100	100
Dec 96	110	110
Jan 97	120	120

Source: The Financial Times

Category	Large Cap (%)	Small Cap (%)
Large Cap	95	38
Small Cap	58	42
Large Cap	55	22
Small Cap	25	-10

Source: Guinness (1997)









Schrodinger selected a share portfolio and beat some fund managers, writes Paul Slade

Amanda Davidson of independent financial advisers Holden Meehan says: "If my cat turned in such a good short-term perfor-

Will these choices prove to be the CATapults which CATapults Schrodinger to new heights, or has he picked a load of old dogs? We'll see in us here in three months to find out.



Abbey National (Banking)  
Amvastap (Financials)  
BTR (Engineering)  
Béazér Homes  
(Construction)  
Cadbury Schweppes  
(Food)  
Cowie Group (Distribution)  
Edinburgh Investment  
Trust (Financials)  
Electra Investment Trust  
(Financials)  
Flextech (Media)  
General Electric  
(Electricals)  
Grand Metropolitan  
(Alcohol)  
Great Universal Stores  
(Retailing)  
Highland Distilleries  
(Alcohol)  
HTV Group (Media)  
Lasso (Oil)  
Johnson Matthey  
(Engineering)  
Mercury World Mining  
(Financials)  
Mersey Docks (Transport)  
Monks Investment Trust  
(Financials)  
Northern Foods (Food)  
Ocean Group (Transport)  
Pearson (Media)  
Polypipe  
(Building Materials)  
Reed International (Media)  
Renters Holdings (Media)  
RTT Capital Partners  
(Financials)  
Savoy Hotels (Leisure)  
Scottish Hydro-Electric  
(Power)  
St James' Place/VRT  
(Financials)  
Taylor Woodrow  
(Construction)  
United Assurance  
(Life Insurance)  
W Morrison Supermarkets  
(Retailing)  
Wessex Water (Water)  
Wimpey (Construction)  
Yorkshire Tyne-Tees  
(Media)

CAT's biggest winners and losers in the year to 12 August 1997

Winners			Losers		
Stock	Sector	Change	Stock	Sector	Change
St James' Place	Financials	+116.48%	Spirax Sarco	Engineering	-10.63%
Amvescap	Financials	+59.67%	MPI Furniture	Retailing	-15.91%
Scottish Hydro	Power	+43.66%	Racal	Electronics	-17.74%
Wesssex Water	Water	+38.19%	Body Shop	Retailing	-20.97%
Fletch	Media	+35.23%	Bulmer Holdings	Alcohol	-29.87%
Ocean Group	Transport	+29.6%	TR City London	Financials	-40.62%
Taylor Woodrow	Construction	+27.58%	Dalgety	Food	-45.4%
Edinburgh IT	Financials	+25.29%	Wattmoughs	Packaging	-51.35%
Northern Foods	Food	+24.87%	ML Labs	Healthcare	-58.91%
Monks IT	Financials	+24.71%	Scotia	Pharmaceuticals	-60.55%

How weightings in CAT portfolio compare with weightings in mid 250 index

Factor	Weighting	Weighting
Financials	20.02%	15.55%
Construction	8.58%	3.1%
Retailing	8.58%	6.98%
Media	8.58%	5.07%
Transport	5.72%	3.94%
Food	5.72%	3.44%
Alcohol	5.72%	2.77%
Engineering	5.72%	6.56%
Life Insurance	5.72%	3.12%

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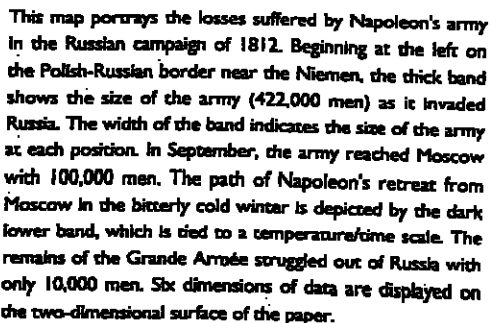
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**G**oing away for a while? Thinking of letting some friends stay in your flat in return for paying the mortgage and other outgoings on the understanding that they will leave when you find a buyer? It's easily done, often without the slightest problem. But what happens when it goes wrong? How do you get unwelcome tenants to go?

Most residential tenants rights are governed by the Housing Act 1988. This Act was ushered in with the purpose of encouraging greater numbers of private landlords into the rental market. Some tenants are still governed by rights contained in the Rent Act 1977 which provided tenants with much greater protection against eviction

The easiest route by which a landlord can ensure a swift repossession of his flat is entering into an assured shorthold tenancy.

This tenancy provides the landlord with the right to terminate the lease on two months' notice provided that the notice starts to run at any time after the expiry of the first four months of the lease. This means that the minimum length of the lease is six months.

Until the end of February this year, certain procedures had to be followed to ensure that the lease was given assured shorthold status. This included serving on the tenants prior to the start of the lease a notice of the prescribed form. This notice set out the limited nature of the tenants' rights.

**On your side:** If the correct procedures are not followed, or the landlord and tenant merely reach a verbal understanding, the tenant gained enhanced protection against eviction. The arrangement is then known as an assured tenancy.

The effect was that a landlord could only regain possession of the property at the end of the lease if he had proved to the court that it should exercise its discretion in his favour. This compared unfavourably with the assured shorthold tenancy, where the landlord was entitled to possession as a matter of right.

## Ian Hunter on a shift in law that helps landlords evict tenants

If the tenants were granted an assured tenancy, the landlord could have had quite a struggle on his hand. If the tenants were unemployed and

any time provided the tenancy has been in existence for at least four months.

A landlord can always apply to the court for an order to evict the tenants if they have committed a serious breach of the terms of the lease. In order to avoid such a claim tenants should abide by the terms of the lease, such as paying the rent regularly and carrying out any repairs for which they are responsible. If the tenants fall behind with the rent for only a short period of time, it is unlikely the court will grant an order for repossession.

Even if the landlord is not granted repossession he can still send the bailiffs to the premises to recover any rent arrears. This can take place during daylight on any day but a Sunday.

The landlord can seize anything of value belonging to the tenant in order to settle the rent arrears. There is one qualification. He cannot seize possessions such as bedding or clothes, nor can he seize an innocent third party's property. Force must not be used by the landlord to gain entry.

Likewise, force should not be used to evict squatters. The law governing squatters does have teeth, but if the correct procedures are not followed it is likely to bite back. If the squatters do not have permission to be there, the procedure should be swift. Problems arise if the landlord has acquiesced in the arrangement. If he has accepted rent the squatters may have strong grounds for arguing they are tenants.

**AUL BULLEY** A court hearing involving squatters will usually be held within a few days. If the court is satisfied the entry was unlawful it will issue a warrant for possession to the court bailiffs. The bailiffs will enforce the judgement as soon as possible.

Landlords should avoid taking the law into their own hands whether the occupants are unwanted tenants or squatters. The landlord could end up paying damages to the occupants and may be denied possession by a court order while matters are resolved. If anyone is injured, the landlord could end up with a criminal record.



**On your bike: Tenants can be hard to move** PHOTO: PAUL BULLER

eligible for legal aid, with a determined solicitor they could deny legal access to the property for some time.

However, the good news for landlords is that at the end of February this year the presumption was reversed in the landlord's favour. Now the assumption is that if the parties have merely reached a verbal understanding of the tenancy agreement it is treated as being an assured shorthold tenancy, guaranteeing the landlord the return of his property on two months' notice at

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TO FIND OUT WHAT'S ON TV, WHERE TO GO AND WHEN, READ THE EYE TODAY

## More matter with less art



Robert Hanks  
the week on radio

Dangerous things, opinions - personally I always try to steer clear of them, and people who have them, and in any rational society the mere possession of them would be a criminal offence. Still, it can't be denied that they have their uses, as a way of avoiding prolonged thought, or just as an aid to navigation. Take *State of the Arts* (Radio 4, Saturday), a four-part series in which Jonathan Glancey looks at the position of art in society, and particularly the relationship between art and politics.

It is, in its way, a perfectly reasonable survey of the field. The series started out by asking what the point of art is, for individuals and for society as a whole; then it examined the relationship between art and the state, with particular reference to the forthcoming Millennium celebrations; and last week, Glancey went to South Africa, where much art previously derived its purpose from opposition to the state, to see how artists are coping with a post-revolutionary era.

This looks like a sensible

enough way to proceed; the problem is that the series lacks any sense of direction. Take the South African programme: it wasn't simply that it was hard to see how it followed on from the week before, what relevance that situation might have to the arts in our own conservative, culturally fragmented nation: it didn't even seem to relate to itself - many individually interesting things were said (about the status of "middle-class" arts like opera and ballet, about the rewards now being offered to "protest" art), but weren't tied together.

You can sympathise with Glancey. As he points out at the very outset, there are far too many answers to the big questions about art. What is art? What use is it? Why do governments have policies for the arts? And none of them really work. But you can't help feeling that, in taking the sceptical, open-minded course, he's left the listener adrift. You needed him to take a position on something; as it was, all sorts of nonsense was passed over without comment - such as Lisa Jardine's suggestion that savvy modern children have had their minds prepared for contemporary art by advertising. (Have they also been adequately prepared for Leonardo cartoons, Bach motets or Virginia Woolf? If advertising is sufficient preparation for art, doesn't that suggest that the art isn't trying hard enough? Does this point tell us anything at all, in fact?)

If it's opinions you want, of course, you can always turn to *Battling with the Past* (Radio 4, Monday). I expected to be bored with this self-indulgent, often bitchy and occasionally

snobbish parlour-game by now, but the pleasure remains undimmed. Much of it derives from Ronald Hutton's expert chairmanship - his rather camp drawl, the lazy, lordly way he lades out points to the competing historians. Hutton's main claim to fame as an academic is his book *The Rise and Fall of Merry England*, a book which debunks many received notions of the vitality of working-class culture; and his historical views come out in the way he runs the programme - at any rate, you doubt that any old-fashioned Marxist historian could take such transportive pleasure in arbitrariness.

But the main pleasure lies in the combination of passionate opinion and steadfast respect for the facts that informs the discussion. Occasionally, things go a little too far: this week's programme on the French revolution had one academic condemning Marie-Antoinette as a "silly cow", another accusing all the others of talking eye-wash. But, on the radio, this sort of thing adds spice. In real life, mind you, I'd avoid these people like the plague.



Serena Mackesy  
In my week

There is a type of man who gets terrifically pompous about his spawn when out in public with them

Strange aspect of human physiology: much of the sense of balance is based in the ankle. I had some hard evidence of the importance of the inner ear some years ago, when it took me 10 minutes to negotiate my way from one end of a double-tracked train platform to the other, lurching from post to bench to help point, but despite the fact that I've been plummeting to the ground on a regular basis since my yeens, it's only in the last week that I found out about the ankle. If you don't believe me, stand on one foot and hold it for 30 seconds - feel that joint wobble.

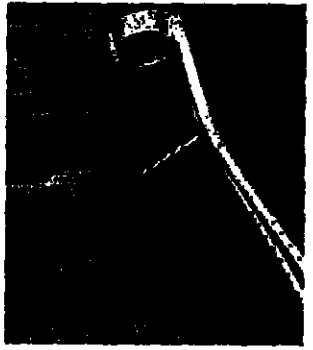
This is one of my physiotherapy exercises, which in theory have to happen every two hours. Turns out that my humiliating gymnastics while walking the pug ripped a ligament, and a strange spongy lump of fluid has come to rest on the point of the bone, though it will pop around like a lump of putty if you try something clever like the lotus position, or get your friends to press it with a finger and go "eugh". One of the spin-offs of things like this is damaged nerves, and stork-standing (my bookie's phrase, not mine) makes me look a bit like Benny Hill pretending to be a ballerina, arms flailing, strange Kenneth Williams-style "oohs" and "woohs" emanating from between my clamped jaws. Yesterday I managed 17 seconds before toppling onto the chest-of-drawers. Once I can manage two minutes, I get to do it with my eyes closed.

Obviously, this doesn't put me in the best of tempers. The new Stuart Weitzmann range in Russell and Bromley - iridescent snakeskin with stainless steel spike heels - call to me, going "we are yours, we are yours" and I have to still my aching heart and walk on by. And there are few pieces of clothing that go with handbags. Life ain't easy when you wear a dirdid, I have nightmares where I find myself slumped on the *Rikki Lake Show* while a single mother whose thighs look like piglets wrapped in cellophane points at me and goes "She

think she all that, but she ain't all that," and punches her fingers in the air.

Arriving early to fly down from Scotland, I book into a right-hand-side seat where I can extend my leg, buy a bottle of Isla n'ell and have a quick read about the Spice Girls having licensed five new flavours of Impulse deodorant. Ginger 'sweat, Baby sweat, Scary sweat, Posh sweat and Sparty sweat. I've got money on which one will sell best. I go to the gate at the first call, hop across the tarmac and settle into my place.

Into the aisle come the young parents. I know these people from before they were married - well, not them, but a thousand people like them - when they were smuggling their way round



cocktail parties looking for someone suitable to set up a passionless life of fiscally comfortable dullness in an old vicarage full of copies of *Country Life* with. Late twenties, bleached of colour, he with the short legs and ever-expanding area of years spent playing rugby at public school, she with broken cheek veins from shouting at dogs. People who take pride in not being able to just sit around doing nothing. The involuntary lip-curl starts to twitch.

They arrive at my row. He gets out their boarding cards, reads the labels above our heads. Turns to her. "I'll get the stewardess," he says. "Good idea," she says. Snort-nosed brat squirms in her arms while he disappears. Steward comes back, short-sleeved shirt with a pen in the breast pocket, camp as an optic-fibre lamp on a

leopard-skin coffee table. Squats beside me. "Sorry," he says. "Could I see your boarding card, please?" Neither of the adults has so much as looked at me.

"You see?" says the man to the steward. "Mmm," says steward. "It looks like you're both allocated the same seat."

"Well," says man, and flicks a caught-you-shoplifting glare at me. "Oh, dear," I say. Young Father speaks again to steward, who has the full Airline smile on. "She'll have to move," he says. "Excuse me," I say. "I'm right here. You could talk to me," but it seems I'm to get the full cat's mother treatment. "Those are our seats," he says. "Well, yes," says steward, "obviously there's been a bit of a mix-up."

I really don't feel like moving, especially not for these people. "I'm sorry," I say to the woman, who resolutely keeps her white-polo-necked chins turned gatewaywards. "I've got a busted ankle and I could really do with an aisle seat." He chuffs. "She can sit anywhere. We've got a bay-bee." There is a type of man - usually, I find, the ones who have least to do with them on a daily basis - who gets terribly pompous about his spawn when out in public with them.

Steward squats again, looks into my eyes. "It's probably a good idea if these people sit together," he says. "Would you mind?" Father chuffs again. I can feel him thinking "that's right, you tell her". Snort-nosed brat starts to drool. "Okay," I sigh, "seeing as they've been so pleasant about it." They stand with their backs to me as I stagger to my feet and hop around collecting my belongings.

Steward takes my computer bag and leads me down the aeroplane. We get to the bulkhead and he gestures to a row of empty seats with acres of legroom. "There," he says, "you can have these. They could have had them, but we get a lot like him." Later, he slips me an extra Bloody Mary as I recline full-length and read the paper.

## Drowning in the oil of eulogy



Jasper Rees  
the week on television

"Of the century" is a phrase familiar to anyone who frequents carpet showrooms in the sale season after Christmas. It's an absurd piece of hyperbole, saved only by the fact that it knows it's absurd. It is also universally adaptable. In the tyrant of the century competition, Saddam Hussein is still trying to catch the judges' eyes before they retire to consider their verdict in a couple of years' time. (Pol Pot, recently arrested, seems to have blown his chances.) The romance of the century, meanwhile, looks like a closed book: the Duke and Duchess of Windsor have got it in the bag.

We have this from no less an authority than Mohammed Al Fayed, whose own son is currently somewhere in the Mediterranean engaged in a late bid for consideration. Dodi's dad bought the Windsors' pad in the Bois de Boulogne, restored it and is now flogging off the contents at auction so that "everyone can have a souvenir from the greatest love story of the century". Everyone? Reserve prices for various royal haubles start off in the neighbourhood of £10,000. As Robert De Niro says when handed a hefty clump of notes in *Midnight Run*, that's a pretty respectable neighbourhood. A more respectable neighbourhood than Mr Al Fayed could ever fit into a brown envelope.

Out of the goodness of his heart, with not the slightest intention of using their schedules as a shop window, the owner of Harrods invited the BBC's cameras into the building for an early viewing. The BBC thought, this project needs a fig-leaf of respectability, and sent along Desmond Wilcox to ask questions in the house. Remember him? Mr Esther Rantzen, to give him his full moniker. So oily he's available over the counter in tubes. Deep penetration has always been his thing, and you need a lubricant manner for that. However, because there has been such a logjam of programmes about the Windsors, including last year's by Prince Edward, Wilcox found himself in the odd position of boasting about being the last man in rather than the first. "Ours," he said, "will be the last film about the lives of the

Windsors in this palace." In other words, this was a stock clearance of royal title-tattle. Get your Windsor gossip now! Everything must go! Guaranteed rock-bottom cheap!

You wondered whether there was any chance we could have that in writing. Sadly you couldn't quite believe the subtitle of Edward & Mrs Simpson (BBC1, Tues): *Going, Going, Gone*. The one thing the programme did achieve, in spite of its own best intentions, was to undermine the myth of the romance of the century. As more recent alliances between those of blue blood and others of plain old red have proved, fairy tales are brittle to the touch. The two participants in this one plainly lived lives of epic vacuity. No sooner had they tied the knot than they began to live unhappily ever after.

The problem with Windsor family values is that they are nothing like Osmond Family Values (BBC1, Sun). The Osmonds kept a particularly bare collection of skeletons in their closet. When they toured this country they used Led Zeppelin's sound system, but they had no truck with Led Zeppelin's moral system. A clip showed David Dimbleby hosting a televised debate about the danger to teenage girls posed by the cheesy fraternity, but you can bet that not a single one of those ululating

pubescents (who were more than a match for Led Zep's sound system) was deflowered by an Osmond. Maybe that's why everyone else hated them so much: no balls. On the Dimbleby talk-in, a cherubic David Essex thought that hysterical worship was good for pop fans because "they can get a lot of things out of them". One of those things was urine. Osmond fans were often caught short at the pinnacle of their excitement. Next time you attend the Proms at the Royal Albert Hall, remember what some acolyte of the Mormon quintet inadvertently did on your very seat a quarter of a century ago.

Meanwhile, in *Vets in Practice* (BBC1, Tues), an incontinent rabbit was doing much the same to the beloved Trude. You'll recall her from *Vet School*, the hopeless Nordic milkmaid who was never going to qualify but somehow did, to the immense relief of the producers keen on making a second series, all the other vets being on the dull side. *Vets in Practice* without Trude would be like *It's a Just Not Cricket* (BBC2, Mon) without the impressions (which, mystifyingly, is what it was, and a very empty viewing experience too). The scrumptious Trude is now so aware of her role as comic turn that she ought to be charging some sort of fee.

## DAMIEN HURTS...and his painfully creative struggle



## Whatever happened to... Gravy?

**The Gravy Train**  
Gravy, the brown-powdered just-add-water stuff that the nation poured over their Sunday joint in the days when mad cow disease was a twinkle in a scientist's eye arrived in the early 1900s. It has come a long way since but the lumps are still there no matter how hard you stir it.

**Grainy Granules**  
The celebrities of the gravy world have to be the Bisto Kids, who go on

terrific adventures just to be brought home by that Bisto smell, but the traditional Sunday roast is under threat by two new enemies, firstly a new national favourite dish, curry. Our passion for Vindaloes and Tikkas has evolved from the days of throwing it down our throats after a session in the local pub to London now having more curry houses than Bombay.

**Meat and two veg**  
There was a time when there really

were only three sauces to drown food in. Parsley sauce (or Liquor for pie and mash), cheese and good old gravy. Britain has never been noted for its culinary delights but that may be about to change. Gravy is no longer gravy, it has been reborn as a special sauce for roast beef, its authority has been undermined by an explosion of sauces on the supermarket shelves - why have plain old gravy when you can have new, red wine sauce for chicken, white wine

for fish or Texmex chili sauce for pork. We are now simply spoilt for choice and gravy has sadly been left by the wayside in the rush for pesto, pasta, rice and daal.

**Think and lumpy...**  
Once the bastion of the working-classes and the bane of middle-class who would rather die than have that or HP sauce on the dinner table. Now people can pretend to be culinary connoisseurs by going down to Sains-

bury's and selecting one of a hundred different sauces to impress their dinner guests. It may not go well with your chosen food but the picture on the packet looks good.

**Hurley burley**  
Gravy is still championed by none other than Liz Hurley who, when in LA, likes nothing better than to cook a big roast dinner for all her export friends and smother it in gravy. But any chef who is worth their

apron thinks that the perfect way to ruin your meal is to pour "that nasty synthetic stuff all over it".

The best gravy is home-made. You can go all out and boil animal bones (the smell is awful) for stock but the short cut is to drain the meat juices, add flour or potatoes, some vegetable juices and maybe some wine or a tiny teaspoon of cream.

Victoria Barrett

### WEATHER

**The British Isles**  
General situation and outlook:  
In Scotland there will be a few showers, but these will be generally light and confined to the north and west, with the best of the day's sunshine in the east. There may also be an isolated shower in Northern Ireland but the bulk of the day will be dry with sunny spells. Rain will be clearing south-east England first thing in the morning then all parts of England and Wales will be dry with sunny spells, but rain will spread into south-west England towards evening.  
Rain will sweep northwards across England and Wales on Sunday and it is expected to be heavy for a time before easing from the south. However, the bulk of Scotland and Northern Ireland will miss the rain with some sunny spells, but the Borders and eastern coasts of Scotland may be wet for a time. The rain will slowly clear eastern England on Monday. Elsewhere will be dry with sunny spells until rain moves slowly across the UK during Wednesday and Thursday.

Location	Temp	Wind	Cloud
Aberdeen	19-26	19-26	19-26
Cardiff	17-23	17-23	17-23
Edinburgh	16-22	16-22	16-22
Glasgow	16-22	16-22	16-22
London	18-24	18-24	18-24
Manchester	17-23	17-23	17-23
Newcastle	18-24	18-24	18-24
Nottingham	18-24	18-24	18-24
Oxford	18-24	18-24	18-24
Sheffield	18-24	18-24	18-24
Southampton	18-24	18-24	18-24
Stirling	16-22	16-22	16-22
Swansea	18-24	18-24	18-24
Wolverhampton	18-24	18-24	18-24
York	18-24	18-24	18-24

### Europe and The World

**WORLD WEATHER YESTERDAY (GMT):** c: cloudy; f: fog; h: haze; m: mist; r: rain; s: snow; t: thunder; v: very; w: wind; x: extreme; y: yellow; z: zero.

Location	Temp	Wind	Cloud
Athens	31-38	31-38	31-38
Bombay	29-34	29-34	29-34
Calcutta	29-34	29-34	29-34
Delhi	29-34	29-34	29-34
London	18-24	18-24	18-24
Manchester	17-23	17-23	17-23
Newcastle	18-24	18-24	18-24
Nottingham	18-24	18-24	18-24
Oxford	18-24	18-24	18-24
Sheffield	18-24	18-24	18-24
Southampton	18-24	18-24	18-24
Stirling	16-22	16-22	16-22
Swansea	18-24	18-24	18-24
Wolverhampton	18-24	18-24	18-24
York	18-24	18-24	18-24

### AA Roadwatch

London, Richmond Park between Kingston Gate and Haul Gate closed for roadworks until Oct 31.  
London, A303 Harewood Bridge: Closed until January 1998.  
Surrey, M25 J8-10: Lane closures both ways until further notice.  
Suffolk, A50 Stoke Newington: Major works at Stoke Newington until March 1998.  
Leicestershire, M1 J24 and Sawley: Lane closure for the new Derby Southern Bypass.  
Greater Manchester, A58 Park Rd: Closed southbound between the A6 and Chalkenham Way, Division via A6 and Bolton Road until Oct 31.  
Merseyside, A567 Bootle: Stanley Rd closed northbound until further notice.  
Thames Valley, A19 Newmarket: Roadworks at Kilgworth.  
West Yorkshire, M1 J47: Major long-term roadworks until Sept 15.  
North Yorkshire, A19 Thirsk: Roadworks.  
City of Glasgow, M8 J25: Clyde Tunnel A799 Glasgow Interchange: lane closures both ways due to roadworks until Aug 30.

### The Sky at Night

A simplified chart of the whole sky, showing the Milky Way and the position of some of the most prominent stars at about 11 pm BST this week.

There is no better time of year than the present for northern hemisphere dwellers to enjoy the splendours of the Milky Way. As summer drifts into autumn, a rich portion of the Milky Way arches directly across the vault of the sky from north-east to south-west in the evening hours. The concentrations of stars belonging to the disk formation of our Galaxy appear as a silvery belt through Aquila, Cygnus and Cassiopeia.

However, a reasonably dark sky is essential to see it. The light pollution now endemic in towns and cities means that many people are robbed of the stunning beauty of a truly dark, starlit night. The Moon, too, swamps the sky with scattered light when it is up, so the days around new Moon are especially favourable for dark skies. Those days are upon us this week, with new Moon falling on Monday.

Jacqueline Mitton



